

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1982 • \$2.50

**REAGAN'S
COMING WAR
ON DRUGS:
CIVIL RIGHTS
WILL BE THE
BIGGEST LOSER**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
THE FEISTY
MAYOR OF
NEW YORK,
ED KOCH**

**ROGER KAHN
ON BASEBALL'S
IRREPRESSIBLE
TOMMY LASORDA**

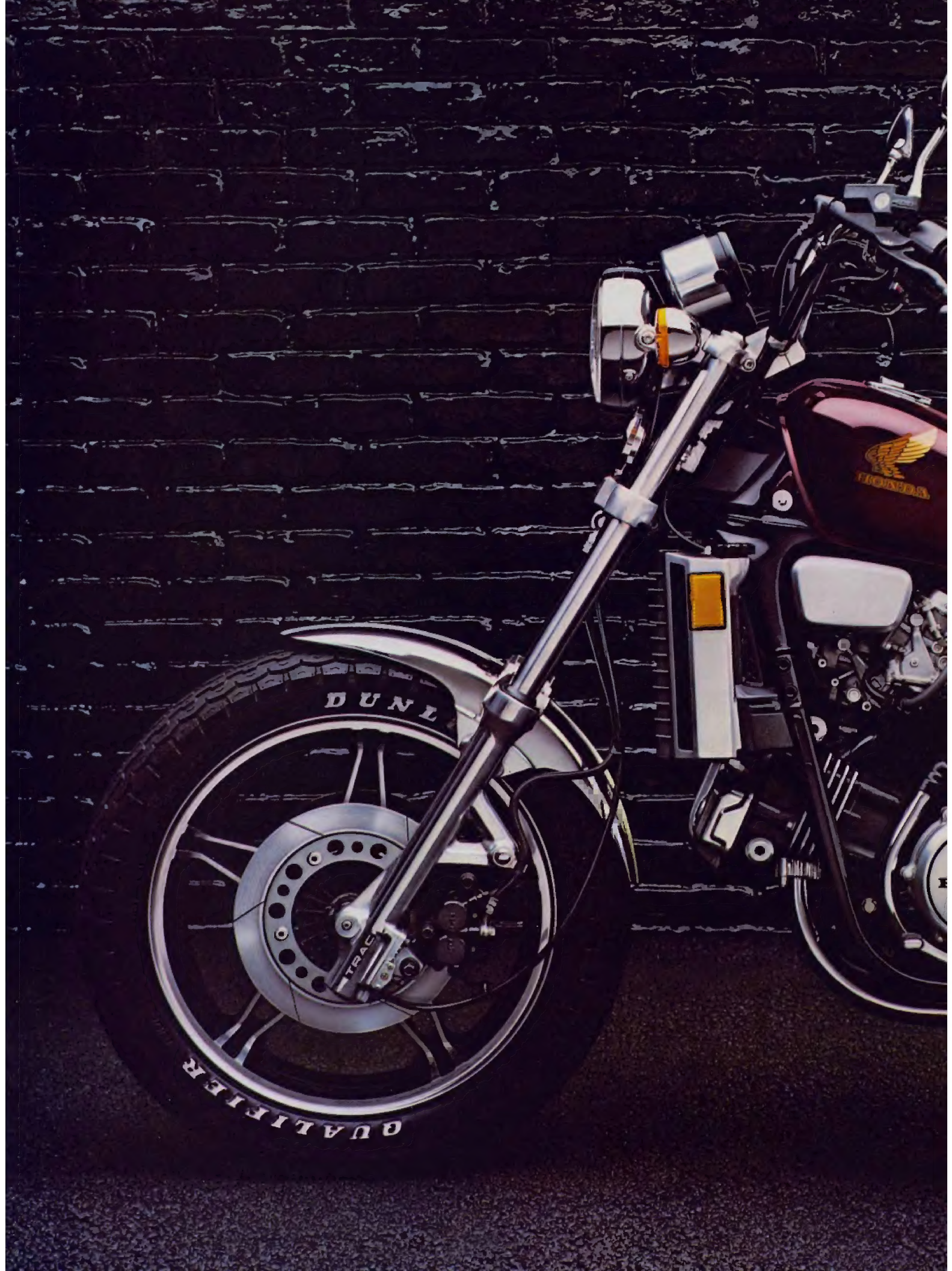
**MARIEL
HEMINGWAY
GETS
PHYSICAL!
AN EXCLUSIVE
PHOTO
SESSION PLUS
SCENES FROM
HER DARING
NEW FILM,
"PERSONAL
BEST"**

no sweet

**BACK
BY
POPULAR
DEMAND: THE
YEAR IN MUSIC**

**WHY YOU'RE
MALE, FEMALE
OR OTHERWISE:
MAN AND WOMAN,
PART FOUR**







The V45 Magna.TM

Everything that has come before it will soon be behind it.

Some great ideas take years to be accepted. Others take only seconds.

Introducing one idea whose time has come very, very quickly.

The V45 Magna.TM

Proof that high performance and traditional American styling don't have to be at opposite ends of the motorcycle spectrum.

The Magna is powered by an engine that literally breaks all the rules. An engine that is lighter, narrower and more powerful than any engine anywhere near its 45 cubic inch displacement. A liquid-cooled overhead cam V-4 with four valves per cylinder.

One of the strongest, most technically advanced production 750's ever built.

The transmission is a five-speed with

overdrive mated to a hydraulic clutch and super efficient shaft drive system.

And TRAC,TM Torque Reactive Anti-dive Control, helps keep the machine level in hard braking situations. Without producing the spongy brake lever feel of other anti-dive systems.

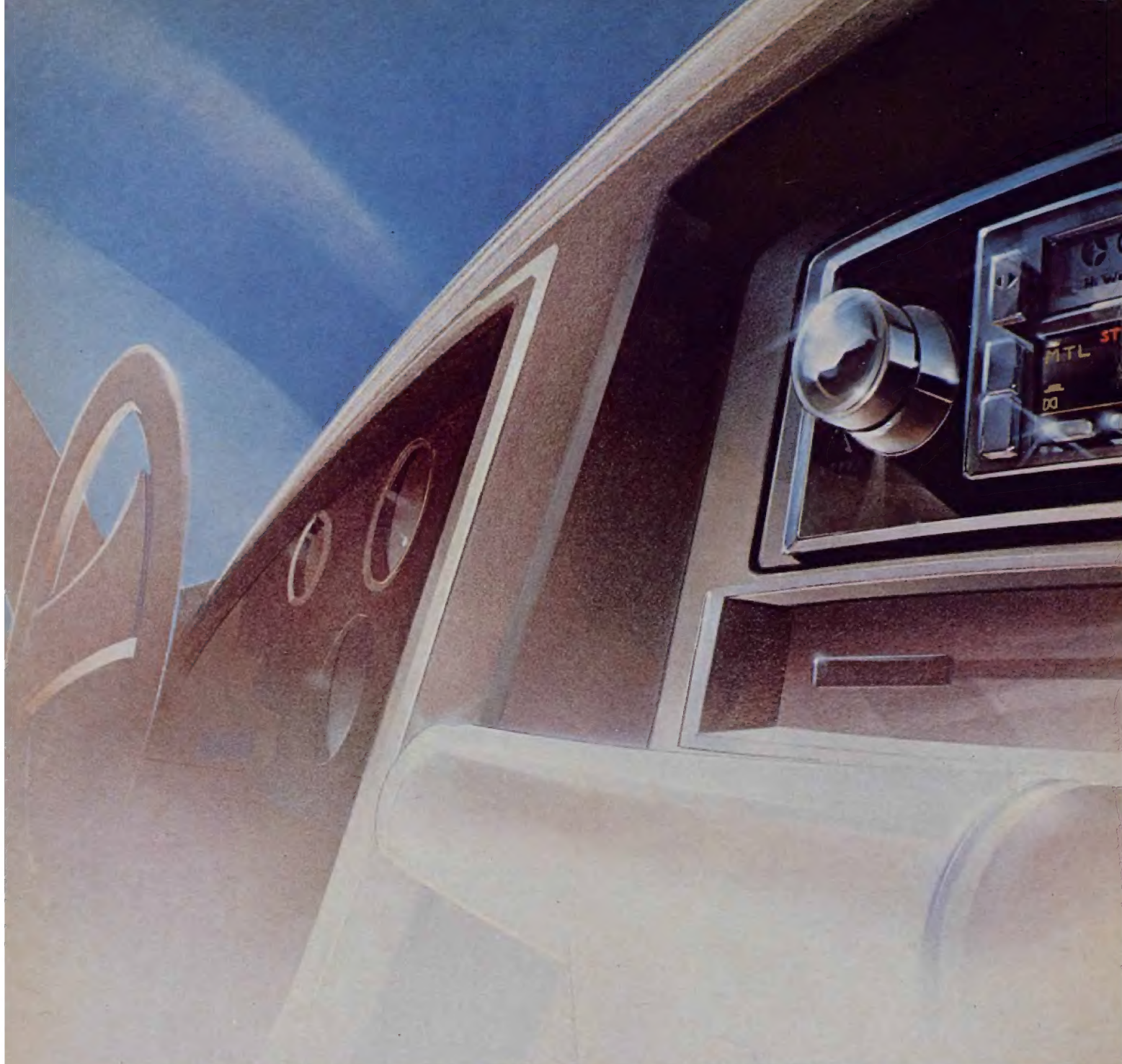
But maybe high performance isn't enough for you. So the Magna offers something even better. Low performance. When you sit down on a Magna, you sit down.

A mere 29.9 inches from the pavement. And years ahead of everything else on the road.

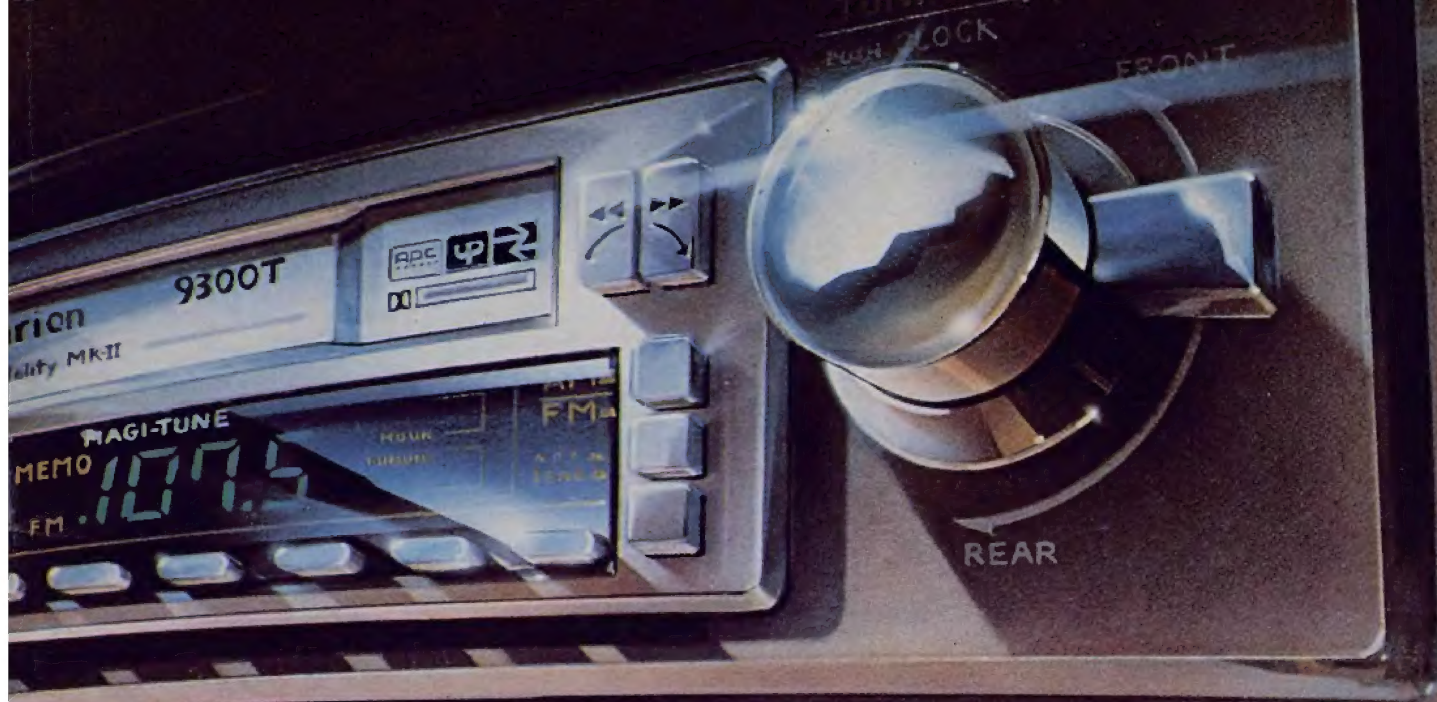
The V45 Magna. If looks and performance like this make you wonder why nobody ever thought of combining them before, the answer's simple. They did think of it.

But it took Honda to do it.

HONDA
FOLLOW THE LEADER



THE NEW CLARIONS—A total line of 15 completely new AM/FM Stereo Cassette Receivers, including two unique models designed exclusively for the new GM J-cars.



The New Clarions!

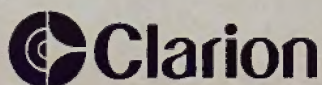
WHY HEAR ABOUT THEM FROM A FRIEND?

The sound fits your image...the image fits your car. The completely new line of Clarions offers you the freedom of the choicest AM/FM Stereo Cassettes you've ever seen or heard.

Downsized COMPACT or MINI chassis will fit every vehicle... big or small, classic or contemporary. These small miracles are packed with more performance and features than ever before, with stylish, new cosmetics, as well as traditional Clarion quality.

Your income has finally caught up with your taste for luxury! The New Clarions bring you the hottest value in town with 1982 features at 1981 prices. Hear The New Clarions for yourself at your Clarion dealer...then tell the world!

QUALITY. VALUE. PERFORMANCE.



IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND - 80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Go for the best from the North. A Canadian so good, it takes the efforts of four great distilleries from Manitoba to Quebec to make the superb taste of one great whisky. Lord Calvert: The Lord of the Canadians.



Lord of the Canadians

PLAYBILL

OK, GUYS. It's time for a quiz. Complete the following sentence: In the spring, a young man's fancy turns to: A. romance; B. baseball; C. drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll; D. the IRS.

If you answered A, B or C, then you are in for a treat. If you circled D, well, there's hope. If we detect a trickle down, you'll hear about it here.

According to **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone**, in some parts of the world, a young man's fancy is most likely to turn to romance in September—that's when his testosterone is at high tide. In part four of *PLAYBOY's Man and Woman* series, our research team explores the effects of *The Sex Chemicals* on us, and it turns out that hormones, not clothes, make the man. Scientists are now looking at the role of testosterone and estrogen in sexual behavior, and their findings are likely to shatter some of your stereotypes.

As for the sap rising in September, that's easy to explain: pennant fever. There's nothing like a clash between the Dodgers and the Yankees to get the old hormones moving. According to **Roger Kahn**, author of the piece we call *Sunshine Boy*, no one "will ever touch the mystery of a baseball manager like **Tommy Lasorda**," the man who guided the Dodgers to a world-series victory last October. Kahn wrote about Lasorda 11 years ago, in his classic *The Boys of Summer*. The reunion produced some interesting insights. For instance, you'll learn why Lasorda stayed with Fernando Valenzuela in game three. (**Kim Whitesides** supplied the illustration—in Dodger blue.) To give the Yankees equal time, we assigned **Peter Manso** to do a *Playboy Interview* with the rather unorthodox mayor of New York City, **Ed "How 'm I doing?" Koch**. Maybe he'll explain why the Yankees folded.

On a more serious note: We have always agreed with those who assert that the major harm from smoking marijuana is the harm of going to jail. For years, we have supported efforts to decriminalize the nation's favorite recreational drug. Now we find ourselves facing a backlash. There's new antimarijuana propaganda coming from a new batch of self-proclaimed experts who are willing to say just about anything about the killer weed. We sent Contributing Editor **Laurence Gonzales** to Texas and to Washington, D.C., for a view of this ominous campaign. *The War on Drugs: A Special Report* (illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**) presents a chilling picture of justice gone mad. A great deal of harm can be done when mass hysteria is created and people are relieved of their ability to reason. 1984 is now.

Rounding out the nonfiction: **Claudia Dreifus** checks in with actor **James Woods** (the sociopathic villain in *The Onion Field*) in *20 Questions*. The results are outrageous. **Danny Goodman** surveys telephone accessories, and *PLAYBOY* Fashion Director **David Platt** looks at spring and summer fashions. *PLAYBOY* staffers **Kate Nolan**, **Theo Kouvatso**, **Patty Beaudet** and **Barbara Nellis** and free-lancer **Carl Snyder** managed to recover from the Rolling Stones' tour in time to put out *Playboy Music '82*.

So much for the rock 'n' roll. Let's move on to the sex. Longtime contributor **Dan Greenburg** delivers an excerpt from his new novel, *What Do Women Want?* (to be published in April by Wyndham/Simon & Schuster). The story (illustrated by **Dennis Mukai**) describes one man's attempt at infidelity. Greenburg says his next project will be a book he will co-write called *How to Avoid Love and Marriage*, a humorous manual on how to destroy deep romantic relationships.

If the printed word fails to arouse your hormone level, we have Miss April, **Linda Rhys Vaughn**, stunningly captured by Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar**, and views of **Marcel Hemingway** in and out of **Robert Towne's** controversial new film *Personal Best*. After an issue like this, that 1040 is a piece of cake.



DURDEN-SMITH, DE SIMONE



KAHN



WHITESIDES



MANSO



GONZALES



CRAFT



DREIFUS



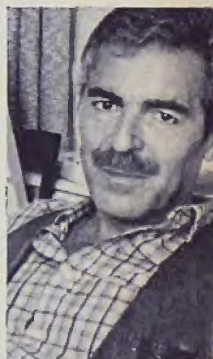
PLATT



GOODMAN



BEAUDET, NOLAN, KOUVATSO, SNYDER



POSAR



GREENBURG



MUKAI

PLAYBOY®

vol. 29, no. 4—april, 1982

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Music's Year

P. 159



Henriette Allais

P. 148



Tommy Lasorda

P. 118



Magical Mariel

P. 104



Mo Bell

P. 138

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| PLAYBILL | 5 |
| THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY | 11 |
| DEAR PLAYBOY | 15 |
| PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS | 21 |
| More heirs to Howard Hughes; a visit with John (Pink Flamingos, Polyester) Waters. | |
| MOVIES | 28 |
| Costa-Gavras crafts a Chilean chiller; sparks from Keaton, Finney. | |
| MUSIC | 34 |
| The wit and wisdom of Peter Wolf and Warren Zevon; the return of Chubby Checker. | |
| BOOKS | 40 |
| Perfection from John Cheever; a family for the Eighties from Anne Tyler. | |
| COMING ATTRACTIONS | 41 |
| Lily Tomlin's latest; Pirates wars. | |
| MEN | ASA BABER 43 |
| First look at our new column devoted exclusively to the complexities of being male. For openers, a pensive assessment of role models. | |
| PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE | STEPHEN BIRNBAUM 45 |
| Lunch in Lyons and dinner in Paris, thanks to the high-speed Train à Grande Vitesse. | |
| THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR | 49 |
| DEAR PLAYMATES | 55 |
| THE PLAYBOY FORUM | 57 |
| PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ED KOCH—candid conversation | 67 |
| New York's audacious mayor often asks—and here answers—his favorite question: "How 'm I doin'?" | |
| WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?—fiction | DAN GREENBURG 100 |
| When his wife is having an affair with his best friend, what's a fello to do? Lance thinks he knows. | |
| PERSONAL BEST—pictorial essay | 104 |
| Screenwriter Robert (Chinatown, Shampoo) Towne chose Mariel Hemingway to star in his directorial debut, an erotic new film about female jocks. He tells why he made the film, and how. | |
| PERSONAL MARIEL | 108 |
| The young star of the Towne film reveals more than ever! | |
| ONE FOR THE ROAD—fiction | GARDNER DOZOIS 110 |
| All he wanted to do was unwind with a drink, so he went out to a bar. It's a night he can't forget. | |
| PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST, PART II—attire | DAVID PLATT 114 |
| What's up for summer? New colors and styles for casual cool. | |

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 819 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS. DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSURED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1982 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 161; BRUCE AYERS, P. 99; FROM BOOK "CATS," P. 12; DAVID CHAN, P. 11; DAVID DEARL, P. 138-139; LARRY DICKSON, P. 162; J. VERSER ENGELHARD, P. 5 (2), 224; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 17, 139; ARMY FREYTAG, P. 16, 108-109; LAWRENCE GROBEL, P. 12; HERMAN'S



COVER STORY

In Robert Towne's new movie, *Personal Best*, Mariel Hemingway plays an athlete, so it wasn't hard for Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag to get her into sweat clothes for this month's cover shot. When West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski sprayed her with water to simulate sweat, playful Mariel grabbed the sprinkler and sprayed back.

SUNSHINE BOY—personality ROGER KAHN 118
To Tommy Lasorda, managing the L.A. Dodgers is more than crunching the Yankees; it's a year-round lifestyle.

SMALL WONDER—playboy's playmate of the month 120
Linda Rhys Vaughn is lithe, lovely and mischievous. This month, we've captured her on our gatefold, but nothing can restrain Miss April.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 132

THE WAR ON DRUGS:

A SPECIAL REPORT—article LAURENCE GONZALES 134
Nationwide public concern over drug abuse is escalating. Down in Texas, they're calling it a war—and you know what happens to constitutional rights under martial law. An alarming dispatch from the front.

THE CASE AGAINST THE BILL OF RIGHTS 136
The spokesmen of the war on drugs succeed only in reducing rights.

THE DRUG-ABUSE INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX 137
Fed by propaganda and Federal money, the agencies' power keeps growing.

HOLD THE PHONE!—article DANNY GOODMAN 138
You no longer have to use a telephone from the Bell system. What's more, you can choose an instrument that does more than transmit voices. Here's a selection of what's available and what's coming.

MAN AND WOMAN, PART IV

THE SEX CHEMICALS JO DURDEN-SMITH and DIANE DE SIMONE 143
Hormones, researchers have found, determine sexual behavior much earlier than you think.

LE ROY NEIMAN SKETCHBOOK—pictorial 147

PARIS MATCH—pictorial 148
Henriette Allais, Miss March 1980, went to France—and seduced a nation.

THE OPTICAL ILLUSION—ribald classic JEAN DE LA FONTAINE 157

PLAYBOY MUSIC '82—survey 159
In which we rate the high points of the year, discuss promising new rages and reveal how readers voted in our annual Music Poll.

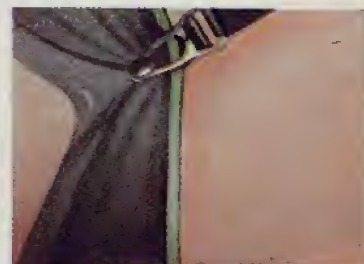
20 QUESTIONS: JAMES WOODS 170
One of our favorite offbeat actors contemplates Hollywood and his own fate.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor 174

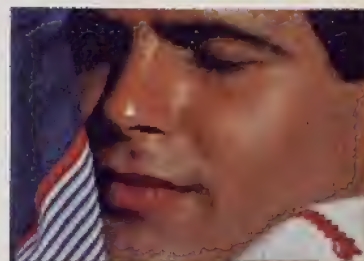
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 224

PLAYBOY PUZZLE 245
Famous for their popular TV and movie roles, these mechanical marvels have been around for half a century. Do you remember which ones came first?

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 249
Neat storage for audio and video cassettes; computerized watches offer entertaining timekeeping; under-it-all briefs and boxers; *Grapevine*; *Sex News*.



Women's Wants P. 100



Fashion II P. 114



Drug War P. 134



Lovely Linda P. 120



Neiman's Cher P. 147

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka The spirit of the Czar



Wolfschmidt is made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.
The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • Available in 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN *associate publisher*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

DON GOLD *managing editor*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

TOM STAEBLER *executive art director*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JAMES MORGAN *editor*; ROB FLEDER *associate editor*; FICTION: ALICE K. TURNER *editor*; TERESA GROSCH *associate editor*; WEST COAST: STEPHEN RANDALL *editor*; STAFF: WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MCNEESE, PATRICIA PAPANGELIS (*administration*), DAVID STEVENS *senior editors*; ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER LOWE, JR., JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writers*; BARBARA NEILLIS, KATE NOLAN, J. F. O'CONNOR, JOHN REZEK *associate editors*; SUSAN MARCOLIS-WINTER, TOM PASSAVANT *associate new york editors*; KEVIN COOK *assistant editor*; SERVICE FEATURES: ED WALKER, MARG R. WILLIAMS *assistant editors (modern living)*; DAVID PLATT *fashion director*; MARLA SCHOR *assistant editor*; CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY *editor*; COPY: ARLENE BOURAS *editor*; JOYCE RUBIN *assistant editor*; CAROLYN BROWNE, JACKIE JOHNSON, MARCY MARCHI, BARI LYNN NASH, MARTIN PIMSNER, DAVID TARDY, MARY ZION *researchers*; CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ASA BABER, STEPHEN BIRNBAUM (*travel*), JOHN BLUMENTHAL, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, ANSON MOUNT, PETER ROSS RANGE, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, JOHN SACK, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director*; LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI *senior directors*; BOB POST, SKIP WILLIAMSON, BRUCE HANSEN *associate directors*; THEO KOUVAISOS, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors*; BETH KASIK *senior art assistant*; PEARL MIURA, ANN SEIDL *art assistants*; SUSAN HOLMSTROM *traffic coordinator*; BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JEFF COHEN *senior editor*; JAMES LARSON, JANICE MOSES *associate editors*; PATTY BEAUDET, LINDA KENNEY, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *assistant editors*; POMPEO POSAR *staff photographer*; DAVID MECEY, KERRY MORRIS *associate staff photographers*; BILL ARSENAULT, MARIO CASILLI, DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, R. SCOTT HOOPER, RICHARD IZUL, KEN MARCUS *contributing photographers*; JEAN PIERRE HOLLEY (*Paris*), LUISA STEWART (*Rome*) *contributing editors*; JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor*; ROBERT CHELIUS *business manager*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; ALLEN VARGO *manager*; MARIA MANDIS *asst. mgr.*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

ADVERTISING

HENRY W. MARKS *director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MICHAEL LAURENCE *business manager*; PAULETTE CAUDET *rights & permissions manager*; MILDRED ZIMMERMAN *administrative assistant*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

DERICK J. DANIELS *president*



Olympus OM-1. Every inch a classic. Inside and out.

You are looking at the most revolutionary SLR of all time. The camera more than a *million* photographers have made into a modern classic. The *original* SLR compact, proven and perfected like no other. Elegant. Smooth. Precise. Enduring. That's the Olympus OM-1. A classic.

A classic in control. Its ultra-precise manual meter lets you control exposures with fingertip ease, always. Its finder is free of the clutter so common in conventional cameras—and far larger and brighter as well, thanks

to its precious silver coating, multi-coated mirror, and superb Olympus optics.

A classic in ruggedness. Not for OM-1 are the plastic panels of ordinary SLR's. Here, you'll find a solid, all-metal body. Metal gears born of aerospace technology. Chromed-steel lensmount that defies wobble and wear. And more than a score of vibration-taming shock absorbers. So OM-1 works flawlessly under temperatures and conditions so extreme, others won't work.

A classic in capabilities. The world's first compact 5 shots-per-second motor drive, and the world's most ingenious automatic flash units. Dozens of matchless Olympus lenses, more than 300 matched accessories in all. All fully compatible with every OM-1 ever made. From the largest compact system anywhere.

See OM-1 at your Olympus dealer. Alone in its class, because it's a classic. For information, write Olympus, Woodbury, NY 11797. In Canada: W. Carsen Co. Ltd., Toronto.

OLYMPUS® OM-1

"This New Radio Shack Receiver Puts Digital Technology At Your Fingertips"

Isaac Asimov

Renowned science and science fiction author

**Microprocessor control.
Digital synthesis.
Quartz-locked.**

These three terms describe Radio Shack's exciting new high-power stereo receiver. But if you're not into tech talk, Dr. Isaac Asimov puts it in simpler language.

"The Realistic® STA-2290 is *computerized*. A 'brain' on a tiny chip gives you fingertip access to every FM and AM channel and even lets you store twelve favorite stations in an electronic memory for instant pushbutton recall. This same chip controls the easy-to-read fluorescent station-frequency display."

This state-of-the-art microprocessor, actually a "computer on a chip", is the brain of the STA-2290. Stores 12 stations in memory and assures precise tuning.



Computerized convenience is only the beginning . . .

"You also get computer *accuracy*! The tuner's digital synthesis circuit uses a precision quartz crystal to lock it on-channel. You can't mistune. Off-channel distortion and drift become a thing of the past."

A versatile control center

Take command of up to two tape decks, four speakers and two magnetic-cartridge turntables. Preamp in/out jacks let you add an equalizer or other signal processor. Audiophile features include dual-range LED output meters, three tone controls and protection circuitry.

High-power performance for wide dynamic range

You get 90 watts per channel, minimum rms into 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, at no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion. With that kind of power, your music will take on a depth and range that give it a "live" quality.

Engineered and built by Radio Shack . . .

. . . the electronics company that also builds the world's best-selling microcomputer, our TRS-80. With its digital technology, clean styling and accurate sound, the STA-2290 is one big value at \$599.95. No wonder it's just what the Doctor ordered!

Radio Shack®

THE WORLDWIDE SUPERMARKET OF SOUND®

Price may vary at individual stores and dealers. Two-year limited warranty. See page 10 of our 1982 catalog #341 for details.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

When WBBM-TV, CBS' Chicago station, ran a weighty news report on Playboy Enterprises, reporter Phil Walters (below left) followed the Bunny trail to corporate chief Hugh M. Hefner (right) for the facts. Hef provided an overview of corporate interests in publishing, cable TV and gambling.



HERE TODAY—GOING, GOING, GONE TOMORROW

Bill Kurtis, CBS-TV's morning anchor man, with Chicago Bunnies, above, auctions off original PLAYBOY cartoons to aid The Center for Action on Endangered Species. The auction raised \$40,000, proving that our pics are worth more than 1000 words.



FULL BLOOM: IT'S CHERRY- BLOSSOM TIME

When Ava Cherry signed on as a Chicago Club Bunny, we recognized her photographic potential. Witness the shot of Ava at left, from our December 1980 *Bunny Birthday* pictorial. After hanging up her Bunny ears, Ava started a singing career, first backing up David Bowie and now making her own album, *Streetcar Named Desire* (Capitol). Below, a current publicity shot.



FUNNY BUNNY: DELVENE DELANEY

Former London Bunny Delvene Delaney now cuts up on *The Paul Hogan Show*, Australia's highly rated TV comedy series, now in U.S. syndication. Above, Delaney portrays Princess Skinflack in a *Hogan Show* appearance.



WE'RE ALL EARS, BIG FELLA

Boss operatic tenor Luciano Pavarotti, who is set for a *Playboy Interview*, takes time out from questioner Lawrence Grobel's grilling to celebrate his 46th birthday in Chicago, above. Who sang *Happy Birthday*? From left, Bunny Cheryl, Pavarotti, Bunny Anna and Grobel. This guy knows how to avoid a mid-life crisis.

THE NEW WELLES IN CINEMA

Playmate of the Year for 1981, Terri Welles, ducks into a car during the filming of *Looker*, the thriller in which she debuts on-screen. Welles plays a beauty (natch) who aims for perfection through plastic surgery.



AND YOU THOUGHT MORRIS HAD IT EASY

Terry Gruber's new book, *Fat Cats*, features feline friends of the famous, including *PLAYBOY* Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus and his chunky tomcat, Duke. Above, Duke's on the job in a picture from the book. Ken and Duke, as it were, getting their shots.

BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD REVISITED?

Sex researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson have usually received serious treatment in our pages. One exception: the Lee Lorenz cartoon below. Christie Hefner, a member of the board of the Masters and Johnson Institute, presents the original to them at a board meeting.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: SUSAN KIGER MAKES DEATH SCREAM

Sometimes death walks; sometimes it stalks; and then, sometimes, it trips; now death screams. At least it does in the new movie of that name featuring January 1977 Playmate Susan Kiger, left. At right, Susan clowns with producer Chuck Ison and actress Andrea Savio on location in North Carolina.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 40 PROOF



Thousands of years from now,
they'll know this was a society of good taste.



POWER STYLING DATSUN 200-SX

Now that gas mileage is the hot button, few cars boast about their styling. The new Datsun 200-SX, Hardtop SL is a brilliant exception. Look at the integrated, wrap-around bumpers. The new louvers on the hood. The classic blacked-out grille. Inside: real comfort and the ultimate in sophistication. This car actually "talks" to you. A voice calls your attention to six vital functions like... "Right door is open." On the road a more powerful 2.2 liter fuel-injected engine propels

you along without sacrificing economy: EPA estimated 26 MPG, 38 estimated highway. Use MPG for comparison only. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. The thrilling 200-SX: proof positive that no one marries performance and styling like Datsun.

DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN



DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY BUILDING
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

FOOT SOLDIERS OF THE APOCALYPSE

I was so impressed by Philip Caputo's *The Unreturning Army* (PLAYBOY, January) that I had to write. I had never fully comprehended what it must have been like to be in Vietnam—and then to come home to the closed mind of society. Thank you for opening my eyes.

Cheryl Bartlett

Madeira Park, British Columbia

You have once again outdone yourselves. Rage, disgust and helplessness overcame me when I read *The Unreturning Army*. It felt as though Philip Caputo had been reading my mind. I am a permanently disabled veteran, but my disabilities are all physical—or so I used to think. Caputo made me realize I have been fooling myself. I live with physical pain, but I just wouldn't admit to myself how damned much mental anguish I suffer every day. No, I haven't left Vietnam behind. I thought I had, but every time I look over my shoulder, it's still there.

Eddie Simpson

Urbana, Illinois

I read *The Unreturning Army* with a great deal of understanding and sympathy for those who fought America's war without America's concern. Caputo's article should be mandatory reading for every adult.

William C. Bradshaw
Oakland, California

The idea that every tragedy, every act of violence, every failure in life can be blamed on some abstract entity called Vietnam is a cop-out. Why not ask Philip Caputo to write about the true victims of Vietnam—the Vietnamese themselves? After almost seven years in the United States, my wife still wakes up screaming from nightmares about the V.C.'s taking away and killing members

of her family. Many other Vietnamese live in similar anguish because they are separated from families and friends whom the Communists hold in slavery. Instead of blaming all our domestic ills on some vague notion called post-Vietnam delayed-reaction syndrome, we ought to face up to our responsibility. We should turn our attention to the anguish of Vietnamese refugees and their families still living in captivity. They're the real victims, the ones we've failed.

Daniel J. Vandeberg
St. Paul, Minnesota

The details of *The Unreturning Army* and my personal experiences at that same time in Vietnam really caused me to come to attention. I was 19 when I landed in 'Nam, with one child at home and another born 40 days after I started my tour. I came back an E-5 sergeant after 365 days, 12 hours and five minutes, a very lucky 20-year-old man. I wrote a song after my return to the States that is called *A Gunt's Protest of Home*:

"We are men who stand alone/Twelve thousand miles from home./Hearts empty of all but blood./Bodies covered with sweat and mud./You don't know what it's like over here./You and your party girls and beer./Plant your signs on the White House lawn./Burn your draft cards. We march at dawn./Pop some pills; roll in the sun./Simply refuse to carry a gun./There's nothing else for you to do . . . /And I'm supposed to die for you."

Jeff Jones

Nashville, Tennessee

CLASS CLOWN

January's *Playboy Interview* with George Carlin is a fascinating look at one of our class comedians. He has kept me laughing since I was 15 years old and has also taught me more than a few things about the world and

VIVARIN® KEEPS YOU GOING



WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH.

Working overtime?
Feeling the strain?
Take a Vivarin.

Vivarin is a medically tested stimulant tablet. Taken as directed, it's safe and effective. Its active ingredient is caffeine.

It's like two cups of coffee squeezed into one little tablet.

Whether you're studying, driving, or working late, take Vivarin. You'll stay alert for hours.



Read label for directions.

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), APRIL, 1982, VOLUME 29, NUMBER 4. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$48 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$34 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$18 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$27 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, \$31 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; MILY KAPLAN, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 60611, RUSS WELLS, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, TROY, MICHIGAN 48064; JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD, LOS ANGELES 90010; STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Apply for this Card

NOT TRANSFERABLE

SEE REVERSE



* NOT VALID IF CANCELLED OR REVOKED

© American Express Company, 1980

The more you travel, the more you entertain, the more you need the American Express® Card.

Because the American Express Card is good for charging almost anything.

But the American Express Card can do far more than charge things.

For example, no other card has anything like the more than 1,000 Travel Service Offices of American Express, its subsidiaries and Representatives worldwide. For travel help at home and abroad. For help replacing a lost Card fast, or even with emergency money.

And unlike bank cards, there is no fixed limit imposed on your spending with the Card. Purchases are approved based on your ability to pay, as demonstrated by your spending, payment patterns and personal resources.

So if you want the world's most respected card for travel and entertaining, one that will help you manage your money responsibly, here's a perfect opportunity to apply.

If the application is missing, just phone 800-528-8000 toll-free and we'll send you another one.



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

society. May his "third career" be one that will continue to entertain and teach us all.

John A. Lombardi
Offutt AFB, Nebraska

Thank you for a terrific interview with George Carlin. Not only is it interesting and funny, it also finally clears up one question that has kept us all guessing for years—*exactly* what drugs he used to keep himself one step ahead of everybody else.

C. Blanchard
Lowell, Massachusetts

What the hell's going on? You interview President Carter: I'm expecting seriousness; I get humor. You interview George Carlin: I'm expecting humor; I get seriousness. "My body is made out of stars"; "the Russians are coming, the establishment is stinking and sinking"? Wow! I could have had a V-8.

Robert A. Ward
Birmingham, Alabama

After reading the George Carlin interview closely, I am convinced that Carlin suffers from a rare medical malady called optical rectitis, in which the nerves between the eyes and the rectum become crossed. The patient invariably gets a very shitty outlook on life. Carlin can do better.

Dominic B. Brune, M.D.
Zanesville, Ohio

For more than a decade, I've wanted to have a lengthy conversation with comedian George Carlin, hearing what the man has to say without the satire. A special thank you to Sam Merrill for providing that conversation in January's incisive *Playboy Interview*.

John L. Michaelis
Carson, California

I reveled in Sam Merrill's George Carlin interview. Carlin's perceptive remarks on drugs, religion and politics are so painstakingly mature and on target that the highest accolades are in order for him and for *PLAYBOY*, for bringing out the serious side of a remarkable comedian.

John F. Nolte
Edinboro, Pennsylvania

HOT SERIALS

My compliments to Richard Fegley for his pictorial *The Bad and the Beautiful* (*PLAYBOY*, January). I appreciate in particular the assets of Lisa Loring, whom I remember as Wednesday on *The Addams Family*. She has grown into a strikingly beautiful woman.

Roy Howell
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I thoroughly enjoyed your fine pictorial on the women of the soaps. The

photography is nothing short of excellent. And Genie Francis is nothing short of a portrait of natural beauty.

Terry Nelson
Crookston, Minnesota

Your marvelous pictorial on soap-opera sirens has only one flaw: It's too short. Here's my vote for a curtain call and an extended encore performance.

Richard Anderson
Baltimore, Maryland

The Bad and the Beautiful—what a pictorial. "Three chirps for Lisa Loring" is right—I watch *As the World Turns* every chance I get, just to see "Cricket."

Billy Davis, Jr.
St. Marys, Ohio

Robin G. Eiseman is a magnificent creature! More, more, more!

Phil Pokorny
Peoria, Illinois

Phil, we can't refuse a request of such subtlety and restraint. Here, here,



here. Robin has quickened more hearts in "General Hospital" than the coronary-care unit.

VIVENT LES DIFFERENCES

Your valuable new series *Man and Woman* is the kind of information curious and concerned readers look to *PLAYBOY* for. An integrated presentation of science's cumulative findings will help draw men and women together in a cooperative quest for the good life, once defined by Bertrand Russell as a life "inspired by love and guided by knowledge."

Paul Sullivan
San Francisco, California

Your series *Man and Woman*, by Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone, will be cogent only if the authors recog-

nize that the male-female dichotomy is fallacious. Human sexuality is not a dichotomy but a continuum. There is no such thing as a male; there is no such thing as a female. There are only individuals who are more or less female, more or less male.

Donald D. Gordon
Pasadena, California

I would like to express my appreciation for *Man and Woman, Part I*, by Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone (*PLAYBOY*, January). The questionnaire helped clear up some communication problems between a new fling and me. We both answered the questions honestly, in the absence of each other. The next day, we got together and reviewed each other's answers over a bottle of wine. What happened next was amazing—a very candid discussion on both our wishes and opinions, as well as criticisms, that lasted a good three hours. Thanks for helping clear things up. I look forward to the next installment.

L. T. Butler
Vienna, Virginia

TITULAR HEADACHE

When my novel *In Praise of Older Women* originally appeared, its title and subject matter were thought to be so unpromising that most publications, including *PLAYBOY*, ignored it. Subsequently, it sold more than 2,500,000 copies around the world. Now, not a month goes by without my seeing *In Praise of Older Women* on top of somebody else's work in a newspaper or a magazine. This is common practice, but is it something nice boys and girls ought to do? In public? In broad daylight? I'd tell you the title of my new novel, except that I would like to see it printed in connection with my own writing, at least the first time around. By the way, I liked Thomas M. Disch's story in January's *PLAYBOY*, *In Praise of Older Women*.

Stephen Vizinczey
London, England

You're right. Our duplication of your title was unintentional, of course, but we'll understand if your next novel is called "Dear PLAYBOY."

McARTHUR RETURNS

Wow! A Playmate who reads Vonnegut and Rand, likes mature men and looks a little like Little Annie Fanny. And to top it all off, she's from my home town. Kimberly McArthur (*PLAYBOY*, January) adds a whole new dimension to the bumper sticker FOAT WUTH, AH LUV YEW!

James Walters
Anchorage, Alaska

I tried out for the Dallas Cowboys last year and was cut; I felt that the Cowboys had made a mistake. Now that I see they also cut Kimberly McArthur

from their cheerleading squad. I know they must be nuts! But it's OK—the New York Giants will overthrow them sooner without Kim.

R. C. Gillis
Yonkers, New York

Seeing your January centerfold made it clear to us once again that the girls of the South are the best. Although Kimberly McArthur did not make the Dallas Cowboys' cheerleading squad, you can be sure that she will always bring cheer to our hearts. Compliments to PLAYBOY and to McArthur.

Brothers of Kappa Sigma
Southern Methodist University
Dallas, Texas

Aw, come on. Give us a break. That's one too many Texas girls. Soon, there won't be any men left here up North.

Michael Shields
Plymouth, Michigan

Hooray for another great leader named McArthur! Kimberly makes this look like an auspicious year for PLAYBOY. Her fabulous face and features have caused me some respiratory problems. How about one more picture?

Hawkeye Schwolow
Palatine, Illinois

At the risk of precipitating anoxia, Hawkeye, we're passing along another breath-taking broadside of January's



stellar belle. When the Cowboys booted Kim, it just spurred her on to better things.

REELING ROCK

Stephen King's *Between Rock and a Soft Place* (PLAYBOY, January) makes some very clear points about rock music's slide into the current pop culture. It's almost too sad to think about. Thank God for FM!

Peter J. Spaziano
Brick, New Jersey

I thoroughly enjoyed your entire January issue, but Stephen King's article on supply-side radio is wonderful!

R. K. Fene
Fort Scott, Kansas

Between Rock and a Soft Place is perfectly tuned. When I listen to the radio, I like to hear such gems as Steppenwolf, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Iron But-

terfly, The Doors and the Beatles. Sounds from those artists can be compared to taking out a beautiful woman. The noise from performers today can be compared to taking out the garbage.

Marshall Hanson
Troy, New York

HAVEN IN A STORM

As Annette Haven's attorney, I would like to call attention to an error in the interview with my client in November's PLAYBOY (*Tuning In to Channel Sex*). Apparently, you relied upon the statement of an unnamed actress that Haven "has no qualms" about finding a member of the stage crew and "giving him a big surprise." It so happens that Haven is a professional and takes pride in her work. Not only has she never in her nine-year career acted in the way that was implied but she has always conducted herself, on and off the screen, in an exemplary manner.

Garrett L. Cecchini
Alameda, California

We didn't mean to suggest a lack of professionalism on Haven's part. Apparently, there's no Haven for the world-weary stagehand.

CLEAVAGE CONFUSION

Having received my January PLAYBOY, I glanced briefly at the cover photo, assuming the subject to be a stunning display of cleavage. Some time later, my two-year-old son wandered by, pointed at the magazine and exclaimed, "Bum!" Much to my chagrin, I realized that his knowledge of anatomy outstripped my own.

Bunny Stover
Winnipeg, Manitoba

While we're glad you enjoyed the cover, we have some trouble understanding



why so many people were confused by it. Nobody's neck is that long!

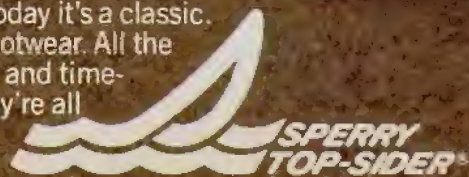
THE NEW SPERRY TOP-SIDER® CASUAL SHOES MAY BE PURCHASED AT THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS.

| | |
|--|--------------------------|
| Arizona | SAN MATEO |
| PHOENIX | Bullock's North |
| Johns & Company | STUDIO CITY |
| California | Wesleys Shoes |
| ARCADIA | TORRANCE |
| Dominics Shoe Store | Bullock's South |
| BEVERLY HILLS | WALNUT CREEK |
| M & J Shoes | Bullock's North |
| CAMPBELL | WESTWOOD |
| Bonsall's Shoes | Bullock's South |
| CERRITOS | Richards Shoes |
| Dominics Shoe Store | Nevada |
| CONCORD | RENO |
| Macy's California | Overland Trading Company |
| COSTA MESA | Oklahoma |
| Bullock's South | TULSA |
| CUPERTINO | Overland Trading Company |
| Bullock's North | Texas |
| GLENDALE | ARLINGTON |
| Dino | The Shoe Box |
| LA CANADA | AUSTIN |
| Sport Chalet | The Shoe Bench |
| LONG BEACH | BAYTOWN |
| Alans Shoe Store | Overland Trading Company |
| MANHATTAN BEACH | CORPUS CHRISTI |
| C. Jean Shoes | Armands |
| MARINA DEL REY | DALLAS |
| Ships Store | Overland Trading Company |
| MONTEREY | The Shoe Box |
| Macy's California | FT. WORTH |
| PALO ALTO | The Shoe Box |
| Bullock's North | GALVESTON |
| Rapps Shoes | Piersons |
| PALOS VERDES | HOUSTON |
| Ginnes Shoes & Apparel | Foley's |
| PLEASANTON | MESQUITE |
| Overland Trading Company | Overland Trading Company |
| RICHMOND | PASADENA |
| Overland Trading Company | Overland Trading Company |
| SAN BERNARDINO | PLANO |
| Howe's Shoes | The Shoe Box |
| SAN DIEGO | SAN ANTONIO |
| Bullock's South | The Shoe Box |
| SAN FERNANDO | SAN MARCOS |
| Bullock's South | Pompy's |
| SAN FRANCISCO | SEABROOK |
| Franks Fishermans Supply | Blue Water Marine |
| Frank More, Inc. | UNIVERSAL CITY |
| Macy's California (Serramonte Shopping Center) | The Shoe Fitter |
| Macy's California (Union Square) | Puerto Rico |
| Bullock's North (Oakridge Mall) | SAN JUAN |
| Rias Shoes | González Pádin |
| Liberty House | |
| SAN JOSE | |
| Bullock's North | |

**THE NEW SPERRY TOP-SIDERS.
BENEATH THE SURFACE LIES THE HEART AND SOLE
OF THE GREAT CLASSIC.**



The original Sperry Top-Sider® started a fashion wave for an entire generation. Today it's a classic. Now Sperry is going one step further with a new, exciting collection of casual footwear. All the elements that made the original a classic – quality materials, attention to detail and timeless styling – are also found in these new casuals. Colorful and comfortable, they're all Sperry Top-Sider right down to their authentic non-skid sole. Sperry Top-Sider casuals. Inspired by a classic.

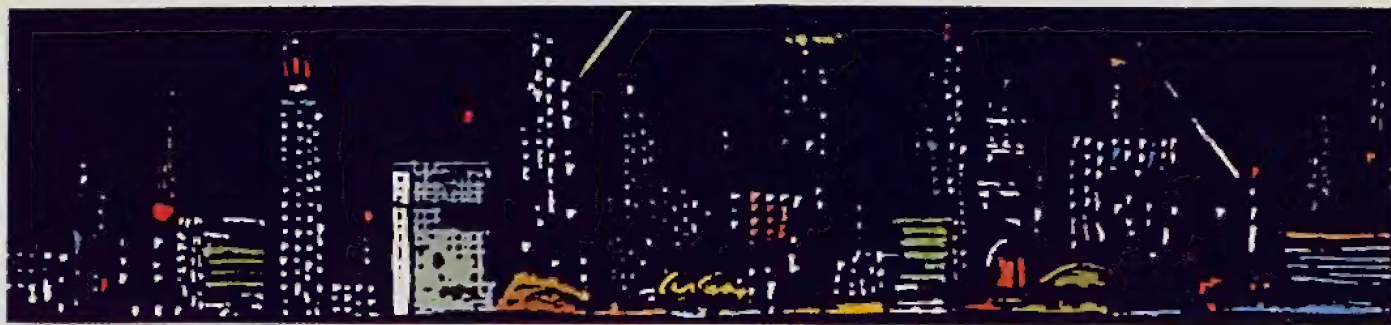




Now that you're ready for a change of pace
it's time to try John Jameson.

Take a sip of John Jameson. Note the light, delicate taste.
Luxurious and smooth as you would expect a premium whiskey to be.
But with a distinctive character all its own. Set a new pace
for yourself. Step ahead of the crowd with John Jameson, the
world's largest selling Irish Whiskey.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



GLAND GESTURE

Remember your old science textbooks? A human body was supposed to be worth around 98 cents. Times have changed. A couple of San Diego physicians were recently indicted for peddling human organs obtained during autopsies. We don't know if this stuff has been figured into the GNP, but the rate sheet is certainly significant: human brain, \$150; heart, \$100; prostate gland, \$25; pancreas, \$50; thyroid glands, \$15 each; and something called human-cadaver fluid, a whopping \$500 per liter. Defendant Dr. Douglas Simay even rented a frozen-storage locker in which to keep his inventory, but from time to time he kept a few spare parts in his fridge at home. Aw, honey, have a heart—I don't feel like cooking tonight.

One way to handle it. A huge sign greeting recent arrivals at the Bangkok airport read: WELCOME PESTICIDE CONTROL/PLANNED PARENTHOOD MEETING.

BOOK ENDS

The Down There Press of Burlingame, California, has announced publication of a book, *Anal Pleasure and Health*, by Jack Morin, Ph.D. Among the ticklish topics covered—and we quote from the press release—are: "How to replace negative feelings about the anus and rectum with positive attitudes; how to enjoy anal stimulation and promote anal health—simultaneously; how to reduce or eliminate even chronic anal tension; how to know and communicate one's requirements for satisfying anal experiences." We'll wait for the movie.

Permit us to reprint selectively from an Associated Press item in the Columbia, South Carolina, *State Record* entitled "PEOPLE ARE EATING BEAVER": "They're tasty little critters," says Carl

Mason of Sturgis, Mississippi, director of the Beaver Cooperative Association. "And they're free for the taking. People are interested in getting back to nature, and it's hard to beat free meat."

Attention, grandmothers! This from a *Washington Post* classified ad: "Grandfather Cock—Italian made slim design, black and brass. With chimes. Excellent condition."

BLOWN AWAY

If you don't send flowers, there are still other ways to make an impression. Redmond Productions (517 Sixth St., San Francisco, California 94103), for instance, will deliver a blow job—so to speak. These folks specialize in balloon bouquets for any occasion. What we think of as the Fay Wray special is several thousand red balloons forming a 30-foot heart—a valentine fit for a Kong.



Redmond's crowning achievement, however, was created for last year's annual Hooker's Ball in San Francisco: More than a thousand condoms were made into a giant ball—a rubber ball, get it? Happily, the vice squad didn't pop out and bust everybody, so it wasn't some kind of Trojan trick.

Steve Hotze, the leader of the Austin, Texas, Citizens for Decency, reminds us, in an article from *The Austin Press*, that "sodomy is the absolute bottom." As opposed to, of course, the living end.

Flash from the IRS: "An individual attains the age of 65 on the first moment of the day *preceding* his 65th birthday." So why put off until tomorrow what you want to put off today?

It must have been the *baklava*. This headline from the *Turkish Daily News*: "PREMIER INAUGURATES NEW FERTILIZER PLANT."

HOLD THE MUSTARD

Hotdogging reached its heyday last spring when three sisters, wearing only shoes, mustard, relish and mayo, commandeered a United Parcel Service delivery van to spread the word of God. Judgment Day, they felt, was imminent, but it took place a little while later, at the Ingham County Court House rather than at the pearly gates. We feel you should be able to cover your buns with whatever you choose, but Judge Thomas Brown nevertheless convicted the sisters of joy riding and indecent exposure. We figure there'll be an appeal, though—rumor has it they were grilled by the police.

SLOW BURN

In 1979, the town of Danville, Virginia, was caught polluting the air with

a coal-burning power plant. The EPA gave the town a choice: Either pay a stiff fine or sponsor a \$10,000 study of the sex life of the loggerhead turtle.

"This is the most asinine thing ever to come before the city!" the mayor declared before knuckling under and sponsoring the study.

Now, a little more than two years later, the findings are in. The conclusion? There probably are no loggerhead turtles in Virginia.

Today, the coal-burning plant is shut down. The city now pays higher prices for its electricity. Still, the Danville city manager insists that the entire chain of events was not in vain: "It enlightens our understanding of the Federal Government process."

Last December's issue of *Cruising World* ran an item entitled "Hiscock Is Getting Excited," which went on to say, "Although he's generally imperturbable, Eric Hiscock . . . has trouble concealing his excitement as the detail work comes together on his Wanderer V." It's a boat, he's a sailor and we defend his right to self-expression.

PLAYING CUPID

Mark Mitchell, a lonely Decatur, Michigan, man, went looking for love one Saturday night last summer in Chicago and the police had to intervene. When he saw the woman of his dreams, he shot at her with a spear gun he happened to be carrying with him. He missed, big. Not only did the spear fail to snare the object of his affections, but the object itself was a man dressed as a woman. We think it's better when both parties just let nature take its own course in affairs of the heart.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

An alleged drug pusher recently petitioned the New York State Supreme Court for a temporary name change. He felt that his own name, Archie Outlaw, would "prejudice me in the eyes of the jury" when he went to trial.

Outlaw wasn't fussy. He said he'd take any of the following names for the duration of the trial: Reggie Jackson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Andrew Young, Archie Lawabiding—whatever.

Archie's argument was squelched by Assistant D.A. Ronald M. Neuman, who produced a list of defendants who were tried without prejudice despite having names such as Bruce Bimbo, Anthony Oddman, Anthony Savage and even (apparently no relation) Bernard J. Outlaw.

GARBAGE AU GO-GO

Music hath charms to move the Hefty bag. That's what they're hoping in Johore, Malaysia, where garbage trucks roam the streets playing *Lara's Theme*,

from the movie *Doctor Zhivago*.

"We hope that every time the public hears the music, they will come out with their garbage," said Razak Abdullah, municipal-council deputy president.

In America, many rock-'n'-roll acts have been soliciting that response in major arenas for years.

What do members of the National Recreation and Park Association know about cooking? Enough, it seems, to fill a new recipe book, *Leisurely Cooking*, compiled by a group of students and faculty at the University of South Alabama. Deborah L. Robinson of Bryan, Texas, submitted her favorite appetizer: chopped onion, mayonnaise and parmesan cheese on rye—known in better park circles as Hot Pu Pu. But don't stop there: if you eat all your vegetables, you can have yellow snow for dessert.

We'd Prefer Just to Listen, Thanks: A line in the Oakland, California, *Tribune* story about the San Francisco Opera Fair went: "If you long to rub diaphragms with the stars, then you can attend the Opera Bingo extravaganza."

CHECKING IN



Many people credit the most disgusting moments in cinema to the soft-spoken film director John Waters. "Pink Flamingos," his most famous work, featured his overweight transvestite star, Divine, chowing down on dog poop. His last film, "Polyester," brought together his leading lady and Tab Hunter—and pioneered Odorama: a ten-smell scratch-'n'-sniff card that audiences use during the movie. Waters tells us, "Number two is number two." We sent Scott Cohen to ask Waters some leading questions.

PLAYBOY: Of all the great films, which would you most like to remake?

WATERS: *Ice Castles*—but have the leading lady be blind and skate into walls. I'd like to make the Grace Metalious story—the woman who wrote *Peyton Place*. She's one of my great idols.

Rumor has it that she became rich and famous, divorced her husband, moved to Hollywood, bought a lot of Cadillacs and committed suicide.

PLAYBOY: Many film makers go off to exotic places to make their movies, but all of your films are made in Baltimore. What inspires you about the city?

WATERS: Just walk down the street. It's loaded with lunatics quite eager to make friends. People look different here than they do anywhere else. I see people who are so shocking that I think, "God, what could their life be like?" That's where I get my ideas.

PLAYBOY: What is it about Baltimore that attracts these people?

WATERS: Maybe they were driving north or south and ran out of gas. The city has a special tolerance for eccentrics. Madalyn Murray is my all-time favorite Baltimore eccentric. She was the atheist who successfully pushed for the abolition of school prayers. When I went to Catholic school, they used to tell us to go break her windows. She also had the nativity scene removed from the state capitol on Christmas eve. But Frank Zappa is also from here. So is Spiro Agnew.

PLAYBOY: Is Baltimore where you met Divine?

WATERS: He lived up the street from my parents' home. My father used to take me to school and we'd see this person with different-color hair every day on the corner waiting for the bus. My father would shudder. I knew I had to meet the person who made my father shudder. I met him through a girl living up the street who had a green beehive hairdo.

PLAYBOY: Whom does Divine look more like, his mom or his dad?

WATERS: A little of both.

PLAYBOY: What does your father do?

WATERS: He owns a fire-equipment-supply company.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have an uncle who was in Government?

WATERS: He was the Undersecretary of the Interior for Nixon.

PLAYBOY: Does he go to your movies?

WATERS: No, but he read about *Polyester* and congratulated me.

PLAYBOY: How did you get someone as wholesome as Tab Hunter to star in *Polyester*?

WATERS: I called him up and asked him. Luckily, he hadn't seen my other films. I sent him the script, which he loved. He said, "Just let me wear burgundy polyester." I said, "I have to tell you one thing: Your leading lady is a man." And he replied, "So what." He was brave to make the movie. Now I want Victor Mature.

PLAYBOY: What are you trying to get out of your audience with your outrageousness?

WATERS: Nervous laughter. I'm always trying to get people to laugh at things

Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1982 B&W T Co.



99% tar free.

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE HEIRS OF HOWARD HUGHES

Almost 600 cousins to billionaire Howard Hughes are trying to get their share of his estate. Derek Pell-Hughes takes us on a selective tour of the least-known contenders.



Left, **KAY YAK-HUGHES** (distant kissing cousin). Claims to have been raped by H.H. in Juneau, Alaska. "He put Spanish flies in my Eskima Pie!" shrieked Ms. Yak in court. She further testified that the assault by the "big spender" caused her to become frigid—a condition that can be corrected only by "big bucks" from the Hughes estate.



Right, **KABLOONA HUGHES** (a.k.a. Suzi Q. Hughes). Claims to be the "one-night bastard" of Kay Yak and H.H.—an assertion bitterly disputed by Ms. Yak ("She's no son of mine!"). Lawyers for Kabloona offered as evidence the distinct "glacial resemblance" between the two. If successful in her bid, Kabloona plans to open an arctic chain of ice cream/massage parlors "named after Dad."



Left, **CLIFURD ERSATZ-HUGHES** (disguise worn to protect his reputation). Claims to be third nephew, via the recluse's second secret marriage to Hillary McGraw Ersatz (the ceremony was allegedly performed in a toll booth on the New Jersey Turnpike). Under cross-examination, Ersatz confessed to being the author of the book *The Joy of Probate*.



Right, **DEWEY "BABY FACE" HUGHES** (alias Hughie Lou Hughes). This former child mobster, found abandoned in a Las Vegas slot machine, claims that in 1962, he became the billionaire's "blood brother" by mail.



Above, **UBU DADA HUGHES** (witch doctor and 'pataphysician). Claims his mother, Mama Limbo Moola Hughes, was supernaturally impregnated by "the big Spruce Goose" during a lewd voodoo ritual. "Mama call him Sugar Daddy," grins Ubu, who hopes his share of the estate will enable him to buy a shingle.



Above, **YENS AND EZRA HUGHES** (Siamese heirs). Conflicting claims by these joint cousins have resulted in a separate series of complex battles. Ezra is suing Yens for breach of peace, while Yens has filed a class action on behalf of himself and Ezra against Ezra, claiming himself (Yens) to be the only rightful heir. "Besides," says Yens, "I never saw this guy before in my life." Matters are further complicated by the fact that both Ezra and Yens are being represented by the firm of Chang & Eng, Ltd.

that in real life wouldn't be funny. In *Polyester*, I have a Halloween scene in which trick-or-treaters confront a woman who doesn't have any candy, so they shoot her.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the mayor of Baltimore will ever give you the key to the city?

WATERS: He practically did when we made *Polyester*. He gave us cops, bus drivers, permits, everything. I've had dinner with him. He's very supportive and tells me to keep on making films in Baltimore. He's Baltimore's most visible resident—everyone but the most severely retarded knows who he is. I'd ask him to be in one of my movies, but I don't think he would.

PLAYBOY: What, for you, is worse than suburbia?

WATERS: Nothing. I'd rather be in prison. At least in prison you might meet some interesting people. I grew up in suburbia.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you something of a trial buff?

WATERS: I sit in on a lot of trials. The last one I went to involved a nurse who was accused of stuffing turds down a patient's throat. It didn't kill the patient, but still. . . . When she got eight days in jail, she said, "For what?" Her excuse was that she had her period and her mother had done the same thing to her.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you when critics like your films?

WATERS: Not at all. One critic said that if you see my name on the marquee, you should walk on the other side of the street and hold your nose. You can't get a much meaner review than that, so I decided I might as well make one that really smelled and that's how I thought of using *Odorama* in *Polyester*.

PLAYBOY: What are your goals in life?

WATERS: I wish someone would do my laundry. I'd also like a plain black Buick.

PLAYBOY: Who would you want to play you in your life story?

WATERS: Don Knotts.

PLAYBOY: What tips would you offer someone who wanted to be in one of your movies?

WATERS: Don't try to fuck me. If they have the kind of body that people wouldn't want to see naked, that's what I'm looking for.

PLAYBOY: What romantic qualities do you look for in someone?

WATERS: Good-looking shoes. It's the first thing I look at when I meet people.

PLAYBOY: Where would you go on a dream date?

WATERS: Straight home.

PLAYBOY: What do you want for an epitaph?

WATERS: Not THE SLEAZE KING. I'd like to have a funeral such as the one in *Imitation of Life*, with Mahalia Jackson singing and some simple inscription on my tombstone—my name, when I was born and when I died. I'm a conservative at heart.

There are times
when only the best will do.



Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"®

6 Years Old. Imported in Bottle from Canada by Hiram Walker Importers Inc., Detroit, Mich. 86.8 Proof. Blended Canadian Whisky. © 1982



It also has front-wheel drive.

The Honda Accord LX Hatchback has everything. It's luxuriously comfortable. It's incredibly well engineered.

Honda has been out in front with front-wheel drive for years. In fact, Honda has always been the only auto manufacturer to sell all of its cars in America with front-wheel drive and a transverse-mounted engine.

Front-wheel drive gives excellent traction because the weight of the engine is over the driving wheels. You corner confidently. And the engine mounted sideways is easy to service.

With front-wheel drive, there's more interior space. As you can see, it has been used to beautiful advantage in the Accord LX.

Everything you see is standard equipment. Including something you also feel.

Air conditioning with new push-button controls and an improved ventilating system.

One thing you hear is a warning chime that sounds when the halogen headlights are left on.

Other features you'll sense are the smoother and quieter ride and better road handling. With Michelin steel-belted radial tires and variable-assist power steering. And ventilated front disc brakes. Again standard equipment.

The Accord LX. It has quality engineering. It has luxury. It simply has all the comforts of Honda.

HONDA

We make it simple.



MOVIES

It is an interesting footnote to history that the Reagan years bring us such leftishly liberal-minded epics as *Reds* and, now, *Missing* (Universal). Not since the Oscar-winning *Z*, voted the Best Foreign Film of 1969, has writer-director Costa-Gavras made a movie so likely to succeed. In English and co-starring Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek, this angry and powerful political thriller is a very personal true-life drama about the search for a naïve young American, Charles Horman (sensitively played in flashbacks by John Shea), a would-be writer—just one of the expatriates who disappeared after the rightist military coup against the Allende regime in Chile almost a decade ago. Some names have been changed, though *Missing* specifically mentions Henry Kissinger. It's about a time when shadowy engineers of America's foreign policy were condoning the persecution, torture or murder of any long-haired radical Yankee youth with the temerity to mouth off about U.S. intervention in Latin America. These are blood brothers of the students who died at Kent State. The part Lemmon plays—his held-back emotion like a silent scream throughout—is that of a New York businessman, Ed Horman, who sets out to find his wayward son and begins to understand the boy better while battling the blank wall of a fascist Chilean bureaucracy upheld by American consular stooges, all masters of deceit. His partner in the search is Charles's distraught wife, a former flower child—a formidable portrayal by Spacek, anguished but irreverent, stubbornly courageous, quipping, "No shit, Sherlock," in response to false promises and official evasions. She already knows that America during the Nixon era was a can of worms before anyone ever heard of Watergate.

Filmed in Mexico, adapted by Costa-Gavras and Donald Stewart from facts set forth in a book by Thomas Hauser, the suspenseful story is pieced out in a controlled, cinematic manner that goes far beyond the documentary realism of earlier Costa-Gavras films. There's not much explicit violence, but *Missing* abounds in images that made my skin crawl with fear born of nightmarish anarchy: Sissy picking her way through empty streets at dusk, stepping into a pool of blood, then driven from her unlikely refuge in a shop full of gauzy bridal gowns; a terrified white horse galloping, dreamlike, through the town with an armored car full of militia close behind; a makeshift morgue with translucent ceilings, where the unclaimed bodies on the floor above create a macabre decor. "What kind of world is this?" asks Lemmon. The answer comes, usually, in a burst of distant gunfire.



Spacek, Lemmon terrific in *Missing*.

Missing's disturbing,
Moon provocative,
Evil gilded trash.



Keaton, Finney *Shoot the Moon*.



Smith, Ustinov *Under the Sun*.

There are some shocking scenes here, brilliantly acted by Lemmon and Spacek as well as by David Clennon, Melanie Mayron, Janice Rule and Charles Cioffi as various U.S. friends or foes. The movie's message—that we, as a nation,

are more like mercenaries and marauders than innocents abroad—is hardly new. But *Missing* restates it with particularly stinging eloquence. **YYY½**

Some quicksilver emotional chemistry between Diane Keaton and Albert Finney gives momentum to *Shoot the Moon* (MGM), a provocative battle of the sexes that's likely to set off heated debate as to who's right, who's wrong, who's going to win at the finish. An intelligent, warm-blooded screenplay by Bo Goldman (whose major credits include *The Rose* and the Oscar-winning *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*) is another asset. There's something here to seize and hold virtually anyone who's ever been involved in grown-up marital mud wrestling. Keaton and Finney play a modern California couple with four young daughters, the eldest of whom (Dana Hill, a dandy young actress) is hit hardest when her father splits. The couple's relationship hits bottom just as he's achieving his first huge success as a writer. Daddy moves away to live with his girlfriend (Karen Allen), while Mom, after the initial shock, finds solace with a healthy young stud (Peter Weller) who comes to their handsome country house to build a tennis court. What happens to the kids is a large part of *Shoot the Moon* (that's an expression borrowed, with somewhat obvious symbolism, from the card game hearts). My own enjoyment was heightened mostly by watching Keaton, especially when she's given something slightly stale to say, such as, "You helped me grow into a woman. . . . You made me laugh, George." Most of the dialog is far better, but Diane pulls back from a clinker so fast, you believe she's genuinely embarrassed by the feelings that make her talk that way.

Despite the over-all impact of *Moon*, director Alan (Midnight Express) Parker sometimes brings heaviness to a scene that you wish to God he would finesse. Cuing in an old song like *Don't Blame Me* on the sound track, for instance, doesn't really add much to a gritty but delicate story of divorce. Yet watching a marriage go to pieces is like being at the scene of an accident where everyone gets hurt. To increase that morbid fascination, it's reported that at least three different endings of *Shoot the Moon* were filmed before Parker settled on the one most likely to start you arguing with your date or mate on the way home. **YYY**

Evil Under the Sun (Universal) teams Peter Ustinov, as Hercule Poirot, with Maggie Smith, Diana Rigg, James Mason, Sylvia Miles, Colin Blakely, Roddy

Stolichnaya

The Vodka



STOLICHNAYA VODKA. 80 and 100 proof, distilled from grain.
Imported by Monsieur Henri Wines, Ltd., White Plains, New York.

McDowall and Jane Birkin in more all-star Agatha Christie horseplay about homicide. There's very little plot to thicken, but the settings are pretty—we're at a luxury resort hotel on an island in the Adriatic back in 1938—and Anthony (*Sleuth*) Shaffer's screenplay offers numerous bright asides and withering barbs for the wits in residence. While director Guy Hamilton pretends to take some of this seriously, Ustinov's smirk lets the audience in on the joke. Smith and Rigg, playing gloriously actressy bitches of the sort who'd flick ashes onto a rival's mink, get the best material and make ultralight of it. I had a good time, but I'll admit to a weakness for such gilded trash. **YY½**

A character named Pee Wee (Dan Monahan) wakes up and measures his morning erection. That's for openers, after which *Porky's* (20th Century-Fox) proceeds to such jokes as . . . well, a high school clown has a giant condom pulled over his head, and there's redneck repartee on the order of, "It's a long ride home with a hard-on." Raunchier than *Animal House* and so loaded with cheap laughs that you'll hate yourself when you stop sniggering, *Porky's* exploits teen-aged sex back in the Fifties. It's sleaze with expertise and just misses being totally objectionable by putting its low humor in the mouths of attractive, clean-cut babes and boys like Monahan, Kaki Hunter, Mark Herrier, Kim Cattrall, Tony Ganios and Scott Colomby. You may also note Alex Karras as a Florida sheriff and his talented missus, Susan Clark, obviously slumming in a peculiar minor role as a prostitute named Cherry Forever. Writer-director Bob Clark (no relation to Susan) made *Porky's* with no higher aim than to make money and will probably make a pile with this crotch-level salute to horny adolescence, which takes its title from a local den of iniquity ("Get it . . . at Porky's") where the flower of Southern youth pays to be plucked. **YY**

Made several years ago but not distributed here until Australian films began to click commercially, *The Devil's Playground* (IFEX/EMC) is a minor, darkly funny but rather surprising and poignant movie about sex—or the lack of it—in a Catholic boys' school during the Fifties. Writer-director Fred Schepisi fixes his attention and ours on a 13-year-old seminarian (Simon Burke) who's a bed wetter and has a more or less perpetual erection to trouble his conscience. "An undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," warn the priests. They offer little help, for most of them either drink too much or dream too much or sneak into town to flirt with carnal pleasures. One holy brother (Arthur Dignam) often wakes up in a sweat, imagining himself



Porky's: Meanwhile, back at the raunch....

Sex education, silly
and serious; a
moldy *Swamp Thing*.



Dignam bedeviled in *Playground*.



Adrienne Swamped.

naked in a swimming pool full of voluptuous naiads. Another elderly, tipsy priest lifts his glass and grumbles, "What's wrong with masturbation, anyway? For

years I fought against it . . . all you learn is to hate your body." The Church's assiduous efforts to stamp out or suppress as "unnatural" every sign of the sap rising in healthy young males become terminally stupid, the way Schepisi tells it. This is an environment so rigid that lads are required to wear shorts while they shower, lest they enjoy looking at themselves. More than half a world away from the juvenile japery of *Porky's*, which covers similar ground nonsensically, Schepisi's single-minded essay is compassionate, tragic and liberating. **YYY**

For the zillionth time in a s-f shocker, someone asks, "What if it falls into the wrong hands?" "It," in this instance, is a young scientist's top-secret formula for stimulating plant growth. The wrong hands turn out to be those of Louis Jourdan, who, in *Swamp Thing* (Embassy), transforms the hero into a creature resembling a not-so-jolly Green Giant with a crush on lush Adrienne Barbeau. Adapted by writer-director Wes Craven from a celebrated DC Comics book of the same title, this bottom-of-bill malarkey gives me dark second thoughts about people who insist you've got to "talk to your plants." Nah. Stay home and talk to each other, folks. Send your philodendron to the movie. **Y**

Ruthless, ballsy and bristling as Edward G. Robinson in the good old days when he was making such films as *Little Caesar*, Bob Hoskins plays the criminal kingpin of contemporary London in *The Long Good Friday* (Embassy), an English gangster movie that's a grabber from beginning to end. Some of the low-life dialects may trouble U. S. audiences, but they'll understand Hoskins well enough, no matter 'ow 'e goes at 'is bloody lines. He's a stocky, street-smart actor who had the leading role (Steve Martin's part) in the original BBC-TV production of *Pennies from Heaven*. Here, he's a crook who believes he owns London—a gambling casino, an exclusive pub, fingers in every pie, plus a scheme afoot to redevelop the city's ramshackle dock area—until one fateful Good Friday that turns out to be his bad day at Black Rock. Two of his top aides are murdered for reasons he cannot fathom. A roundup of all his surviving rivals and associates, trussed upside down on hooks in a slaughterhouse, is just one of the scenes that give *Long Good Friday* its animus and fierce vitality. Barrie Keeffe's screenplay, directed by John Mackenzie, provides fascinating glimpses of the London underworld while edging, bit by bit, into the dynamics of a tale about bungling mobsters who have inadvertently triggered a gang war with fanatic I.R.A. terrorists. To support Hoskins, there's Helen Mirren, a Royal



Beyond quartz, the world's most precise tuning system, lies a new ability to expand sound.

Imagine you're in a room with Technics SA-828 receiver. What you hear is beautiful stereo. Then you activate Technics variable Dimension Control. Incredibly, the sound begins to move. The stereo image widens to the point where the music begins to surround you. You're intrigued by its richness and depth. You're enveloped by a new experience in sound. That's the wonder of the patented technology in Technics Dimension Control.

Just as wondrous is quartz synthesis, the world's most precise tuning system. That's how the SA-828 quartz synthesizer eliminates FM drift as well as the hassle of tuning. You can even preset and instantly retrieve 7 FM and 7 AM stations, all perfectly in tune.

Another perfect example of Technics technology is our

synchro-bias circuitry. What it does is constantly send minute amounts of power to the amplifier transistors. And since they can't switch on or off, switching distortion is eliminated.

And when it comes to power, the SA-828 has plenty: 100 watts per channel minimum RMS into 8 ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz with no more than 0.005% total harmonic distortion.

The SA-828 goes on to show its sophistication with a super-quiet phono equalizer, soft touch program selectors, fully electronic volume control, and a Dimension Control display that doubles as a power level meter.

Technics SA-828 is part of a full line of quartz synthesized receivers. Hear it for yourself. Beyond its quartz synthesizer lies a new dimension in sound.

Technics
The science of sound

Gilbey's idea of a gin and tonic: Taste the gin, too.



The Frosty Bottle with the diamond taper is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W & A. Gilbey Ltd., Distr. by Nat'l Dist. Products Co., N.Y.C.

Shakespeare Company actress, as the most intelligent and convincing gangster's moll in a long time: Derek Thompson as a sleazy side-kick and Eddie Constantine—the definitive American Mobster in countless French films—doing his thing and brushing up his English as a Family rep from New Jersey. All in all, this crime thriller can hold its own with any of our home-grown classics. ¥¥¥

Jamie Lee Curtis once again portrays a plucky young woman as an endangered species in *Road Games* (Embassy). She's an American heiress hitchhiking across the treeless western plains of Australia, catching a ride with Stacy Keach, who's a truck driver on long hauls down under. Don't ask why. Probably because someone raised the money to shoot a movie in Australia, this one a rough-edged, well-acted, implausible but picturesque thriller about a psychopath who lures easy girls to motels and dismembers them. Keach's big semi is carrying a load of refrigerated pork to Perth, so you can see the grisly possibilities. *Road Games* explores them all, with medium impact. ¥¥

After a successful run as a stage musical in Los Angeles in 1978, *Zoot Suit* (Universal) flopped on Broadway. The movie version has two dynamic performances—by Daniel Valdez, as one of several *chicanos* unjustly convicted of murder in a famous case of the early Forties, and by Edward James Olmos, as his omnipresent alter ego, El Pachuco. Both obviously know their stuff and play it with sizzling conviction. Otherwise, *Zoot Suit* is semipro cinema, illustrating how a substantial hit can be sabotaged through ineptitude. Shots of a rapt theater audience applauding on cue alternate with poorly shot musical numbers and heavy-handed social drama until a mere moviegoer out for a good time doesn't know where he's at but winds up wishing he were almost anywhere else. ¥

Bernadette Peters and Andy Kaufman impersonate runaway robots named Aqua and Val in *Heartbeeps* (Universal), a spacy futuristic comedy that's as hilarious as a faulty heat shield. A team of purely mechanical gag robots named Phil and Catskil—the latter spewing sexist jokes in the manner of a computerized lounge act from Vegas—provide a fair sample of the stunted sensibility at work. Though *Heartbeeps* is not their baby, the creators of R2-D2 have a lot to answer for if they've begotten a whole race of foolish, futuristic little Phils, buzzing about like junk sculpture with a bad case of the cutes. All in all, you'll have much more fun playing kick the can. ¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MUSIC LIVES ON TDK

Music sets the tone in your life. Creates a world of enjoyment all your own. If you want nothing to interfere, choose TDK.

TDK cassettes make music live. With a performance as full and vibrant as the original. In its special way TDK does more than record. It recreates. Music is magic. Don't lose any of it, now that you know where it lives.



TDK



Introducing the Yamaha Maxims.



If you think it looks good at a red light, wait'll the light turns green.

Funny thing. But the part of our new Maxim 750 people will remember most may not be the sleek teardrop gas tank or the cast alloy, 6-way adjustable handlebars. The Computer Monitor System or the chrome megaphone pipes. Not even those racy spiral wheels.

The part they'll remember most is the part they'll see the most. The taillight.

Because while the Maxim 750—like all our Maxims—is incredibly good-looking, it's also incredibly fast.

Resting in that double-cradle frame is a 4-cylinder DOHC powerplant with YICS and shaft-drive. A powerplant so narrow it could easily be mistaken for a twin. A powerplant so fast that last year it set a new 750cc quarter-mile record.

Of course, the only thing that kind of performance will mean to you is a fleeting glimpse of a Maxim and the faint hope that the next red light will be longer.

Unless you do one of two things.

Tape this picture to your windshield. Or buy a Maxim of your very own.





The Maxim Series.



Introducing the maximum Maxim. And the minimum Maxim.

With the addition of the new 1100 and 400 models you see here, the Maxims now come in a bigger choice of sizes.

Small. Medium. Large.

And huge.

The Eleven is our most powerful proof that a Maxim, even at its biggest, is still remarkably lean, low and lightweight.

Its awesome 1101cc engine not only looks lean and measures lean. It even runs lean. Our patented Yamaha Induction Control System (YICS) makes for more complete burning, more power per stroke and more miles per gallon. All without

adding a single moving part.

The frame configuration is specially designed to give the Eleven all the support it needs, without all the bulk it doesn't need. So you get both a comfortably low seat height and low center of gravity without sacrificing ground clearance. Not to mention hairpin-hugging banking angles some smaller cc bikes can't match.

To transfer all that brute horsepower to the pavement most efficiently, there's a fully enclosed, direct-coupling shaft drive. And to bring it all to a smooth, steady halt, our innovative unified braking system



automatically activates both the front and rear brake at the touch of the foot pedal.

Add to that a Computer Monitor System with an LCD readout that reports vital engine functions and fluid levels; 6-way

adjustable, cast alloy handlebars; air-adjustable front forks and rear shocks; and a big, sleek tank, and you've got yourself the biggest Maxim money can buy.

Which brings us to the smallest Maxim money can buy.

The 400. Proof that size has nothing to do with how much of a Maxim you get.

It's perfectly proportioned so it looks for all the world like the other mid-size Maxims: classic, aggressive, distinctive. And it's been carefully engineered to weigh less, cost less and consume less, all without being any less of a Maxim.

Measuring mere millimeters wider than a single, its brand new DOHC, twin cylinder engine delivers the highest horsepower output of any twin in its class.

A counter-rotating balancer makes it almost as smooth as a four.

And while YICS evens out irregularities in the air/fuel mixture, our Monoshock suspension system evens out irregularities in the road.

All of which gives the new 400 all the speed, handling, and good looks that make a Maxim a Maxim.

And along with our 550, 650, 750 and 1100 models, it makes choosing a Maxim five times easier.

Or five times harder.





Two ways to sho

The first time you take your Maxim 550 or 650 for a spin around the block, you may get the feeling the traffic lights have been moved a little closer together.

But then, you are riding one of the fastest production motorcycles ever to chase a white line down the street.

Both our chain-driven 550 and shaft-driven 650 have made such short work of the quarter-mile, race officials still suspect there's an extra hundred cc's stashed somewhere between the tank and tailpipes.

And they're not far from wrong.

Because on the other side of that crankcase cover you'll find little extras that make a huge difference in overall performance.

Like Transistor Controlled Ignition (TCI, for short). Instead of using mechanical breaker points, it produces a hotter, more consistent spark electronically.

Then there's our exclusive Yamaha Induction Control System (YICS). Using a series of sub-intake ports, YICS literally blasts the air/fuel mixture around the combustion chamber. So you get more complete burning, and enough added





ten a city block.

horsepower per stroke to account for a 650 that can turn a 12.6 second quarter-mile. Not to mention a 550 that goes like most 650's. Or 750's, for that matter.

Of course, a twist of the throttle isn't all these Maxims respond to. Take either of them into a turn, and you'll begin to appreciate another aspect of their extraordinary performance: the kind of handling that makes straightening a curve in the road as effortless as shortening it.

Handling that results from the lowest possible center of gravity. And narrowness that results from our anything-but-narrow-minded approach to engine design.

On the 650, for example, we broke

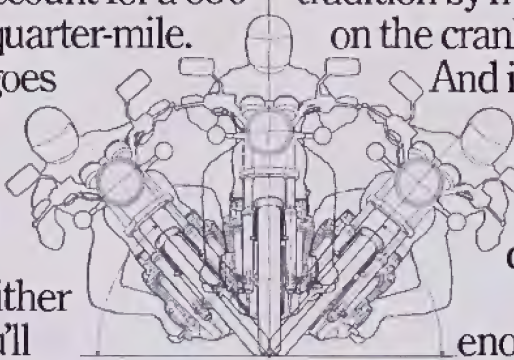
tradition by mounting the AC generator on the crankcase behind the cylinders.

And incorporating the middle gear case into the transmission housing. So all that stands between you and a 47 degree banking angle, is nerve.

And as if that weren't enough to improve your circulation,

there's that sleek, integrated styling. And all the long, envious looks that go with it. Because on a Maxim, one of the first things you'll notice is that you get noticed like you've never been noticed before.

The 1982 Maxim 550 and Maxim 650. Be the first on your block to own one.



Maxim 1100



| ENGINE | | CHASSIS | Brakes |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|---|----------|
| Type | 4-Stroke, DOHC, Four | Overall Length 88.6"(2,250mm) | Front |
| Displacement | 1,101cc | Overall Width 34.3"(870mm) | Rear |
| Bore and Stroke | 71.5x68.6mm | Overall Height 47.0"(1,195mm) | Tires |
| Compression Ratio | 9.0:1 | Wheelbase 60.8"(1,545mm) | Front |
| Maximum Torque | 65.1ft-lbs (9.0kg-m) @ 6,500rpm | Ground Clearance 6.1"(155mm) | Rear |
| Carburetion | Four Mikuni BS34 | Seat Height 30.1"(765mm) | Coloring |
| Ignition | Transistor Controlled | Dry Weight 566lbs(257kg) | |
| Starting | Electric | Fuel Tank Capacity 5.0gals(19l) | |
| Lubrication | Wet Sump | Suspension | |
| Oil Capacity | 4.2qts(4.0l) | Front Telescopic Fork with Equalized Air and Adjustable Damping | |
| Transmission | 5-Speed | Rear Equalized Air with Adjustable Damping | |

Dual Slotted Discs
Single Slotted Disc
3.50H-19
130/90-16 67H
New Yamaha Black
New Ruby Red

Maxim 750



| ENGINE | | Oil Capacity | Brakes |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|---|----------|
| Type | 4-Stroke, DOHC, Four | 3.7qts(3.5l) | Front |
| Displacement | 748cc | Transmission 5-Speed | Rear |
| Bore and Stroke | 65x56.4mm | CHASSIS | |
| Compression Ratio | 9.2:1 | Overall Length 84.4"(2,145mm) | Tires |
| Maximum Torque | 45.6ft-lbs (6.3kg-m) @ 7,500rpm | Overall Width 32.7"(830mm) | Front |
| Carburetion | Four Hitachi | Overall Height 46.3"(1,175mm) | Rear |
| Ignition | Transistor Controlled | Wheelbase 56.9"(1,445mm) | Coloring |
| Starting | Electric | Ground Clearance 5.3"(135mm) | |
| Lubrication | Wet Sump | Seat Height 30.7"(780mm) | |
| | | Dry Weight 485lbs(220kg) | |
| | | Fuel Tank Capacity 4.5gals(17l) | |
| | | Suspension | |
| | | Front Telescopic Fork with Equalized Air | |
| | | Rear Adjustable Damping | |

Dual Slotted Discs
Drum
3.25H-19
130/90-16 67H
Super Red
New Yamaha Black

Maxim 650



| ENGINE | | CHASSIS | Brakes |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|---|----------|
| Type | 4-Stroke, DOHC, Four | Overall Length 85.2"(2,165mm) | Front |
| Displacement | 653cc | Overall Width 33.7"(855mm) | Rear |
| Bore and Stroke | 63.0x52.4mm | Overall Height 46.1"(1,170mm) | Tires |
| Compression Ratio | 9.2:1 | Wheelbase 56.9"(1,445mm) | Front |
| Maximum Torque | 38.3ft-lbs (5.3kg-m) @ 7,500rpm | Ground Clearance 5.7"(145mm) | Rear |
| Carburetion | Four Hitachi | Seat Height 30.3"(770mm) | Coloring |
| Ignition | Transistor Controlled | Dry Weight 447lbs(203kg) | |
| Starting | Electric | Fuel Tank Capacity 3.4gals (13.0l) | |
| Lubrication | Wet Sump | Suspension | |
| Oil Capacity | 3.7qts(3.5l) | Front Air-Adjustable Telescopic Fork | |
| Transmission | 5-Speed | Rear Swingarm | |

Single Disc
Drum
3.25H-19
130/90-16 67H
Black Blue
Star Red

Maxim 550



| ENGINE | | Transmission | Brakes |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Type | 4-Stroke, DOHC, Four | 6-Speed | Front |
| Displacement | 528cc | CHASSIS | Rear |
| Bore and Stroke | 57.0x51.8mm | Overall Length 84.4"(2,145mm) | Tires |
| Compression Ratio | 9.5:1 | Overall Width 34.1"(865mm) | Front |
| Maximum Torque | 31.8ft-lbs (4.4kg-m) @ 7,500rpm | Overall Height 45.9"(1,165mm) | Rear |
| Carburetion | Four Mikuni BS28 | Wheelbase 55.9"(1,420mm) | Coloring |
| Ignition | Transistor Controlled | Ground Clearance 6.3"(160mm) | |
| Starting | Electric | Seat Height 29.9"(760mm) | |
| Lubrication | Wet Sump | Dry Weight 407lbs(185kg) | |
| Oil Capacity | 3.1qts(2.9l) | Fuel Tank Capacity 3.4gals (13.0l) | |
| | | Suspension | |
| | | Front Telescopic Fork | |
| | | Rear Swingarm | |

Single Disc
Drum
3.25H-19
130/90-16 67H
Star Silver
Black Blue

Maxim 400



| ENGINE | | Oil Capacity | Brakes |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| Type | 4-Stroke, DOHC, Twin | 3.0qt(2.8l) | Front |
| Displacement | 399cc | Transmission 5-Speed | Rear |
| Bore and Stroke | 69.0x53.4mm | CHASSIS | |
| Compression Ratio | 9.5:1 | Overall Length 82.7"(2,100mm) | Tires |
| Maximum Torque | 23.1ft-lb (3.19kg-m) @ 8,000rpm | Overall Width 34.1"(865mm) | Front |
| Carburetion | Mikuni BS34 | Overall Height 45.7"(1,160mm) | Rear |
| Ignition | Transistor Controlled | Seat Height 30.3"(770mm) | Coloring |
| Starting | Electric | Wheelbase 53.9"(1,370mm) | |
| Lubrication | Wet Sump | Dry Weight 372lb(169kg) | |
| | | Fuel Tank Capacity 3.9gals (15l) | |
| | | Suspension | |
| | | Front Telescopic Fork | |
| | | Rear Monoshock | |

Single Disc
Drum
3.00-19
130/90-16
New Yamaha Black
Burgundy Red

YAMAHA

THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.™

Specifications are subject to change without notice. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Rear view mirrors standard equipment.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Butterfly Pia Zadora meets Stacy Keach, raising Cain. **YY**

Chariots of Fire Runners running in awesome English drama about the 1924 Olympics. **YYYY**

The Devil's Playground (Reviewed this month) The birds and bees and sexy seminarians. **YYY**

Diva Offbeat French thriller about tape-recorded voice and vice. **YYY**

Evil Under the Sun (Reviewed this month) Comic Christie. **YY½**

Heartbeeps (Reviewed this month) Recommend a bypass. **Y**

The Long Good Friday (Reviewed this month) Gangsters rile I.R.A. terrorists in London town. **YYY**

Man of Iron Solid Polish drama about the recent good old days of hope and Solidarity. **YYY**

Missing (Reviewed this month) Chilean politics, piping hot. **YYY½**

Night Crossing Balloonists bolt from East Germany. **YYY**

On Golden Pond A geriatric tearjerker saved by Hank Fonda. **YY½**

Pennies from Heaven Steve Martin with Bernadette Peters in a bold, beguiling Depression musical. **YYY**

Porky's (Reviewed this month) Teen sex down South. **YY**

Prince of the City Crooked cops tattled on by Treat Williams. **YYY½**

Ragtime The E. L. Doctorow best seller gorgeously filmed by Milos Forman, with grand cast. **YYYY**

Reds Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton as a man and a woman whose main problem seems to be the Russian Revolution. **YYY**

Road Games (Reviewed this month) Jamie Lee in jeopardy. **YY**

Sharky's Machine Laura-like stuff, with Burt Reynolds as a homicide cop in love with a wonderful hooker (Rachel Ward). **YYY**

Shoot the Moon (Reviewed this month) Diane and divorce. **YYY**

Swamp Thing (Reviewed this month) Green, gross and fond of Adrienne Barbeau. **Y**

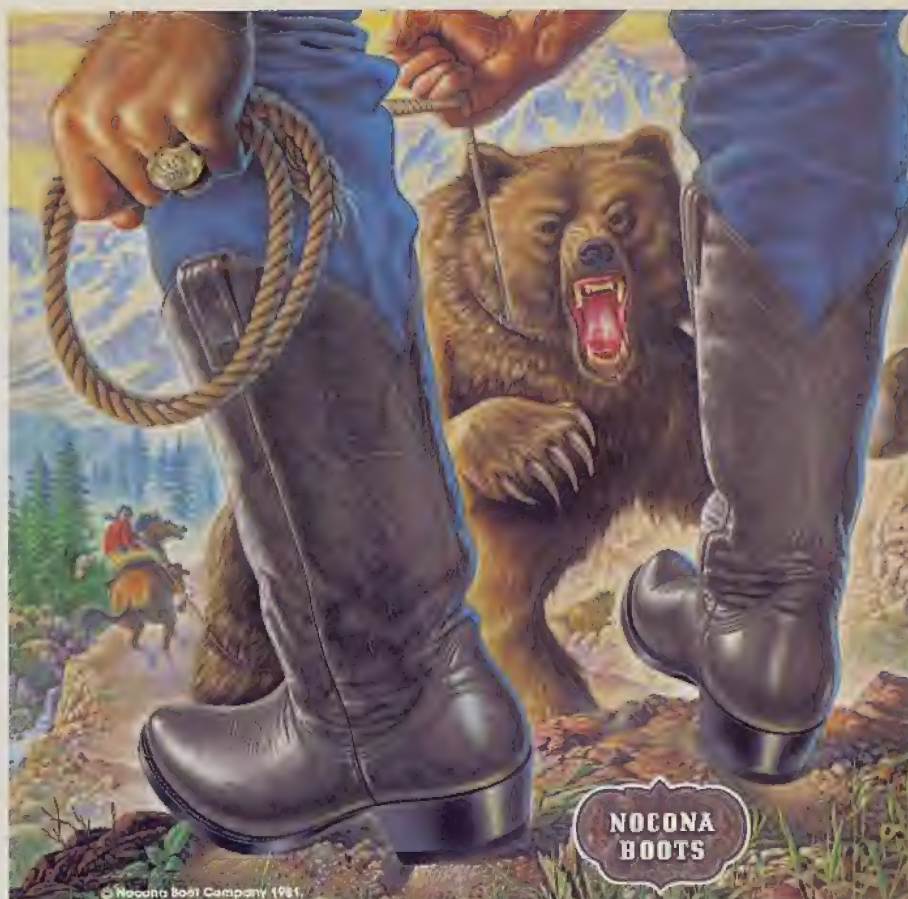
They All Laughed Lightweight New York comedy by Peter Bogdanovich. Star-studded. **YY**

Ticket to Heaven Powerful drama about deprogramming a Moon-struck youth (Nick Mancuso). **YYY**

Whose Life Is It Anyway? It's Dreyfuss's picture, and better than the play. **YYY½**

Zoot Suit (Reviewed this month) Worse than the play with music, which died on Broadway. **Y**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



Ask for Nocona Boots where quality western boots are sold. Style shown # 3003 handcrafted in Antique Gray Crushed Goat. NOCONA BOOT COMPANY / ENID JUSTIN, PRESIDENT / BOX 599 / NOCONA, TEXAS 76255 / 817-825-3321.

You can lose your wallet, But you can't lose your Uncle Henry.



The classic Stockman is the perfect helper for a thousand and one jobs. Guaranteed against loss for one year from date of registration.

Uncle Henry also offers a selection of pocket knives with one and two blades.

UNCLE HENRY
SCHRADE

Write for your free Shrade Almanac to Shrade Cutlery Corp., Ellenville, N.Y. 12428-0590

A COUPLE OF WISE GUYS: As lead singer/leaper of The J. Geils Band, Peter Wolf, with band members Geils, Seth Justman, Magic Dick, Danny Klein and Stephen Bladd, has been inflicting his kinetic brand of musical mayhem on rock audiences for more than a decade. When Ed Naha tracked Wolf down, the band was beginning a nationwide tour to promote its LP *"Freeze-Frame."* Naha ushered the lone Wolf into a New York restaurant for a chat.

PLAYBOY: You've just come off a tour with The Rolling Stones and—

WOLF: Hey! This is a really good idea! If you want a great seat in a restaurant, just walk in with a tape recorder under your arm. "Hello. I'm from the press. We're going to do a veddy important interview. May we have the best table in the house? Oh, thank you ever so much." Wotta great scam! I've got to remember this.

PLAYBOY: Uh, yeah. Are the Stones the greatest rock-'n'-roll band in the world?

WOLF: They're sure up there.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the reputation of being a madman onstage?

WOLF: By drinking a lot of milk. I also take a lot of lycium. It's a secret new amino acid that's good for all sorts of things, but one of its drawbacks is that it causes a dissociation with the mind and the spirit that tends to cause a mishandling of one's own properties and, of course, organs.

PLAYBOY: What's the weirdest thing you've ever done onstage?

WOLF: Think about what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Why do you jump so high onstage?

WOLF: I try to get to the other side.

PLAYBOY: Why do you wear sunglasses onstage?

WOLF: Some wise man once told me: "Wolf! Don't let those bright lights go to your head!"

PLAYBOY: Does constant touring make you crazy?

WOLF: Not really. Once you realize it's what you want to do and come to terms with why you want to do it, touring can be one of the greatest adventures of all times. It can also be one of the most boring and arduous experiences in the world, filled with bad salads and noisy rooms.

PLAYBOY: What kind of person are you offstage?

WOLF: Vertical. I'm a vertical guy in a horizontal world . . . double-parked on the highway of life.

PLAYBOY: Do people assume you're a real tough guy offstage?

WOLF: Oh, yeah. Whenever we come offstage, women want to arm wrestle me.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult meeting women while on tour?



WOLF: Basically, it boils down to living single and drinking doubles.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself an "up" person or a morose person?

WOLF: Definitely a morose person with a really up attitude.

PLAYBOY: Can white men have the blues?

WOLF: They sure can. Today, with the way the world's economy is shaping up, I think everybody is capable of singing the blues.

PLAYBOY: What is it that's held The J. Geils Band together for 15 years?

WOLF: The truth is, we're all really maniacal about music. We feel that we're just getting our feet wet. We're all still students in the College of Musical Knowledge, not to be confused with the University of Perversity. We still want to learn.

PLAYBOY: Since J. Geils is a pretty much larger-than-life performance band, why haven't you ever done a film?

WOLF: Bad complexions. We break out too much. We actually made a documentary once. But, hell, most concert films are so boring. First, you see the hall filling up. Then, you see the stage being assembled. Plugs are put into sockets. Then, the band tunes up backstage. Twang. Twang. Twang. Hee. Hee. Let's have a beer. OK. Then, cut to: "Ladies and gentlemen. The J. Geils Band!" We all come running out. Yaaaay. Those are boring.

PLAYBOY: How is a J. Geils song written?

WOLF: Seth Justman has the creative ideas, and then, I plagiarize.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever sit down and try to write hits?

WOLF: We don't think about whether a song will be a commercial success or not. It's basically a matter of "Hey! Let's get excited. Let's get it hard."

PLAYBOY: A lot of your songs—*Love Stinks*, for example—are bitter. Do you guys hate women?

WOLF: Naaah. Some of my best friends are women. I really think it's just the opposite. I think that relationships are really important to us. The drive to keep relationships together is what makes life so hard. That's what causes the pain. It would be a lot easier for a guy to go through life saying, "I hate women," or "I hate being in love." Then all you'd have to worry about would be yourself.

PLAYBOY: What's the typical J. Geils fan like?

WOLF: Oh, you know. You always see him on the street. Newspaper folded neatly under the arm. Brown corduroy pants about two inches above the tops of his shoes. Neat. Responsible. Committed to the ideals of a world of peace and harmony. A-heh-heh-heh.

BAD BOY MAKES GOOD: Contributing Editor David Rensin met with singer/songwriter Warren Zevon while he was recording his newest album, a mostly uptempo collection, *"The Envoy."* He was, well, happy. While Zevon had spent a few good years battling a nasty booze habit, his biggest problem just then was adjusting to soft contact lenses. He credited his wife-to-be, actress Kim ("Knots Landing") Lankford, with his current bliss.



PLAYBOY: How come you were an alcoholic?

ZEVON: Boredom. You don't know you're not stimulated if you're drunk. That's the other side of doing wild and crazy things that make good copy. You actually watch game shows for seven years without guilt because all the while you've had a guitar in your lap.

PLAYBOY: Now you're in love. What's that like?

ZEVON: It takes a lot of nerve to say "I'm happy" to a roomful of people who are still working on finding Ken and Barbie. But if love fell through—though it's about the worst thing I can think of happening—I know at this point that I wouldn't drink myself to death; I'd survive.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about *The Envoy*.

ZEVON: I'm trying to communicate the importance of survival. Hemingway told

SUN

MON

TUE

WED

THURS

FRI

SAT



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



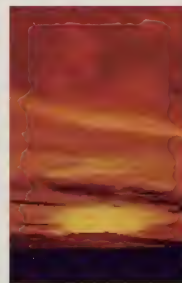
8



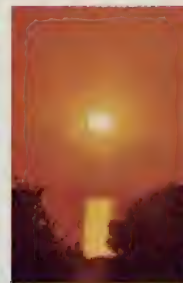
9



10



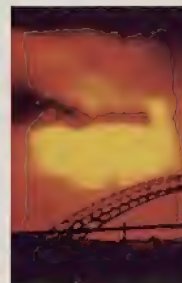
11



12



13



14

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86.8 PROOF



15



16



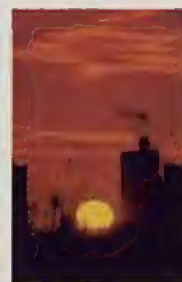
17



18



19



20



21

IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



22



23



24



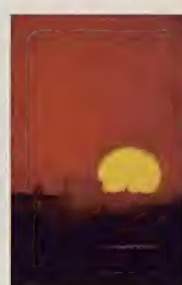
25



26



27

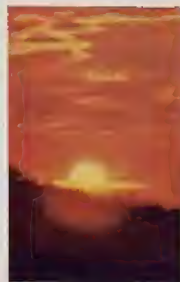


28

© 1981



29



30



31

WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL
IF EVERY BIRTHDAY
THIS MONTH
ENDED WITH RED.

GIVE JOHNNIE WALKER® RED
SO SMOOTH, IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING SCOTCH.



Fitzgerald that the first thing a writer must do is last. *The Envoy* is my first step in lasting. Of course, it should stand on its own as an entertaining album, too. *The Envoy* is basically part of my fantasies from whatever Ian Fleming novel you choose. He's got to beat Le Chiffre at baccarat . . . but he's ultimately a sophisticated messenger, which is what a songwriter should be.

PLAYBOY: So you're the envoy?

ZEVO: In the movie version, of course.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't sound like the typical studio album.

ZEVO: Yeah, we're doing some things live as opposed to the usual pristine way of recording. It's scary—but exhilarating. *Ain't That Pretty at All* [a throw-yourself-against-the-wall allegory about self-inflicted damage—Ed.] is done that way.

PLAYBOY: You wrote a song with novelist Tom McGuane.

ZEVO: *The Overdraft*. Tom didn't think he could do it. He was very shy about songwriting. I guaranteed him that it was no problem.

PLAYBOY: Do you write "thinking-man's music"?

ZEVO: I don't think an entertainer should take the superior attitude that "this may be a little too bright to play outside New York or Los Angeles." I started out hoping there would be *someone* who wanted to hear me.

PLAYBOY: What's next?

ZEVO: The biggest thing is my symphony. I'll want it to be performed before recording it to see if the audience will sit in their chairs. But next, I'll probably work on a project with McGuane.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

ZEVO: Just for the sake of the excitement, let's keep it a secret.

PLAYBOY: And just for the record: What is it with you and guns?

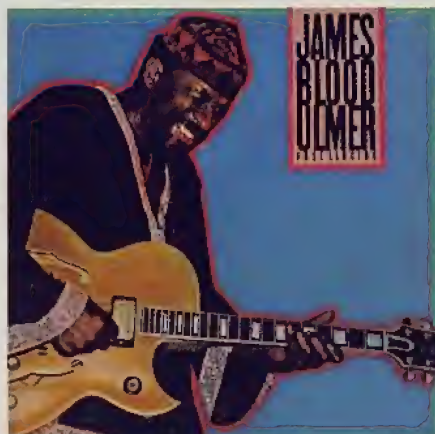
ZEVO: I took up shooting at a police range when I dried out because I figured two things I couldn't do as a drinker were drive and shoot. It turns out I'm real good at it. And for some reason, it's .44 Magnums that I shoot best. I think it's from playing *Lucille* all these years. The recoil is sort of satisfying and it's a good release. It's nice to have a target.

REVIEWS

Carl Jefferson's noble effort to produce jazz recordings that endure has made his label, Concord Jazz, eminent. He's courted a wide range of musicians, from well-known to obscure, and given them studio time to play as they play in the real world. It's a setting free of pretension, hype and eccentricity. In a recent Concord release, there are three discs by guitarists, no two alike. Emily Remler, on *Firefly*, demonstrates that a young musician (she's 24), backed by a sinewy rhythm section (with Hank Jones on piano), need not sound derivative or

naïve. Her playing is moody and economical on a variety of tunes, including a gorgeous ballad by Antonio Carlos Jobim, *Look to the Sky*. Cal Collins and his acoustic guitar are alone on *Cross Country*, a set that includes such diverse material as Hank Williams' lovely *I Can't Help It*, *Autumn in New York* and *My Gal Sal*. Collins' playing blends jazz and country (very hip country) in a witty, laid-back way. *Jellybeans*, on the other hand, is a sample of the forceful master at work—Barney Kessel. Joined by bassist Bob Maize and drummer Jimmie Smith, Kessel—who's been at it since the Forties—is as much in command as ever. His work is smooth, effortless, soaring; when he plays *Shiny Stockings*, he can sound like Count Basie's band and its soloists.

James "Blood" Ulmer's *Free Lancing* (Columbia) continues where Jimi Hendrix left off—with a jubilant, wrong-is-right music in which sounds are as



important as notes. Ulmer has invented a searing, convoluted guitar language of slurs, drones and stutters that makes other fusion music sound rhythmically naïve. By synthesizing the folkloric power of Delta blues with heavy-metal textures and free jazz's tribal spaciness, Ulmer has perfected a new wave of big beat that'll keep you dancing long after the music stops.

Chas Jankel has been there before, as writer of Quincy Jones's hit *Ai No Corrida* and almost all of Ian Dury's classics, including *Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll* and *Hit Me with Your Rhythm Stick*. With *Questionnaire* (A&M), he steps out on his own and slams us with a great mainstream rock album. Hit number one is *Glad to Know You*, then *109*, then *Now You're Dancing* and on and on. His combination of funk, rock and jazz and his refusal to fear the unknown allow the music listener to listen, the dancer to dance and almost every disc jockey to play it.

It takes a lot of rock 'n' roll in the soul for a man in his mid-40s who hasn't

had a hit in 15 years to come up with an album that sounds contemporary. Chubby Checker has done it with *The Change Has Come* (MCA). With *T-82*, his new version of *The Twist*, transformed from wimp rock to raunchy, we may soon see Western civilization as we know it, orange hair and all, twistin' the night away.

Back when Al Green was at the height of his status as a matinee idol, throwing roses to the ladies and what not, he told a PLAYBOY writer that he regretted breaking up his old family Gospel group. The writer said, "You have only one shot at making this money"; Green replied, "You have only one shot at going to heaven."

Since then, Green has bought himself a church in Memphis, become the Reverend Al Green and forsaken pop music for Gospel. It's taken him a couple of LPs to get the hang of it, but on *Higher Plane* (Myrrh), he gets a sound as big, smooth and funky as he ever got on his secular recordings—some of the grooves are even reminiscent of *Love and Happiness*, Green's biggest soul hit. The music, with its own tale of renewed life, reinforces the message and gives Green a perfect setting in which to reassert himself as one of the great singers of his time.

Anyone fed up with the clichéd impersonality of today's pop offerings and yearning for something a bit more intimate and sophisticated should pick up *Mel Tormé and Friends* (Finesse). Recorded live in a lively New York club, it's a well-paced, four-sided distillation of the best of pop music from Jerome Kern to Billy Joel, performed with great facility and taste by the multitalented Tormé, who should come out more often and show people why he has such a great reputation. Janis Ian and Gerry Mulligan (with horn) are two of the friends who drop by to help keep things moving.

Eddy Raven, a bayou boy who apprenticed in swampland blues and rock before going country, has fashioned in *Desperate Dreams* (Elektra) an impressive soft-country-rock album. It seems even more noteworthy because seven of its ten songs—including a particularly fine "contemporary Cajun" number entitled *A Little Bit Crazy*—were written or co-written by Raven, who could be destined to fly high.

Jimmy Rowles is the complete jazz pianist. He started in the Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman big bands, then progressed to become one of the most sought-after accompanists to arpeggiate an eight-bar intro—he's backed up Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan, Peggy Lee and, currently, Ella Fitzgerald. He's also a nonpareil solo player, and on *Jimmy*

RCA CONVERTIBLE SELECTAVISION

NO ONE GIVES YOU MORE THAN THE 'TWO-IN-ONE' VCR

RECORD THE BEST TELEVISION SHOWS.

Why ask for anything less in a VCR? RCA's Convertible SelectaVision gives you *two video cassette recorders in one*.

With Convertible SelectaVision you can record up to six full hours on a single cassette—the maximum available today. You can video tape one show while you watch another. And you can play back what you record at your convenience.



You won't miss a thing. When you're away from home, the 14-day programmable memory turns itself on and off, and even changes channels for you.

When you return, you can catch up with shows you would ordinarily have missed. And have the added enjoyment of watching them with remote control special effects.

You can play back scenes with *slow motion*, *frame-by-frame advance* or *stop action* in the SLP mode. *High speed picture search* lets you scan programs in forward or reverse motion at 9X normal speed without having the screen go dark. And you can edit out unwanted material from shows you're recording with a *remote pause*—all from the convenience of your chair.

What more can you expect from a VCR? Well, from Convertible SelectaVision, you can expect a lot...

Simulated TV picture

For the complete line of SelectaVision VCR models and color video cameras, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Department 32-312, 600 North Sherman Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46201

CONVERT IT TO A HOME MOVIE OUTFIT.

Because Convertible SelectaVision is the two-in-one video recorder, you have the option of converting it to a home movie outfit that you can use *indoors or out*.

Just add a video camera like RCA's CC010. Convertible SelectaVision is so *lightweight and compact*, you can take it most anywhere and video tape most anything. Its *built-in, rechargeable battery* lets you shoot for over an hour on a single charge.



You'll even get an *instant television playback* of what you record. No waiting for expensive film processing. No additional equipment like screens or projectors. And, because video tape can be used again and again, no money wasted on bad filming.

It's waiting for you at your RCA Dealer's now. Ask for it by name, or ask for it by number (model VFP-170).

Convertible SelectaVision. You can't ask for more VCR than RCA.

RCA
VCR
No one gives you more



RCA-Video Equipment
Supplier to the NFL.

Rowles Plays Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn (Columbia), he totally indulges a life-long affinity for their sublime songbook. For such standards as *Take the "A" Train* and *Sophisticated Lady*, Rowles combines an exhaustive knowledge of Duke's piano style, snatches from famed Ellington sidemen such as Ben Webster and Johnny Hodges and his own graceful, unlabored chording. This is a highly original and heartfelt tribute to a couple of the 20th Century's greatest composers.

Oh, dear. Kiss has come out with a *concept album*. And Lou Reed had a hand in it. Oh, fuck. It's called (*Music from*) *"The Elder"* (PolyGram) and is more of the creeping medievalism that seems to be going around: an ersatz Norse or Arthurian epic that (more's the pity, if you just listen to the music without reading the accompanying sleeve copy) makes little or no sense—even if you stay awake through it all. And there's not a single teen anthem in the lot. Shame on all of them—Reed for getting involved and Kiss for turning pretentious just when it had become one of our favorite bar bands from outer space.

SHORT CUTS

Sheena Easton / *You Could Have Been with Me* (EMI America): And you're lucky you weren't.

Kiki Dee / *Perfect Timing* (RCA): Timing's not enough—you need good songs, too. A fine voice wasted on shoddy material.

David Byrne / *Songs from the Broadway Production of "The Catherine Wheel"* (Sire): Like Cassius, the head Talking Head may think too much—but we're glad *someone* out there making records does. A quirky, original score for a full-length dance piece.

Frank Sinatra / *She Shot Me Down* (Reprise): Unique readings of weepers from the Chairman, among them a dignified version of the old Sonny & Cher title track.

Edwin Hawkins / *Imagine Heaven* (PolyGram): More spiffily produced hallelujah pop proving heaven doesn't have to be dull. Reborn Bobby Zimmerman, please take note.

The Jam (Polydor): Meanwhile, back on the Nihilism Express, an EP of five British hit singles previously unreleased here, from sons of The Beatles and The Who stuck in Thatcherland.

Polyrock / *Changing Hearts* (RCA): *Driving* technorock? Amazing but true. And only the first time through does it all sound the same. Like Kraftwerk brought to life—plus a surprising, lovely rendition of The Beatles' *Rain*.

Jim Reeves & Patsy Cline / *Greatest Hits* (RCA): With the exception of one mechanically miraculous duet by these two late country greats who never recorded together in life, you've heard these before.

FAST TRACKS



ALL THE KINK'S MEN: Larry L. King, who wrote the long-running Broadway musical *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (which first appeared as an article in *PLAYBOY*, by the way), is planning another musical extravaganza for the Great White Way, on the life of Huey Long. He recently found the perfect collaborator, Kinky Friedman. The self-proclaimed Texas Jewboy enthusiastically agreed to join King on the project. Although Kinky commented, "I was probably about the ninth person he asked," we think the choice is inspired. Write on!

REELING AND ROCKING: The George Harrison—Monty Python movie partnership continues with a new film, about women in prison, called *Scrubbers*. Here's what Terry Gilliam has to say about the Harrison-Python relationship: "George might criticize my work, but he doesn't try to control it. I'm sure my response would be, 'Well, I didn't like all the cuts on your last album, either.'" . . . Will Diana Ross go topless in her upcoming film about the life of singer-dancer Josephine Baker? Baker had a famous number in which she wore only a skirt made of bananas. . . . Barry Gibb has been signed to make his dramatic acting debut as Lord Byron. You'll have to wait till 1983 for that treat. . . . Actor Gregory Harrison, who plays Gonzo on TV's *Trapper John, M.D.*, really wants to play Jim Morrison in a movie about the *Doors*, even if the rest of the movie world wants John Travolta to do it. . . . Now we hear that Bobby Darin's mother will participate in the casting of the movie about his life and will help pick the actor who will play her late son. . . . Earth, Wind and Fire, who made their screen bow in the totally awful *Sgt. Pepper* movie, are thinking of trying again. But this time, Maurice White says, "the sound track will be for a film we're involved in." Keep your eyes open for more news on that. . . . Marianne Faithfull has completed a three-song conceptual video for Island Records. The video includes tracks from *Dangerous Acquaintances* as well as the reading (by Marianne) of a letter from the 18th Century novel that inspired the album title.

NEWSBREAKS: The producers of the radio show *History of Rock 'n' Roll*

have discovered that the big bucks are in country music. They are creating a 300-station network for the series, which includes more than 200 on-the-road interviews. It will hit the airwaves this year. . . . Some critics have called it a disgrace, others filler music, but Steve Miller calls his 18-minute cut *Macho City* some of the best music he has ever played. And since a lot of black radio stations have edited the song themselves and played it to their listeners, it's a big crossover hit. So there! . . . Bob Calvert, former lead singer for Hawkwind, has written a novel about the music industry called *Hype*. He has recently formed a new band with the same name. . . . Pat Benatar plans to do a benefit concert for Viet vets with Bruce Springsteen and Charlie Daniels, and in return, Springsteen is going to help Pat out with her chief nonmusical concern, prevention of child abuse. . . . Memphis singer Jimmy Angel is fed up. So he's released a record called *Let's Give the King a Rest*. Say good night, El. . . . Joe Cocker's latest should be reaching you right about now. . . . Jackson Browne is coproducing an album for poet friend Greg Copeland. . . . The Rolling Stones got New York's Madison Square Garden's first platinum-ticket award for selling 250,000 concert seats. . . . British blues star John Mayall is working on a comeback with some former members of the old Bluesbreakers band (we know about only John McVie and Mick Taylor at press-time). . . . X, the only really hot L.A. bar band to get national recognition, will tour the country this summer so we can see what all the fuss is about.

—BARBARA NELLIS

NO PRICE. IMPORTED BY © W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1981



COURVOISIER. THE COGNAC OF NAPOLEON

John Cheever has written a perfect little book. *Oh What a Paradise It Seems* (Knopf) does in 100 pages what many longer works are unable to do: It elegantly and powerfully moves us. Sears is an old man who loves to skate and saves the pond where he does it from polluters. He has an affair with a much younger woman, is jilted and surprises himself by taking up briefly with her elevator man. We also learn about some other people who live around the pond, whose stories form a kind of muffler around this particular slice of life. Cheever's at full stride here; and it is a measure of his considerable artistry that he chose to take a few small and beautiful steps rather than take us the long way around.

The desperate efforts of antiabortionists to bestow personhood—indeed, virtual citizenship—on the fertilized human egg tends to mystify most people, regardless of their religious beliefs. Andrew H. Merton unravels that mystery, exploring the psychology, theology, personalities and politics of the "pro-life" movement in his *Enemies of Choice* (Beacon Press). The treatment is a good deal kinder and more analytical than the title suggests, and the book is essential reading for anyone who doesn't understand and may therefore underestimate the commitment and influence of those who could well succeed in outlawing all abortion as a form of genocide.

Groundrush (Random House), by Greg Barron, is one of those novels that you hope will work. It has all the right elements: a high school football player who asks the right questions about life, a pregnant girlfriend, a tough coach, a father who dies sky-diving ("groundrush" is a term from that sport, describing the hypnotic state you can fall into while parachuting, fascinated with the world but forgetting to pull your rip cord). So what's the problem? Chalk it up to the hazards of first-novel writing; sometimes the dialog gets too cute, there's a certain slackness to the plot and the (roughly) 55 pages spent describing the climactic football game are awkward and obvious. Given all that, it remains to be said that Greg Barron has talent. There are luminous moments in this book, so don't be surprised if he's playing first string in a few years.

When Nelson Rockefeller was getting grilled during his Vice-Presidential hearings, he drank Gatorade. In more comfortable social situations, he drank Dubonnet. After two of them, his speech-making became befuddled. He apparent-



Cheever's Paradise.

Cheever concocts perfection;
Merton unravels the
"pro-life" position;
Tyler comes to *Dinner*.



Dinner family style.

ly had no sense of humor. He kept an active eye for the ladies. President Nixon—in office—complained that Rockefeller's staff was better than his own. Rockefeller was mesmerized by men who, like Kissinger, possessed regal self-assurance. But he maintained that personal distance sustained by a man who knows he always pays the tab. His favorite TV shows were *All in the Family* and *Man-*

nix. And here's Rockefeller on the campaign handshake: "You've got to hit in close, deep, where they can feel it. Connect first, before they do. That's the way to make them feel the power." Joseph E. Persico's *The Imperial Rockefeller* (Simon & Schuster) is billed as a biography of Nelson Rockefeller. It is more a series of chronologically arranged anecdotes about a man whose enormous public drive could be channeled to produce marvelous things (his support of his mother's Museum of Modern Art) or the horrendous (the New York State Capitol complex in Albany).

But if you're wondering just what did go on the night he died in the presence of Megan Marshack, you'll have to wonder some more. Persico, for years a speechwriter for Rockefeller, is respectful. Yet skillful enough to let some fascinating glimpses come through:

Novels about families are realistic only if they contain quirky anecdotes with the laughs, the sentiments and the sibling rivalries of real families. Anne Tyler's novel *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant* (Knopf) is realistic. Tyler deftly describes the Tull family, which gets along in that uneasy "we have to stick together, but I wouldn't associate with these people if they weren't my relatives" way. The Tulls are a single-parent family, with mother Pearl heavy-handedly leading the way. Brother Cody just can't get along with favorite child Ezra, and smart and dutiful Jenny is always stranded on the fringe. When Ezra opens a restaurant and invites his family for special occasions, it's no surprise that they just can't seem to make it through a meal without an uproar and someone's leaving in a huff. Sociologists can do all the studies they want on families, but they might learn more by reading this novel.

Want some really good laughs? Want to learn about sports and life? Read *The Umpire Strikes Back* (Bantam), by Ron Luciano and David Fisher. Luciano, a baseball umpire for 15 years and now a commentator on NBC's *Game of the Week*, tells all, and a wonderful time it is. His unending battle with Earl Weaver (Luciano once threw Weaver out of a game *before* the game), his non-stop career conversation with players and fans and anybody else who would listen, his unique method of calling balls and strikes on Nolan Ryan (by sound, not sight, because the pitches were sometimes too fast to see), his hatred of boring games and his love of finely played ones—the stories go on and on, and when it's over, you don't want to leave. This has got to be one of the year's best.

★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Lily Tomlin has been tagged to star in United Artists' *Illegitimate*, a \$6,000,000 comedy about a head nurse at a New York City funny farm and her involvement with the obsessions, compulsions and neuroses of her patients. Manhattan's renowned Bellevue Hospital is being sought as the principal location for filming, which is set to commence this spring. . . . "For once, I get to play a straight part," says Olivia



Tomlin

Newton-John

Newton-John of her current role in *Kangaroo*, an Australian production co-starring Bryan (Breaker Morant) Brown. The Aussie actress/singer plays an ordinary housewife in this film adaptation of a D. H. Lawrence story concerning a down-under underground movement of the Twenties and Thirties. . . . Jerry Lewis and Madeline Kahn will top-line *Slapstick*, based on Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, 1976 best seller. Both stars will play dual roles—as brother and sister and their parents. Word has it the brother part will require Lewis to be 15 years old and more than seven feet tall, which could qualify the flick for a special-effects Oscar nomination if they pull it off. . . . Says director John (Whose Life Is It Anyway?) Badham of his latest film, *Blue Thunder*, starring Roy Scheider: "Roy will play a helicopter pilot with the L.A.P.D., but this is not your standard sky-borne adventure as seen on TV. When you consider that we're only a couple of years away from 1984 . . . well, call this a slightly paranoid political thriller."

OUR GODFATHER, WHO ART. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox's *Monsignore* is certain



Reeve

Bujold

to land right on the Moral Majority's no-no list when it hits local Bijous this

summer. Christopher Reeve stars as a fast-rising Vatican priest who endeavors to raise money for the Church from the Mafia. As if that weren't enough, he's also got a love interest—Genevieve Bujold—who, according to publicists, "becomes as important to him as his vows." It was never this tough for Bing Crosby.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF THE YOUTH MARKET: Universal's answer to *Grease 2*, Paramount's teen grabber, will be the film version of Cameron Crowe's 1981 book, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* (excerpted in PLAYBOY's September 1981 issue). Like the *Grease* sequel, *Fast Times* will feature a mostly unknown but nonetheless credentialed cast, including Tony winner Brian Backer, Sean Penn (he was the second lead in *Taps*), *Seventeen*-magazine model Phoebe Cates and Jennifer Jason Leigh, previously featured in *Wrong Is Right* and the TV movie *The Best Little Girl in the World*. Sources close to the production claim *Fast Times* gives "an honest look at what today's teens are thinking, feeling and experiencing, how they live, work and play," and Universal has even



Cates

Leigh

hired a young director, 28-year-old Amy Heckerling, to keep the proceedings youthful and exuberant. Naturally, a soundtrack album will be released, contributed to by such notables as Pat Benatar, Don Henley, Glenn Frey and Bob Seger. Both *Grease 2* and *Fast Times* will hit the screens—you guessed it—this summer.

PIRATE WARS: It seems that *The Pirates of Penzance* was such a big hit on Broadway that it will spawn not one but two major motion pictures. The first to hit the screen, this summer, will be *The Pirate Movie*, which 20th Century-Fox is calling a "modernized" version, with a more contemporary script and some new rock-pop songs from Terry Britten (he wrote *Devil Woman* for Cliff Richard). Five of the original songs remain, but their lyrics will be updated in a manner that might force Gilbert and Sullivan to come back and haunt the producers. For instance, *I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General*

now contains such lyrics as "I'm into est and all the rest, I've undergone analysis/ I've jogged beyond decrepitude to permanent paralysis." Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins will star, and both will do their own singing. Meanwhile, Universal



McNichol

Ronstadt

is preparing to unveil its more literal version of the play next Christmas. Universal's *The Pirates of Penzance* has almost all the original Broadway cast members, including Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline and Rex Smith. Angela Lansbury will take the place of Estelle Parsons in the film, and Wilford Brinley, who won a Tony for directing the show on Broadway, will helm the picture, his first.

RISEING STARS DEPARTMENT: Actor Robert (Airplane!) Hays is keeping busy these days with two features in the works. First on the agenda is *Some Sunny Day*, in which Hays portrays a mental patient who escapes from an institution and attempts to begin a new life on the boardwalk of Wildwood, New Jersey. Kathleen Beller co-stars as his romantic interest and Ned Beatty plays a boardwalk barker who befriends them. It's Hays's first serious dramatic role. On the lighter side is *Trenchcoat*, a Disney comedy teaming Hays with Margot Kidder. Set in San Francisco and Malta, *Trenchcoat* is the story



Hays

Beller

of a court stenographer who writes unpublished mystery novels on the side and ventures to Malta to find romance, adventure and mystery. She finds all three in no time by getting herself embroiled in a labyrinthine plot involving Arabs, agents and Hays. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL



The many facets of The Crown Jewel of England.™



By ASA BABER

I didn't really learn to swear until Sergeant Danny Gross, my Marine Corps drill instructor, taught me. He could surely use the language. He said I was a pinheaded, no-brained, foreskin-chewing, pokey-bait maggot, lower than worm life, and if I ever got out of boot camp it would be either in a hearse or in skirts, because I certainly didn't have the makings of a Marine.

Sergeant Gross taught me a lot of other things, too—things that later saved my life. He had a list of don'ts that he entitled "Don't Fuck with Watashi." "Watashi" is death. You don't fuck with Watashi by opening a 105 howitzer breechblock immediately after a misfire. You don't stick your head up on top of a hill, because that's where the snipers will be looking. You don't stay on the low ground, because that means somebody might have the high ground. Watashi is sneaky and mean, and you have to think if you want to stay out of his way.

I heard that—through no fault of his own—Sergeant Gross met Watashi a few years later, but the good sergeant's tough spirit and humorous way with language are still with me. As a matter of fact, it's my belief that men like Sergeant Gross serve as examples for the rest of us and that we men look for role models as we grow and try to mature. We don't always find the right models, but that doesn't mean we aren't looking.

"No man is an island," John Donne wrote, and it fits in its less universal sense, too. Men are by nature collegiate. We are convivial scavengers, patching our personalities together with chewing gum and baling wire. We collect traits from a million different sources, taking what we can use wherever we find it. We work by improvisation, watching other men, learning by example, not by talk. For most of us, talking a lot about ourselves would be like talking about a jailbreak. We'd rather be filing through the bars and lowering the ropes and getting the hell out of there. We see talk as cheap and misleading. Action reveals a man's true nature. Better yet, action can be learned from and imitated.

I had one English professor in many years of education who understood that. His name was R. P. Blackmur. He was a poet and a critic, one of the only professors at Princeton without an advanced degree. He was generally snubbed by the bright and aggressive scholars of the English department, but he was the best teacher I ever had. Like Sergeant Gross, he made language come alive. Blackmur was short, a heavy man with a magnificent voice, and when he



ROLE MODELS

"Men are by nature collegiate. We are convivial scavengers, patching our personalities together with chewing gum and baling wire."

toddled into the lecture hall with his green book bag in tow, he looked like a koala bear. His routine never varied. He would dump a pile of books onto the lectern, look around like an amused owl and proceed to read poetry—read it, not just talk about it. He read Yeats, Pound, Stevens, Shakespeare, Wyatt, Chaucer and a host of other wordsmiths. It was not theoretical or academic discussion. It was incantation and invocation, and it set a premium on the words themselves. I collected many things from Blackmur. For example, I read everything I write today aloud, and until the words sound right, I do not share them with anyone else. Blackmur taught me that and sparked in me a love of uncorrupted language.

Like other men, I am composed of pieces of a puzzle, made up of disparate parts borrowed from the men I tried to mold myself after. Dan Sakal, a boxing coach, listened to me whining between rounds in a tough fight and said, "Kid, you lose in your head, not out there in the ring." I repeat that message to myself with every rejection slip and failure. My father taught me how to be dapper

and smiling in the face of hardship: He wore a salesman's grin and a trim bow tie every day as he headed toward a job that was, by definition, a dead end for him because he had never finished college.

Like a squirrel, like a pack rat, I collected bits and pieces of personality from all of these men. They showed me how to live by living.

There were public models, too—political figures, sports heroes, movie stars. President Kennedy was one. His rhetoric was catching. In a way, I owe him my life. People say he was ready to start a great big war in Asia, but I don't think so. I was one of a special group of Marines sent overseas in 1961, and you can say what you want to about J.F.K., but I am here to tell you that he tried to keep things under control, and he chose *not* to go to total war in Laos. That took more guts and common sense than barging in there with everything we had, and I admired that.

Interestingly enough, there's a twist, a curve ball, a fateful thing that happens to the role-model idea. Stay alive, age a little, have kids, friends, associates, and before you know it, you'll find younger men watching you, taking what they can use and rejecting the rest. It's an eerie, vital process that I think is intuitively, genetically understood by men.

Fathers and sons, that's what it's really all about. We men adopt one another. We challenge, set standards, approve and disapprove, all without articulating it, really. It's no big deal; it's just how we are. And the fun of it is that the lines are never that clear-cut. My sons have helped me mature as much as I have helped them. My fathers have given me approaches to life that have made life bearable.

On the last night of boot camp, Sergeant Gross came into the barracks about three A.M. and dumped me out of my bunk and told me to report to the obstacle course on the double, which I did. He made me give him 50 push-ups, and then he told me to stand easy. He uncovered a case of beer, put it between us, shook my hand and allowed as how I might make a good Marine after all. He was giving me his seal of approval, and it meant a lot to me. We drank the beer and he told me war stories and we laughed a lot about the summer's history. It was a moment of mutual respect and affection, although we never would have labeled it as such. The last thing Danny Gross said to me was, "Remember, don't fuck with Watashi."

I haven't, and I won't, not even when he comes for me. Sergeant Gross taught me that.



Nobody does it better.

Winston Lights

**This is your world.
This is your Winston.
The only low tar
built on taste.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

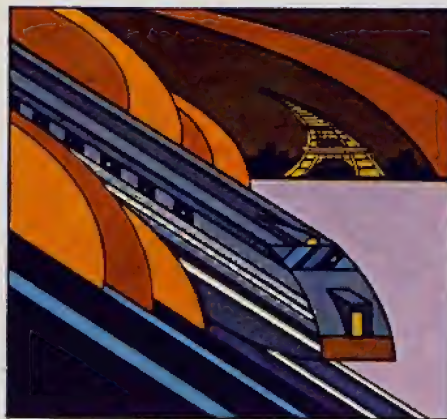
THE CURRENT hot topics of conversation in France have little to do with the new Socialist government and a lot to do with fashion and travel. Frenchmen are concentrating on the mini-skirted legs of Frenchwomen, who, in turn, are gazing at the supertight leather jeans that are the current male-fashion craze in Paris. Meanwhile, both sexes are mesmerized by the fastest train in the world, the Train à Grande Vitesse, which has just begun operating between Paris and Lyons.

The TGV, as it is commonly called, will soon run from Paris to the South of France. Only its first leg is open now, but even that allows travelers to race the 264 miles from Paris to Lyons in two hours and 40 minutes. The TGV holds the world speed record (238 miles per hour) on conventional rail: it's faster than South Africa's Blue Train and Japan's Bullet, although the present schedule requires that the TGV hit a top speed of "only" 165 miles per hour.

These statistics are interesting, but far more enticing are the social opportunities that the TGV has created. Among other things, debates about the relative merits of Parisian versus Lyonais cuisine can now be conducted in concrete rather than abstract terms, and asking a young lady to join you for lunch or an early dinner in Lyons has suddenly become the classiest social ritual among the young and beautiful of Paris. Once the drive was at least a four-hour *schlep*, and the trip back—sated from superb food and sleepy from fine wine—was just too much for even the most determined hedonist. The TGV has changed all that.

To see what all the excitement was about, we headed for Lyons one recent morning with four French friends; not, however, before making a small detour on our way to the train station—stops at Fauchon and at Michel Guérard's Comptoir Gourmand (both conveniently located behind the Madeleine)—for *croissants*, jam, some new Beaujolais and a supply of Guérard's incomparable chocolate bars to keep body and soul together on the train ride to and from Lyons.

The fare from Paris to Lyons on the TGV is \$57 one way, first class; \$38 in second class. Conventional and TGV fares are identical except during certain peak periods (when there's a surcharge for the TGV), so it costs no more to travel on the fast track. Even more delightful for American visitors is that the TGV is an integral part of the Eurail-pass system, and a Eurailpass holder can



ON TRACK

From Paris to Lyons—
for lunch—on the
fastest train around.

ride the superfast train without any additional charge, whether or not at a peak period.

Having ridden the Metroliner out of New York City to Washington just before heading for France, I approached my first TGV ride with some doubt. On the Amtrak run, the roadbed was in such atrocious condition that even reading was all but impossible. Not so on the TGV. (Seat reservations are made in advance, by the way, and are easily found; the seats themselves are remarkably comfortable.) Whoever worked on the track bed obviously knew what he was doing. The sensation of motion on the TGV, even at 165 miles per hour and with the scenery slipping by in a blur, is barely perceptible. As with the supersonic Concorde aircraft, there's almost a feeling of disappointment that the high speed does not have more roaring and pitching about it. Rather, it's as smooth as silk, and no one in our party had any trouble applying jam to his *croissant* or keeping an eye on the extravagant fashion parade in the aisles.

The 9:15 TGV from Paris pulled into Perrache Station in Lyons at exactly five minutes before 12:00. The subject of where to eat in Lyons had occupied us for several days prior to the trip. Although our French friends would have preferred a simple bistro in town, I insisted that the lunch venue be no less than Paul Bocuse, one of the seven three-star restaurants (one more than in Paris) that ring the city like a gastronomic necklace.

We stepped into a cab outside the

train station at five minutes after noon and exactly 17 minutes later were at Bocuse's restaurant in the Lyons suburb of Collonges-au-Mont-d'Or. One thing you have to say about Bocuse is that he isn't shy, so it's not much trouble to find his eatery. The succession of signs just outside Lyons looks like something out of a French Burma-Shave campaign, with constant reminders that you are getting closer to his dining room. And lest even this trail of signposts lead you astray, Bocuse's name flashes from the wall of his restaurant in neon letters so large, they're probably visible from passing satellites.

Yet for all this unabashed self-promotion, the menu is what matters. It is a symphony of seasonal specialties combined with classic dishes, and it's instantly obvious that coming this distance for lunch is worth the effort. Furthermore, because lunch prices are more modest than their dinner counterparts—and lunch reservations far easier to come by than tables at dinner time—there's no trouble making last-minute travel plans, and you can dine without running the risk of incarceration in the Bastille's bankruptcy section.

We feasted for two and a half sumptuous hours, choosing wines from Bocuse's own list and following his suggestions of specialties of the day. Lunch for two, including three different wines, costs slightly more than \$100, and considering its provenance and abundance, that may be the greatest appeal of the entire trip.

The red Michelin guide can give you the names of all the other three-star restaurants around Lyons, but bistro lovers and visitors with modest financial resources should try La Tassée, Le Bistrot de Lyon or Chez Lea (more formally called Restaurant de la Voute). This is not exactly a hardship, since Lyons bistros feature such treats as juicy pistachio-studded sausages and pan-fried steaks in shallot-and-red-wine sauce.

At the end of that extravagant dining experience, we swore never ever to eat again. Yet on the ride back to Paris, I was awakened from a snooze by the rustling of aluminum foil as my companions began unwrapping chocolate bars about an hour out of Paris. We also finished the remaining wine before arrival and so had only to discard our empty bottles and other debris before leaving the train. When we looked up at the clock in the main Gare de Lyon terminal, it read only 6:40 P.M. As we all headed off into the Parisian night, we realized there was still plenty of time to decide where to have dinner.



T/A[®] HIGH TECH RADIALS

Objective: Create an exciting radial that
delivers unique style and
performance.

Solution: The Radial T/A[™]

All Radial T/A[™] tires feature
distinctive Raised White
Letters. Letters which
prominently display your
appreciation of excellence in
radial tires. Available in 50, 60
and 70 series sizes.

Experience European-
style handling and cor-
nering achieved through a
computer-optimized, wide,
stable block tread. And the
Radial T/A tire's aggressive
high-tech tread pattern offers
excellent traction you can
count on—in wet and dry.



BFGoodrich

BFGoodrich makes the only complete line of advanced T/A® High Tech™ Radials. Radials that are respected worldwide for their impressive track record and outstanding road performance. If you're looking for a tire that maintains your high standards of quality, there's a T/A High Tech Radial designed for you.



This unique combination of advanced materials and technology sets Radial T/A tires apart from the rest:

- A. Deep tread depth, five, six, and seven ribs wide.*
- B. Four-ply DuroGard® folded belt system.*
- C. Dual compound tread.*
- D. Two radial plies.*
- E. Wraparound tread design.*

A LOT OF US HAVE WILD IDEAS. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO GET THEIRS OFF THE GROUND.

For 105 years, attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic by balloon. All of them failed.

Until in 1978, on their second try, Maxie Anderson and his two partners astounded the world. They made it.

The following year, he and his son, Kris, (who holds the world hot air balloon distance record), piloted the first balloon to fly across the North American continent. Now, Maxie is preparing for the ultimate adventure: a 10-day, 20,000 mile flight around the globe.

What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.

Maxie and Kris Anderson

The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Maybe it's a pattern, maybe it's me. The last few women I've dated have been very vocal about what pleases them. One could come only by touching herself. Another had to have a vibrator present. I'm currently seeing a woman who has such distinct ideas about sex. For one thing, she prefers that I come first. She will then rub against me with gentle motions until she comes, as I lose my erection. During oral sex, she does not like me to flick my tongue or aggressively stimulate her; she will move against my tongue until she comes, treating her clitoris as a tiny penis. I feel stymied. None of the moves I thought I had down pat seems to work with this woman. This is not the way I heard it should be. I keep asking myself: "What did you do for her?" What would you do in this situation?—N. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Probably have the time of our lives. Over the past decade, there has been a shift in our concept of sexual responsibility. It used to be that a man thought he was a man by making a woman come—via intercourse. Thrusting in the missionary position. The old in and out. It didn't always work, and that drove a lot of men crazy. Nowadays, women are more upfront about declaring what works and what doesn't. If a woman is bold enough, or honest enough, to tell you what excites her, you should feel privileged. She is giving you the keys to the kingdom, the power to please. Just remember, it was as hard for women to admit that traditional intercourse didn't work as it was for men to realize that they weren't threatened by other options. Forget your old notions about what is right and wrong. We define love as the willingness and ability to please. At the same time, you should discuss your feelings—your needs have equal weight. Try for something more. A compromise could be astonishing.

I've been noticing the radical changes in auto-body styles lately, the most notable being the addition of an air dam below the front grille. I can understand that kind of equipment on racing cars, but I can't see how it could affect the performance of cars during city driving or even at the 55-mph highway speed. Is this just another example of putting "racing stripes" on a clunker to make you feel like you're getting a high-powered car?—P. Q., Houston, Texas.

We can understand your paranoia, but, in this case at least, it is a little misplaced. The fact is, with the high cost of fuel, auto designers are using every possible means to lower fuel-robbing



aerodynamic drag—that is, pushing the air out of the way so the car can get going. The drag of airflow is significant at speeds as low as 30 mph. At 50 mph, a car uses nearly half its fuel just getting through the air in front of it. By smoothing out the surfaces of a car, that drag is reduced. One of the worst contributors to the drag on a car is the turbulence created by the jumble of mechanicals underneath the car. A properly designed air dam under the grille not only can help push the air off to the sides, it can also use that air to aerate the engine compartment, resulting in a cooler-running engine. While such improvements result in only fractional gains in miles per gallon, those gains can add up to barrels of oil over the life of the car.

You blew it, boys. I was (please note the use of the past tense) involved in the best affair of my life when misinformation from your column changed all that. One afternoon, after many blissful hours of lovemaking, I remarked how it turned me on to be able to feel my lover come while inside me. This sensation was heightened because I had just come and all of my muscles were so tightly surrounding him that the feeling was much more direct. My lover was skeptical and asked repeatedly if I really could feel him pulsating inside of me. The next day, expecting another wonderful afternoon, I was disappointed when he handed me a copy of an old PLAYBOY (April 1978) and told me to read an Advisor answer that declared: "Most women can't feel the male orgasm

for the simple reason that the inner two thirds of the vagina are devoid of nerve endings." Like hell, I say. I feel and I love it. My boyfriend was hurt that I was so dissatisfied with our sex life that I would lie to him. He suggested that we end the affair. It took many hours of persuasive technique to convince him otherwise. Now, the relationship has an air of uncertainty. It may be his insecurity (certainly it is not my lack of honest, open communication), but it is my sex life you have put a damper on. Please: This may not be one of the most "provocative, pertinent queries" you receive, but you guys owe me a retraction or an explanation.—Miss J. D., Tampa, Florida.

We apologize and plead nolo contendere. Our answer quoted Masters and Johnson. Even these experts are careful to point out that "most women" does not mean "all women." Statistics have a use—for example, if you didn't feel your lover's orgasm and he thought you should, you could point out that the common expectation was not based on statistical fact. The information is important. We try to get it out. But statistics also contribute to a pressure to perform to the standard. Individuals are, well, individuals. There is no such thing as normal in real life. The inner two thirds of the vagina may be devoid of nerve endings, but without doubt, the muscles that combine to produce the contractions of orgasm are capable of feeling. In this case, the only true authority is one's partner. To paraphrase a Dave Mason song: "When it comes down to just two, I ain't no wiser than you."

When I bring a girl to my place after a date for a little home entertainment, I like to change into something a little more comfortable than the street clothes I have on. The thing is, my usual at-home outfit is a long robe. Some girls don't mind, but others are a little intimidated by this "bedroom" dress. I have two very colorful and very expensive robes that I like to wear. Am I out of line or are the girls just uptight?—M. P., San Diego, California.

To most people, robes lead to bedrooms the way wearing white pants leads to chocolate stains. But we don't think that need be so; and as long as you're not kidding anybody, we see nothing wrong with it. For instance, we know a guy who likes to play host in his pajamas. On the other hand, if the girls object too much and if the real reason behind your attire is comfort, you might

consider an option. That is to change into some of the New Wave warmups or sweat suits. They are every bit as comfortable for lounging as they are for jogging or tennis. They also tend to look sporty rather than intimate, so there will be no misunderstandings. And if you should run into a girl who considers sex a sport, voilà!—you're dressed for the occasion.

No matter who it is or how she does it, I can't come when my lover gives me head. It disappoints the hell out of both of us. I want to come and she yearns for the taste of it. Oral sex feels really good to me. I feel as if I am really close to coming almost every time, but it never happens. I have no trouble when I make love to her or to any other woman. What the hell is the problem?—S. J., Dayton, Ohio.

Now you know what a woman feels like when she can't reach orgasm through intercourse. The villain is friction, or lack of it. Some people simply require more stimulation than others. There's no rule that sex has to occur one trick at a time. There's no law that says you have to respond totally to what may be very subtle stimulation. Ask your lover to use her hands. Don't be afraid to guide her to where you both want to go. Never hesitate to discover (and declare) exactly what gets you off.

I recently heard about an Oriental sex practice called the Seven Handkerchief Trick. The friend who used the term said that he had performed the trick, but it was difficult. He refused to elaborate, even to his current lover, who is eager to try it. Can you tell me what the Seven Handkerchief Trick is and how it is done?—P. C., Louisville, Kentucky.

We suspect your friend is baffled and/or embarrassed. Despite the hoopla, there are those who think that the "Kama Sutra" is an elaborate practical joke that Orientals play on barbarians from the West. For the record: The practice you describe requires seven handkerchiefs (or, in another incarnation, one handkerchief with seven knots). The aforementioned handkerchiefs are stuffed into one's anus at an appropriate moment (we defy you to find the right moment) and are removed, one knot or one handkerchief at a time, at or near orgasm. The technique supposedly heightens orgasm, if that is possible. A string of beads (try it next time you visit Club Med) or pearls can be used. We understand your friend's reticence. The technique sounds better than it feels.

My new apartment has very thick wall-to-wall carpeting that is ruining the sound of my stereo. What used to be a crisp-sounding system is now muffled and muddy. If I turn down my bass

control, it helps a little but the sound still has a boomy quality. If I turn up the treble, it all sounds tinny. The loudness switch just increases the problem. I'm about ready to trade it in on an all-new system unless you have a better idea. Please tell me you do.—N. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Actually, the better idea has been around for some time now in sound studios and is becoming quite common in the amateur studios of audiophiles. What you need is a frequency equalizer, an extra component that's so effective, it will soon be as commonplace as an amplifier. In fact, it is simply a refinement of the tone controls on your amplifier. It's useful for just the reason you've described: Stereo systems do not travel well. No matter how good your system is, it is at the complete mercy of the "silent component," the room you put it in. The principle is really simple: The frequency range of music is broken down into five to ten bands, each adjusted by a separate slide control. The more slides you have, the more you can control the music. If, for instance, your violins are getting lost in the carpet pile, you can adjust the control that corresponds to the frequency of that instrument—in effect boosting the volume of the violin. The quality of the music is not affected. You are simply finding a more personally pleasing mix than the one the audio engineer found when he recorded the music. After all, everyone's ears are different, and he may not have known of your love for violins. Besides adjusting your stereo for playback of music, the equalizer is also useful for recording. If you use cassettes in your car, for instance, recording them at selected boosted frequencies can eliminate some of the acoustic problems in that environment. In short, the equalizer has made the tone controls on your receiver as obsolete as the horn on a gramophone.

I am 31 and have been happily married for 11 years. My husband and I have a good and open relationship. I have a healthy desire for him. My problem? I am by nature an affectionate person. I have a hard time balancing my affections for other men with my love for my husband. I am not unhappy. I believe in and enjoy marriage. But there have been certain men I have grown to know during my married life whom I like very much and am attracted to sexually. When I'm near these men, I feel frustrated. I want to touch them with genuine affection without hurting feelings and without being misunderstood by other people. I end up doing a lot of silly "innocent" sex play. I've never had an affair, nor, in reality, do I want one. My husband seems to accept my flirting and friendliness as me. Am I different? Do a lot of women feel what I do but

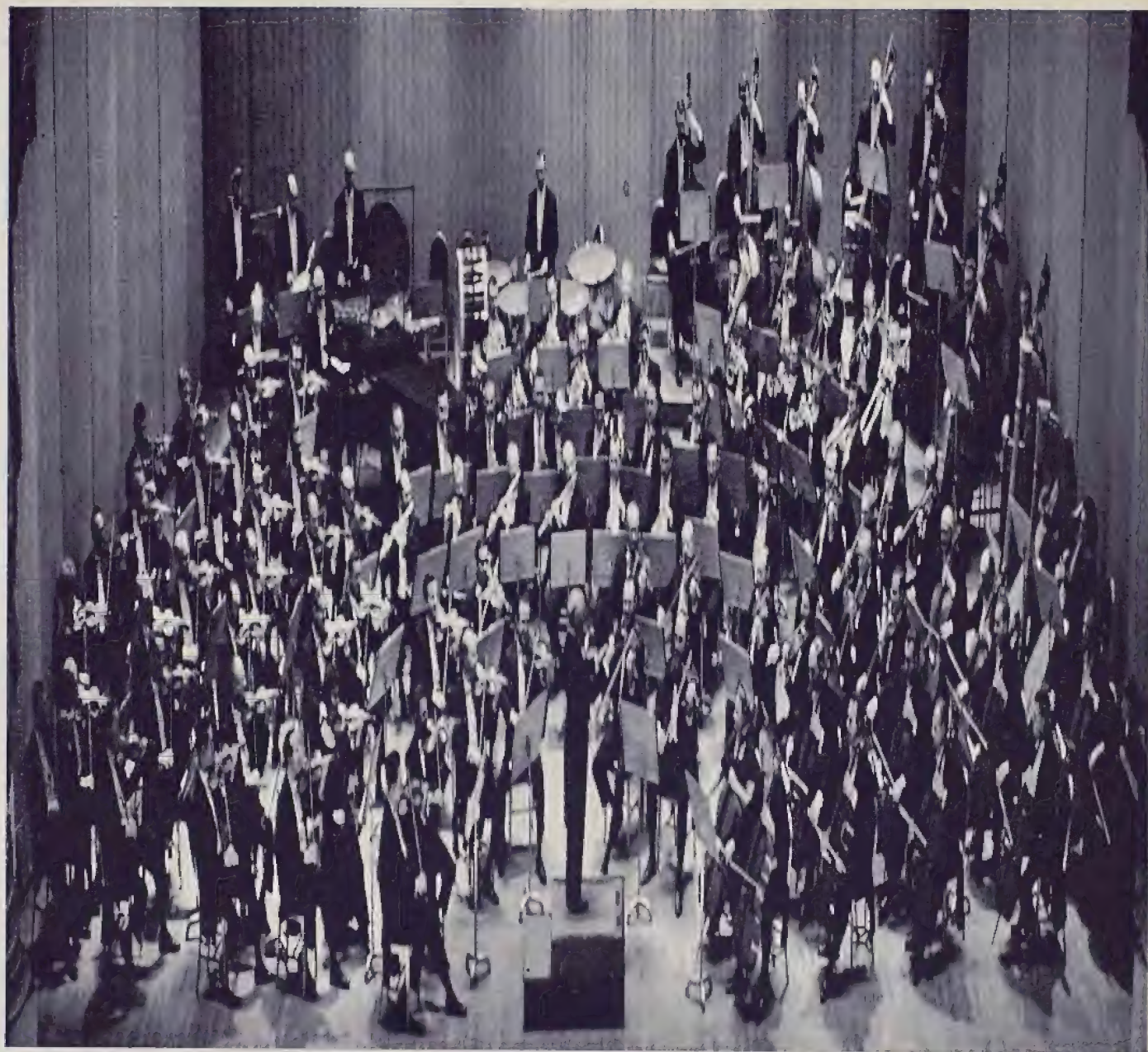
simply suppress it? I need some outside opinions and advice. Please help.—Mrs. D. M., Seattle, Washington.

It seems that you are by nature affectionate and perhaps a bit of a tease. These are probably the very qualities that attracted your husband. He does not expect you to change, and quite frankly, we don't expect that you will. You have been married 11 years, an indication of emotional and sexual maturity on the part of both you and your husband. As far as the rest of the world goes, a well-publicized recent survey claimed that a whopping 54 percent of all married women had affairs. Different strokes for different folks. There are ways to convey affection and respect without hurting feelings. Everyone appreciates a hug. It all comes down to how you carry yourself. There is nothing wrong with telling someone, "If I weren't married, I would be interested—and dangerous." Once you get things clear in your own mind, you will be able to give a clear signal to your male friends.

My girlfriend visits her gynecologist every six months. Part of the examination involves checking her breasts for early signs of cancer. Recently, she returned home and said that her doctor told her about a test—similar to a breast examination—for testicular cancer and that I should do myself a favor and find out about it. Is there such an exam?—M. C., San Francisco, California.

You've got a great girlfriend. Keep her. She cares. Apparently, there has been a surge in testicular cancer. In most cases, by the time victims go to the medical profession, it is too late. That's the bad news. The good news is that if the cancer is detected early, it is almost 100 percent curable. The telltale symptom is a lump, thickening or swelling of the testicles. Not all lumps are cancerous, but they should be checked out. To examine yourself, start with a warm shower or bath. When the skin of the scrotum is relaxed, explore each testicle, rolling it between thumb and forefinger. You are looking for a small lump that may be the size of a pea, located (in most cases) at the front of the testicle. If you find one, don't freak. Consult a doctor. Better to sound a false alarm than to find yourself in serious trouble.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



**Sony is about to change
your idea of what you can expect
from an audio tape.**

Hear booming kettle drums with virtually no distortion.

Hear quiet flute passages free of hiss.



Sony introduces and UCX-S, the breakthrough



Sony's UCX-S is a revolutionary new audio cassette tape. A high-bias tape with a wider dynamic range than any other tape of its type. So wide, it actually expands the sound you can hear. (With minimal distortion, hiss or print-through.) That's why we call it Wide Fidelity Sound.

With new UCX-S, you can record the very high notes — as well as the very low. Either way, you'll hear everything with a clarity you've never heard before on a high-bias tape. And you can also record at higher volume levels, so you can record and hear the very soft sounds you lost before in background noise.

How did Sony do it? With three

Hear perfect reproduction from the lowest ranges of the bassoon...

to the highest reaches of the strings.



Philadelphia Orchestra photo by Don Hunstein for Columbia Records

Wide Fidelity Sound tape that makes it possible.

major technological advances. (The kind you expect from Sony.) First, ultra-fine magnetic particles that are significantly smaller than any other conventional Type II tape particles. And a unique orientation process that aligns the particles so they are pointed in the same direction. (No mean feat when you consider there are some 500,000,000,000 magnetic particles in one millimeter of tape.) And third, a never-before-manufactured binder and process to assure a uniform, high density of particles.

If you want to get technical about it, here are the incredible specifications: Retentivity and Squareness higher than any other high-bias tape. Retentivity of 1800

Gauss, and that means greater Maximum Output Level and dynamic range. Squareness of 93%, an astounding figure, for better recording efficiency. (When you consider that no other tape of this type has ever reached even 90%, you'll realize just how phenomenal UCX-S's 93% is.)

Of course, the real test of UCX-S is not a question of numbers or percentages. It comes when you lean back, close your eyes and listen. You'll hear subtleties in the music you could only hear until now in the concert hall. You'll hear every instrument in the orchestra. You'll hear more than you've ever heard on a high-bias tape. You'll hear it on UCX-S, with Wide Fidelity Sound.

SONY.

©1982 Sony Tape Sales Co. a Div. of Sony Corp. of America. Sony is a trademark of Sony Corp.

Missouri
5 M.L.

years
long

*"Michelob after work
makes you glad there's a rush hour."*

MICHELOR

BEER

*Put a little
weekend
in your week.*

DEAR PLAYMATES

Ever since Erica Jong wrote *Fear of Flying*, the idea of making love with an improper stranger has teased the imagination of both men and women. We decided to ask the Playmates if this popular fantasy was one of theirs.

This month's question is:

Have you ever been attracted to a complete stranger and what did you do about it?

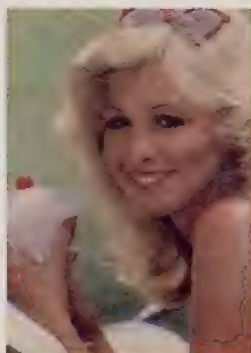
Yes, my boyfriend's friend. When we met, we looked at each other and we just knew we were attracted, but we didn't say anything. Then he left and I thought, Oh, brother, I blew it. But he worked it out so that he had to come see my boyfriend again and I was there. After that visit, we went out. But the way it happened was so strange. I was looking out of my boyfriend's window when I saw a guy drive by on a motorcycle. I knew we were waiting for his friend but I didn't know his friend was the guy on the motorcycle. I had been standing at the window having a fantasy and a few minutes later, the fantasy walked in. My fantasies aren't too detailed when it comes to strangers. Just that I'd like to strike up a conversation. Something possible.



Anne-Marie Fox

ANNE-MARIE FOX
FEBRUARY 1982

Once, when struck by instant attraction, I went over to a strange man and said, "I love you." He said, "Where?" And I said, "Anywhere!" I don't think I would ever say that kind of thing to a man who couldn't handle it. I wouldn't want to give someone cardiac arrest! I have been known to get attracted to a man and make the first move. I made the first move with both Joe Namath



and Rod Stewart, and each of those relationships lasted for a while. My initial conversation with Stewart went something like this: "Mr. Stewart, I happened to see you on *The Midnight Special* the other night. I had no idea who you were. I wasn't familiar with your music. But you really impressed me with your style, and I'm not easily impressed." And that was that.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

Once, I was walking down the street going to an interview. I turned toward a building and there was this wonderful, gorgeous-looking man standing there. It was instant lust and attraction. His eyes caught mine as we passed each other. I started to go into the building but turned around to him instead and said, "How am I ever going to see you again?" We had dinner. And we enjoyed each other very much. It was unique. We continued to date for about a month, but our interests were totally different so after a while, we just stopped.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Yes, I have been attracted to a stranger. There was a definite electricity. It was unexpected. Usually, I get so involved with the man in my life that I think, I'll never look at another guy no matter what happens to me. But once, when I was traveling, I saw a guy who just drew my attention. He was tall, lean, kind of rugged. So I smiled. I didn't have to say a word. The magic times in my life have been mutual. More



recently, I saw a guy while I was standing in a group signing autographs. This had never happened before. He stood off to the side and caught my eye. He looked like a musician. After a while, he came up to me and asked if I wanted to hear him play. He was a musician! I said sure and took along my chaparrone and a couple of Bunnies. He winked at me before I left. The next night, I went to hear him again and he sang a song right at me, and boy, did that get to me. It was at the time of the full moon, you know.

Michelle Drake

MICHELE DRAKE
MAY 1979

Never to a complete stranger... well, after ten minutes, maybe. I need a little conversation to know if there is any possibility. I'll tell you the funniest opening line I can remember. I went into a shoe store to do some shopping and walked out with the salesman, whom I then dated for three years. He was a Stanford graduate picking up some extra bucks. Here's what happened: He was showing me a pair of shoes. I was shopping with a friend. I turned to my friend as I was trying on the shoes and said something about needing to wash my hair. The shoe guy, who had said nothing up to that point, said, "Yeah, I know, you wash your hair once every two weeks whether it needs it or not." Well, the guy struck me funny. Then I was attracted to him. If a guy can make me laugh, he's got a chance with me almost immediately.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

If you have a question, send it to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll do our best.



Nationwide taste tests prove it! Windsor Canadian beats V.O.!



Five hundred serious Canadian Whisky drinkers coast-to-coast just compared Windsor Canadian to the higher-priced Seagram's V.O. Windsor was preferred.

So try a sip of Windsor and a sip of V.O. and prove to yourself what the taste tests just proved.

With Windsor, you can't beat the taste. And you sure can't beat the price.

WINDSOR 
ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

AFTER THE BATTLE

Only 15 years ago, France was locked in a great moral battle over whether or not to legalize contraception. The Catholic Church condemned the idea, and even the medical community opposed the supplying of birth-control information to the public. Recently, government-sponsored birth-control commercials have been running on television with hardly a peep from anyone and with widespread popular approval. The messages are very low-key and merely advise that family-planning information is available at centers around the country and that "contraception is your right," or words to that effect.

How very sensibly and simply everything turned out, once the politicians and theologians were out of the picture. It's hard to imagine now that any country could deny its citizens the right to birth control.

René Phillips
Cherbourg, France

Don't forget that until fairly recently, it was a Federal crime to disseminate birth-control information by mail or across state lines in the U. S., thanks to the Comstock Act of 1873, which declared such material obscene. It wasn't until 1965 that the U. S. Supreme Court finally declared unconstitutional a Connecticut law that flatly prohibited the use of contraceptives, even by married couples. It was Anthony Comstock's practice as a volunteer postal inspector to write letters to physicians imploring them for contraceptive information in the name of a fictitious woman whose health would not permit another child, and then to have any responding doctor arrested.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

From Vietnam to Watergate, when a lot of us were considering revolution and the jettisoning of a Government grown corrupt and unresponsive, I remember a great many moderates and conservatives piously admonishing the radicals: "Ah, well, it's fine to knock it all down, but what have you got to replace it with?" The national welfare and the safety of the people were believed to require careful analysis, reasonable discussion, compromise and gradual reform.

I recall being enlightened by that argument and deciding that it is better to have something with imperfections that can be worked on than to have nothing at all.

I would truly like to know why people are not now reiterating that argument for the benefit of President Reagan and his Cabinet. He has filled all the positions in his Administration with only take aparts and knockdowners. When his people have succeeded in dismantling all of our social programs, our environmental protections, our foreign commitments and our individual rights, and when they have antagonized our enemies and allies alike with their arrogant saber rattling and reduced the quality of life for the middle class and

"At night, before the patient goes to bed, have him paste a circle of S & H Green Stamps on the shaft of his detumescent penis."

reduced the poor to medieval serfdom, we shall undoubtedly get rid of them. But what will we then have to put back together again?

Dylan Ford
Babylon, New York

LOW-COST ALTERNATIVE

Our small, rural, rather isolated hospital has received sales literature for a tape-trace recording device called a Penile Tumescence Monitor—"Now there's a simple, trauma-free method for a practitioner to determine—in the office!—if a patient is suffering the effects

of organic or psychogenic impotence." The equipment also can be taken home by the patient, has "dual channel (base and head) penile recording" capability and, we noted with interest, comes with a one-year warranty "except for strain gauges." Our laboratory supervisor politely responded that our local needs did not require such equipment and added:

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, so I pass along to you a solution suggested by one of our physicians. At night, before the patient goes to bed, have him paste a circle of S & H Green Stamps on the shaft of his detumescent penis. On waking, a quick inspection will determine if the ring of stamps has been broken, denoting the occurrence of an Event. The physician assures me that from a technical standpoint, Blue Chip or Gold Bond stamps work as well. In these days of cost containment, perhaps the foregoing information would be of interest to your company as a low-budget model.

(Name withheld by request)
Lakeview, Oregon

GAME TIME

I heard from a friend that there was a show on the Christian Broadcasting Network called *Bible Baffle*. The m.c. would get into a fair state and scream out, "For twenty points, where did Lot's wife turn into a pillar of salt?" And so on. Alas, I'm not sure the show is still running, though it might be in syndication in some areas.

Leads me to wonder at the possibility of other religious quiz shows, game shows, etc. We could have *Jesus Jeopardy*, *Christ Quest*, *The Saving Game*, *Moral Majority Match-Up*, and so on. As we all know, the Lord works in mysterious ways.

R. Davis
Austin, Texas

MORE ON MENCKEN

H. L. Mencken was indeed a brilliant journalist and critic, if less than a lucid logician. For example, examine the last sentence of the quote supplied by Larry Whitcomb in the January *Playboy Forum*. How can the truth or falsity of a proposition—in this case spiritualism—be judged by one's attitude toward its adherents? Should not any idea be evaluated on its merits alone without



resort to admitted prejudice and circular reasoning?

Those who delight in the rhetoric of a professional iconoclast would do well to remember that such a curmudgeon is seldom if ever particular about whose opinions he attempts to smash. Mencken on social justice:

The social worker, judging by her own pretensions, helps to preserve multitudes of persons who would perish if left to themselves. Thus her work is clearly dysgenic and antisocial . . . she must keep alive scores of misfits and incompetents who can never, for all her help, pull their weight in the boat. Such persons can do nothing more valuable than dying.

And again:

If all the farmers in the Dust Bowl were shot tomorrow, and all the sharecroppers in the South burned at the stake, every decent American would be better off, and not a soul would miss a meal.

On capital punishment:

The actual object of punishment is simply to get rid of the criminal. . . . The easiest and cheapest way to deal with Dillingers is to kill them. If it be argued that this is mere revenge, the answer is plain: Why not? . . . If we had 2000 executions a year in the United States instead of 130, there would be an immense improvement.

On race:

The great problem ahead of the United States is that of reducing the high differential birth rate of the inferior orders, for example, the hillbillies of Appalachia, the gimme farmers of the Middle West, the lintheads of the South and the Negroes.

Though Mencken saw through all things and thus ended, perhaps, by seeing very little, he could see through palpable frauds. The Moral Majority he would probably have given no attention, except perhaps to have a hearty laugh at its expense.

By the way, what did Marty Frankel, in the same issue, mean by calling Mencken a "son of Philadelphia"? I have the notion that he lived all his life in Baltimore.

Oscar McNew
Spokane, Washington

Frankel seems to be confusing Mencken with that other great iconoclast of the 20th Century, W. C. Fields. It was Fields who allegedly wanted on his headstone, ON THE WHOLE, I'D RATHER BE IN PHILADELPHIA. Mencken's origins were

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HAZARDOUS TO HEALTH

TOKYO—Sex tours have been blamed for an increasing number of deaths among older Japanese men traveling abroad. A Tokyo newspaper quoted a travel agent as saying that one "regrettable" factor contributing to the



problem of tourist fatalities is that "more elderly males are going abroad on packaged sex tours and breathe their last during sexual bouts."

FUNDS FOR FUN

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—A 61-year-old financial officer for the University of Illinois has been accused of spending more than \$600,000 of the school's money unlawfully, much of it on prostitutes, over a period of five years. Prosecutors said that 11 Chicago women, suspected hookers, received nearly \$375,000 in university funds as "monthly consulting fees" and that other substantial payments were made to a Chicago-suburb night club that has been under vice-squad surveillance.

LEGAL LOOPHOLE

NASHVILLE—In dismissing prostitution charges against a woman employee of an adult theater, a local judge decided that a "hand job" did not constitute sexual intercourse under the law. Police had video-taped the defendant offering to masturbate a city undercover officer for five dollars. After studying the charge, the judge said, "There wasn't anything in it that had anything to do with intercourse. I couldn't see that a 'hand job' was illegal."

BOARDWALKERS

ATLANTIC CITY—Local police officials caused an uproar in Atlantic City by suggesting that prostitution was becoming impossible to control and should be legalized and confined to a red-light district. The mayor denounced the idea and called for more jail sentences for prostitutes, and a state senator said that the chances of the legislature's approving such an idea are "between nonexistent and zilch." The city's public safety commissioner had been quoted as saying that men and women "are born with three biological urges: thirst, hunger and sex. And they come in that order. We can't legislate hunger. We can't legislate thirst. And we certainly are not doing a good job of trying to legislate sex." The chief of police had added, "Our men have better things to do than chase whores."

Meanwhile, in London, the British Home Office has announced that it will study the possibility of setting up licensed brothels in major cities to combat street-walking and massage-parlor operations. A spokeswoman for a prostitutes' organization said that many of the women would oppose such a plan because "they feel it would be like working in a sex factory."

GETTING TOUGH ON DRUGS

SAN DIEGO—The U.S. Navy and Marine Corps have launched a major crackdown on illegal drug use. Service officials announced new policies that include immediate discharge of officers and warrant officers caught with even one marijuana cigarette (enlisted personnel might be given a second chance), summary mail searches for contraband and the wider use of "sniffer dogs" and urinalysis kits to detect drug users. In a filmed speech, the chief of naval operations said the new approach represents "a 180-degree turn from the Navy's present stance of indifference, passiveness and nonresponsibility" toward the drug problem and that the new policy stresses punishment and discharge for illegal drug users, including first offenders, instead of rehabilitation. The present attack on drugs apparently resulted from earlier spot checks indicating that nearly half the enlisted personnel at the San Diego and Norfolk naval bases were using drugs of one kind or another.

HARD TIMES

Police are encountering more and more elderly people selling drugs to supplement their incomes:

- In Columbus, Ohio, a 74-year-old man and his 63-year-old wife were sentenced to one to ten years in prison after pleading guilty to one count each of aggravated drug trafficking. Despite doctors' statements that the couple were in poor health, the judge said that their probation report had indicated multiple sales of drugs to minors and had convinced him he should "ship them . . . send them . . . no ifs, ands or buts."

- In Santa Paula, California, a 75-year-old man has been charged with cultivating marijuana after police found 245 young pot plants growing in two storage sheds near his house. He reportedly explained that he had been selling gopher traps to supplement his Social Security checks but decided that marijuana would be more profitable.

- In Sevierville, Tennessee, an 82-year-old grandmother was fined \$250 and given a suspended sentence for selling pot after admitting in court that her mother, 98, had warned her



that she would get in trouble. After handing down the sentence, the judge ordered the defendant to go home and tell her mother that she was sorry and would mend her ways. The woman's 20-year-old grandson didn't fare so well, receiving two consecutive one-to-five-year sentences for the crime of selling marijuana.

RECORD POT CROP

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Domestic marijuana growers harvested a record 8.2-billion-dollar crop during 1981, ac-

cording to estimates by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). That figure is twice the 1980 estimate and would make pot the nation's fourth most valuable farm product, after corn, soybeans and wheat. NORML national director George Farnham said the value was theoretical in that most home growers supply only themselves and their friends. He noted that the total number of pot busts in 1980 remained about the same as for the previous year—342,000—but arrests for cultivation and sale had increased by more than 25 percent to a total of 63,300.

PORN DECISIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Ruling in separate cases, the U. S. Supreme Court has declared that theaters and bookstores cannot be closed down until the material they're accused of selling has been legally found obscene, but then it held that such a finding may be made on the "preponderance of evidence" standard used in civil actions rather than the "beyond a reasonable doubt" standard that applies in criminal trials. The first decision struck down a Washington state law permitting the closure of adult establishments pending trial, which the Court found to constitute unconstitutional prior censorship. The second decision makes obscenity convictions much easier to obtain and may be a boon to efforts at censorship. In a third ruling, the High Court refused to hear the appeals of three men convicted in 1976 of distributing the movie "Deep Throat" in interstate commerce, despite defense arguments that the Government deliberately chose to prosecute the charges in Memphis rather than in another city more tolerant of sex films. That decision essentially upheld the "community standards" test of obscenity and the argument of Government lawyers that "if someone embarks upon a wide-ranging criminal venture, then he takes his chances as to where he might be prosecuted."

CHURCH AND STATE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—State colleges and universities cannot ban student groups from using campus facilities for religious purposes, the U. S. Supreme Court has ruled. In a case involving the University of Missouri at Kansas City, the Justices held eight to one that such a ban violated students' right of free speech and that "an open forum in a public university does not confer any imprimatur of state approval on religious sects or practices."

MODERN-DAY DEMONS

Religious news from around the country:

- In Riverside, California, a 25-year-old man has been accused of roasting his five-month-old daughter on the grill of a floor furnace in order to rid his house of demons. Police entered the house to find a stack of Bibles smoldering on the grill and the girl's body nearby.

- In Danbury, Connecticut, a jury deliberated 20 hours before finding a 19-year-old man guilty of a reduced charge of manslaughter in the stabbing death of his landlord. The defense



argued unsuccessfully for acquittal on the grounds that the man was possessed by demons at the time of the killing.

- In Phoenix, Arizona, police said that a retarded handyman "apparently became obsessed" watching religious programs on a borrowed TV for three days before he went berserk, killed his dog and shot a neighbor to death. He was killed by police when he pointed his gun at an officer.

STASHED CASH

SPARKS, NEVADA—The bail money that a prisoner took from its hiding place in his rectum caused a flap in the Sparks municipal court when no one wanted to accept it or even touch it. A local judge took the matter to the city attorney, who issued the following memo to police and court bailiffs: "In my opinion, the City of Sparks is obligated to accept the money as bail, but no employee is required to touch the contaminated money. In cases like this, the prisoner should fully unfold and count out the appropriate amount of money and place it in a clear plastic bag, if one is available."

WHEN YOU LIKE YOUR COLOGNE COMFORTABLE, AND EASY TO WEAR,

STETSON® FITS.

Stetson Cologne & After Shave Lotion.

©COTY N.Y. 1982

NOT SINCE
THE GUNS OF NAVARONE...

NOT SINCE
WHERE EAGLES DARE...

NOT SINCE
ICE STATION ZEBRA...

...has Alistair MacLean written a story
of such power...
about men so ruthless...
of consequences
so utterly devastating.

**ALISTAIR
MacLean
ATHABASCA**

The International
Bestseller
Finally in Paperback

\$3.50

FAWCETT

in a somewhat more Southerly direction (and therefore purer to us folks of Dixie), and it was not for nothing that Mencken was known as the Sage of Baltimore and a constant champion of "the Maryland Free State."

Mencken's reputation these days is as a liberal. He would have cringed at that. He was a conservative, an agnostic and, above all, a social critic who could flail in all directions. He was capable of describing the music of Johann Sebastian Bach as "Genesis 1:1" and of defining an archbishop as "one who has attained on this earth a rank superior to that of Jesus Christ." But his most famous comment could easily apply to the Moral Majority: "No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public."

Harry Hope
Columbia, South Carolina

MORAL MAJORITY

I hope the "Rally Round the Flag" letter in the December *Playboy Forum* is tongue in cheek. If it's not, or even if it is, it reflects a dangerous you're-so-foolish-you-can't-possibly-do-any-damage attitude toward the Moral Majority. A lot of good and decent people in Germany thought the same about Hitler and the Nazis in the early Thirties. Remember, the Nazis didn't seize power, they were elected, because, though they were an extremist minority, they were highly organized and well disciplined.

Moral Majority is a highly effective pressure group that raises more money in a few weeks than the American Civil Liberties Union does in a year. Unless people recognize the need to get organized, it is not inconceivable that we find ourselves where the Germans did in 1933 or where the Americans did during the McCarthy era—in the middle of a nightmare, wondering how we got there.

While Moral Majority is hardly a majority, it comes dangerously close to functioning as such. It has unseated members of Congress, and it is pulling books off library shelves all over the country. And its flag isn't some Revolutionary War relic; it is the American flag, and that's what makes the M.M. so dangerous.

Justin Crocker
Burlington, Vermont

Not that I want to minimize the danger of the new moral right, but I think it's interesting that increasing numbers of politicians, commentators, theologians and other public figures seem finally to be discovering that the power of the religious fundamentalists has been somewhat overstated by their leaders and overrated by the press. At first, only a few professional liberals valiantly geared up to do battle with the Falwellians, who for a time seemed to inhabit even the White House. Gradually, even

conservative columnists and respected religious leaders began to express alarm at the theocratic fascism hiding behind the cross of Jesus. But I don't believe it was until Senator Barry Goldwater had the courage to denounce these Goons for God publicly as essentially un-American that political and journalistic communities decided that maybe they weren't omnipotent after all. A recent issue of *Newsweek* reports that Republicans are beginning to consider an endorsement by the Reverend Falwell nearly a kiss of death, apparently because more and more voters are recognizing him as a dangerous fanatic. They

PRISON PEN PALS

Over the years, *The Playboy Forum* has published a number of items about how citizens can get involved in writing to prisoners through Prison Pen Pals. The Playboy Foundation likewise has generously helped and we could never repay its kindness and involvement. This is a letter to say thanks.

The program began about seven years ago, when local newspapers sought a way to handle the volume of mail they were receiving from prisoners wanting to hear from anybody outside. These were desperately lonely men and women and something needed to be done. Since the program began, we have matched nearly 500,000 citizens and prisoners. This is staggering to me in retrospect, yet it was done at one time with volunteer help entirely.

We appreciate the continued support of the Playboy Foundation and the really sincere interest you folks have always shown.

Lou Torok, Director
Prison Pen Pal Program
100 East Eighth Street
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

may share his moral values and his concern for the condition of the country, but they seem to perceive him as a threat to the one thing they still cherish—personal freedom.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

Let's not be too quick to breathe a sigh of relief as we learn of gross exaggerations of audience numbers by the TV evangelists (*The Playboy Forum*, November). Their diminished ranks may well reduce to zero their effect upon such measuring systems as the Nielsen ratings, but the likes of Jerry Falwell and his video brethren depend not upon withdrawn viewers to force programing executives to excise from the screen such material as they deem offensive but upon the ever-potent threat of sponsor boycott.

The monetary loss they can unleash



BRAINS OVER BRAWN.

Nothing this easy should look this good. Yet, in minutes, Simoniz® Poly Glaze restores a "just-waxed" shine to any waxed or polycoated finish. Just spray it on, wipe it off, to replace surface polymers worn away by weathering. It's positively brilliant.

Simoniz® and "SuperPoly" are registered trademarks of Union Carbide Corporation, Danbury, CT 06817.



LECTRIC SHAVE MAKES YOUR BRISTLES STAND UP FOR A CLOSER SHAVE.

Lectric Shave is putting its money where your face is. Here's the deal: apply Lectric Shave® to one side of your face. Then use your electric razor. Compare the Lectric Shave side with the dry side. The Lectric Shave side should feel closer, smoother. That's because Lectric Shave makes your beard stand up. So you shave closer, faster, with less irritation.

OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

GUARANTEE

If you don't agree that Lectric Shave gives you a closer shave, we'll give you a complete refund. Just send your bottle of Lectric Shave with the unused portion and the cash register receipt with the purchase price circled to: J.B. Williams Lectric Shave Guarantee Offer, P.O. Box 5036, Hicksville, New York 11816.

april fool!

TAXATION AND COHABITATION



By STEVEN J. J. WEISMAN

Ronald Reagan's Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 may have reduced the "marriage penalty," but it didn't do much for people living together. Just how taxing that relationship is depends on the state in which you live. Not long ago, in North Carolina, a representative of that terrorist organization the IRS disallowed a dependency deduction for a 21-year-old woman living with a taxpayer who was assessed a \$128 tax deficiency. The disallowance was based on the IRS's conclusion that the relationship between the taxpayer and the young woman violated the North Carolina law prohibiting lewd-and-lascivious cohabitation. After losing in the tax court, the taxpayer appealed to the United States Court of Appeals, where he lost again. In its unfavorable ruling, the Court began by saying that the United States Supreme Court has traditionally believed that the regulation of marriage and domestic affairs (although not of affairs) was best left to the individual states. So, in applying the tax laws, the IRS defers to state laws in domestic matters. The appeals court felt that the intention of the North Carolina law, when read with the Internal Revenue Code, was to disallow a dependency deduction for the "partner" of a taxpayer when the people were living together in violation of the laws of the state in which they live.

Leaving this deduction up to local law brings about different results in different states. California, for example, repealed in 1975 all its laws prohibiting sexual activity between unmarried consenting adults. So a taxpayer living in California with an unmarried companion may well be allowed the tax deduction, while our North Carolinian was not.

In his defense, our taxpayer argued that the North Carolina lewd-and-lascivious statute was unconstitutionally vague and therefore he could not predict how it applied to him. The

appeals court declared that what the statute prohibits is "more or less habitual intercourse." It does not, the court said, prohibit "a single or occasional sex act." The court did say, however, that "repeated sex acts within a period of several weeks may be found to be the habitual intercourse" that violates the statute. Although precise guidelines as to permissible amounts of intercourse have not yet been set, perhaps the North Carolina courts will set them soon and save the people of that state from further confusion as to how often they may make love without being lewd and lascivious, tax deductions or no.

A different result was reached in a recent Missouri case. There, a woman taxpayer disputed the \$150 assessed against her by the IRS when it refused to allow a deduction for the man with whom she lived. Again, the key to the case was the question of what is lewd and lascivious, since whether the deduction would be allowed here, as in the North Carolina case, hinged on whether the cohabitation violated state law. The Missouri lewd-and-lascivious statute says that "every person who shall live in a state of open and notorious adultery, and every man and woman, one or both of whom are married and not to each other, who shall lewdly and lasciviously abide and cohabit with the other, and every person, married or unmarried, who shall be guilty of open, gross lewdness or lascivious behavior or of any open and notorious act of public indecency, grossly scandalous, shall, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor." Despite this exhaustive if not downright exhausting statute, the judge in Missouri found that the law did not prohibit *unmarried* men and women from living together and—praise be!—allowed the deduction.

Steven Weisman is an Amherst, Massachusetts, attorney and writer of the syndicated newspaper column "You and the Law."

against sponsors of unacceptable programs is still a loss, and motivated by old-fashioned profit, the manufacturers of Dipso Toilet Paper may well be intimidated.

The weight of numbers may, indeed, be with the more rational among us, but the responsibility also exists to demonstrate our interests and concerns as vocally as do the evangelical minority. Being a "silent majority" won't work this time.

John L. Byrne

Evanston, Illinois

How true. But the more our much-publicized TV preachers claim, the more they come under statistical scrutiny and the sillier they look. According to the Media Industry Newsletter, the novelty is evidently gone and eight of the top-ten TV preachers are showing audience losses. Jerry Falwell is the biggest loser, down 16.8 percent between May 1980 and May 1981. M.I.N. says that all the TV ministries combined reach only 5.6 percent of the U. S. population.

OKIE DOPERS

The following story from the *Dallas Morning News Service* may amuse your readers who remember the famous Merle Haggard song *Okie from Muskogee*.

MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA—Marijuana is growing as high as an elephant's eye in the eastern third of Oklahoma, casting an ever-widening shadow over the heart of the Bible Belt. Law-enforcement officials said the problem is so serious. . . .

Obviously, it's time for a little update on Merle.

"We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee." Well, maybe a little; but most of it we ship to our friends and neighbors around the country.

"We don't take our trips on LSD." Hell, no. Mostly, we use vans and rental trucks.

And so forth. Seems to me that when big-time weed farming comes to Oklahoma, the authorities ought to acknowledge defeat of pot prohibition and start approaching the problem with a bit of common sense.

(Name withheld by request)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

COCAINE CLASSIFICATION

Since cocaine prohibition began in 1914 with the Harrison Act, cocaine has been called a narcotic and classified with opium, heroin and morphine as a dangerous drug. Even Government experts agree that cocaine is not a stupefying narcotic; and, finally, Circuit Judge Norman Baguley of Michigan's Lapeer County ruled that "the statutory classification of cocaine along with heroin and other narcotic drugs for purposes of punishment is irrational and denies

equal protection of the laws." Thus, the defendant in that case, Samuel Taormina, will face a maximum term of imprisonment of seven years rather than the mandatory *life* sentence for possessing a large quantity of cocaine. Judge Baguley based his decision on the Illinois Court of Appeals case *People vs. McCarty*. I testified as the expert in both cases, as well as in the original *Massachusetts vs. Richard Miller* case, which was supported by *PLAYBOY* and which first declared the cocaine/narcotic classification unconstitutional. But higher courts have not agreed. The Illinois decision now has been reversed by that state's supreme court and Michigan will

DRAFT COUNSELING

Two years ago, *The Playboy Forum* published our letter advising GIs of our counseling service, and since then, we've received more than 400 letters and phone calls and continue to get two or three letters a week—an indication of how much people value your magazine. I am writing to you once again to announce a new service. We now provide draft counseling for registration-age men who seek to take the initiative in dealing with the possibility of their being drafted some time in the future.

We can also advise military personnel on how to obtain a discharge or a compassionate reassignment. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for informative pamphlets free of charge, or call 212-475-5654.

Middy Streeter

Friends Military and Draft
Counseling Program
15 Rutherford Place
New York, New York 10003

appeal the Taormina decision. As it stands now, the most dangerous aspect of cocaine use is getting caught and suffering the criminal penalties for a narcotic offense.

Ronald K. Siegel, Ph.D.
Los Angeles, California

ABORTION

With respect to the nutty bill by which Congress is supposed to speak for God, the Catholic Church and the Moral Majority on the origins of life, all I think of are the words of my dear departed father. On the occasion of his 40th birthday, he looked straight into my 12-year-old eyes, took a long suck from a bottle of beer, grinned and said, "Life begins at 40!"

I know it's an old saying, but it's no more arbitrary than the nonsense coming from our preachers and politicians. Just look around and you'll see plenty of fetuses in their teens, 20s and 30s who should be aborted. Let's make



Easy listening stirs with the exciting taste of Seagram's 7 & 7UP. Whether it's country and western, jazz, or disco. Everything sounds better with 7 & 7. A bit of sound advice—moderation.

Easy listening stirs with Seven & Seven



age 40 the cutoff point for viability (now that I'm 42).

(Name withheld by request)
Orlando, Florida

FETUS FANATICS

The abortion battle is not being fought over zygotes, embryos and fetuses; in truth, it's a holy war between opposing philosophies of life. To anti-abortionists, the villains are the "secular humanists" who do not hold man to be a creature of or bound by the will of a Supreme Being. Secular social welfare and personal self-fulfillment are the only purposes these humanists see in human existence. That is totally contradictory to the Christian ethic that holds mankind to have a higher purpose than life on earth and that accepts on faith what cannot be understood by feeble human reasoning.

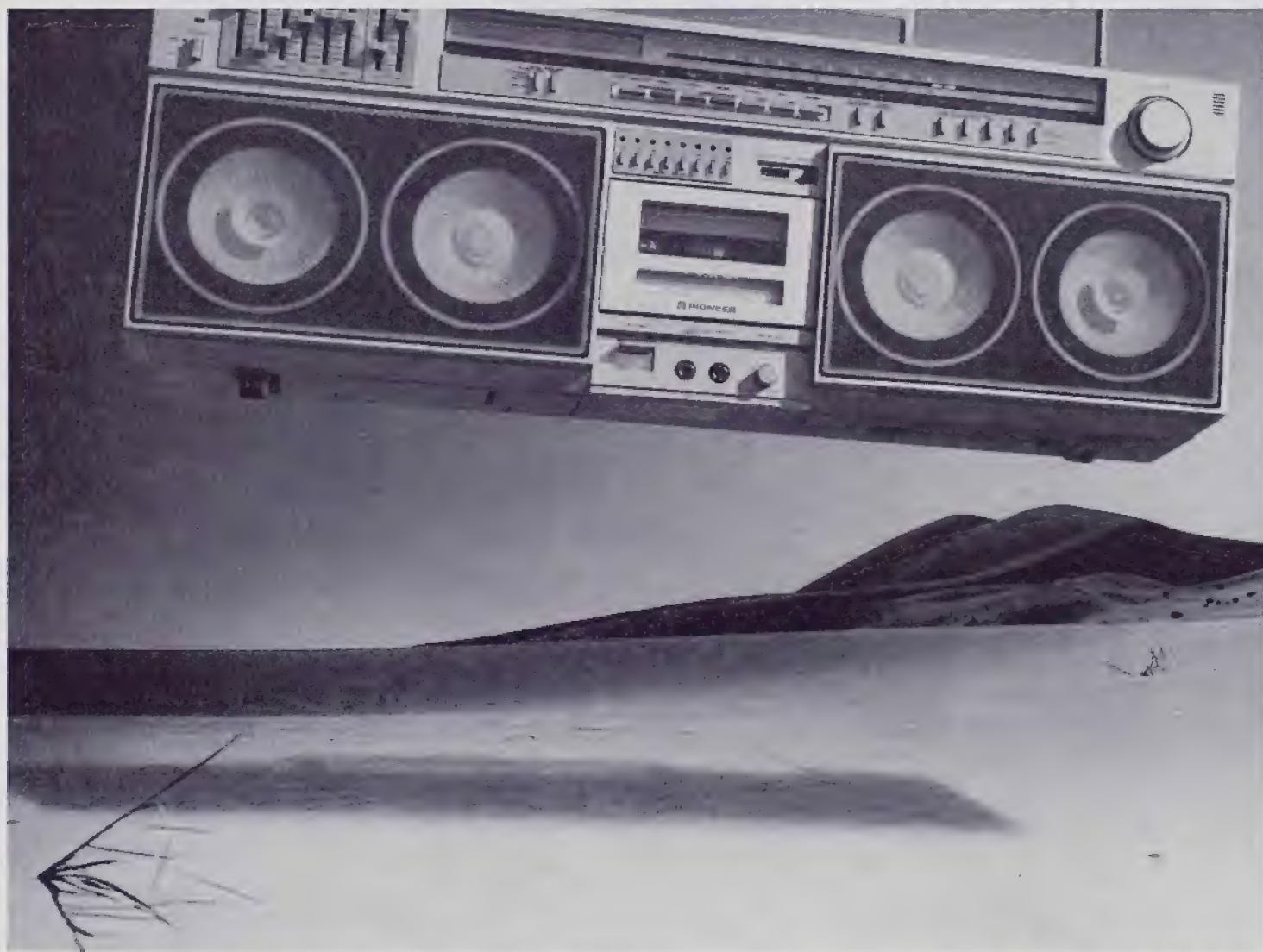
As an articulate philosophy, secular humanism has been dead as a mackerel for many years: it existed by that name mainly as a somewhat faddish intellectual exercise calculated to rile the ecclesiastical authorities and stuffy moralists. By any objective measure, humanists have always been far more "moral" than Christians, because they judge all actions by their tangible good effect on other human beings and on society in general. To Christians, morality is measured according to obedience to the supposed will of an elusive God renowned for operating in "mysterious ways" that defy all logic and common sense.

If the humanist is by nature tolerant of the peculiarities and nonconformities of his fellow man, the Christian is by duty required to stamp them out in the name of the One True Faith. Such a

mentality is theocratic, totalitarian and politically dangerous to the democratic form of government.

L. L. Souchon
Baltimore, Maryland

Contrary to the suggestions of some of your readers, I don't think the anti-abortionists are "antisex" at all. I would guess that they are, in fact, preoccupied with sex and have raised it to the level of either a holy sacrament or a mortal sin, depending on whether or not certain rules and rituals are followed. For this reason, they are extremely resentful of people who don't share their values and who even mock those values by engaging in sex casually at any opportunity, with little regard for ceremony or consequences. The most obvious consequence of sex is pregnancy, which



EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED IN A PORTABLE.

If you've always had a taste for a portable stereo with loads of stereo features, but were afraid of gaining weight, try something new.

Our new series of Slim-line Personal Stereos.

Available with home audio features like stereo AM/FM and cassette, Dolby*, metal tape capabilities, a 6-band graphic equalizer, Music Search (forward and backward), auto replay and direct

becomes the natural and logical punishment for immoral behavior. Abortion must be opposed because it so conveniently evades that punishment.

Marc Hanbery
Salt Lake City, Utah

NATURAL SELECTION

After watching an uncut version of *The Deer Hunter* on local television, two young men in the Chicago area decided to imitate the Russian-roulette scenes and managed to lose. That caused a bit of a flap, especially since a psychiatrist had been warning the station and the newspapers that the film had already inspired 25 or so similar deaths around the country. For the family members, of course, those deaths were foolish and tragic. But look at the bright side. Any idiot who is inspired by a movie to blow his brains out in a ridiculously lethal

stunt probably didn't have many brains to begin with and should not be passing his genes along to any offspring. The country already has enough fools running around loose endangering themselves and others. Anybody who does himself in playing Russian roulette can be written off to "natural selection in action."

(Name withheld by request)
Wilmette, Illinois

BEVERLY HILLBILLIES

Beverly Hills has an exclusive new club for the Beautiful People. It's not a plush country club, a private disco or a roller rink, either. Believe it or not, Hollyweird has finally decided to become armed and dangerous.

It's called the Beverly Hills Gun Club and, of course, the dues may be a little out of reach of your average N.R.A.

member. It offers the latest in target-range robotics, big-screen video, a chess and backgammon room, a rooftop restaurant and, of course, exclusivity.

In the age of Hinckley and Chapman and weirdos aplenty, it's easy to understand the motivation. I only wish they had called the place Studio 38.

B. Kerstetter
Ontario, California

Is it B.Y.O.B., as in Bring Your Own Bullets?

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



AND LESS.

one-button feature switching.

All with about 1/3 less bulk than regular portables.

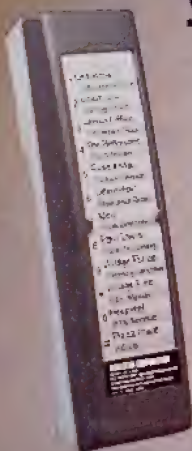
So, finally, you can gorge yourself on incredible sound. And still be able to move.



PIONEER®
We never miss a performance.

©1981 Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810. *Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

It's called the Memory Telephone because it remembers 24 phone numbers you can forget. And dials them for you automatically.



Replaces your ordinary phone with one-number dialing and ends monthly phone company lease charges forever.

Does everything your ordinary phone does including plug-in to a standard phone jack. But that's where ordinary ends.

The Cobraphone Memory Telephone stores any 24 numbers you select, in its computerized memory...friends, relatives, neighbors, any numbers you call frequently, emergency numbers, important services. And dials them for you automatically, at the touch of one number. Even long distance calls.

Busy signal? Automatically calls again at a touch of the redial button.

Why you should own your own phone

In case you didn't know, it's perfectly legal to replace a phone company telephone with your own. And smart to stop paying phone company rental charges. Forever. For example, for a conventional Trimline phone you pay an average of \$4.02 a month.* The Memory Telephone sells for \$79.95 suggested list price. That's how much you'll save about every 20 months in phone company charges.

Switch to the new FCC-approved Cobraphone Memory Telephone. Get one-number dialing you pay for once.



Hangs up on optional wall holder...

...or sets down anywhere and disconnects.

Based on 10/81 national survey of Bell System rates.



Cobraphone
memory
telephone

With 24-Number Automatic Dialing

Cobra Communications Product Group
DYNASCAN CORPORATION
6460 W. Cortland St., Chicago, Illinois 60635

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

EDWARD KOCH

a candid conversation with new york's outspoken mayor about city blights, schmucks and wackos, anti-semitism, bachelorhood and life in the big apple

Some time before New York City's mayoral election last fall, New Yorkers were treated to a widely publicized press photo. Hizzoner Ed Koch was seen loping across the Egyptian desert astride a camel, his famous smile framed by a burnoose fluttering in the wind—indeed, looking for all the world like Koch of Arabia. Shortly thereafter, while campaigning for re-election, Koch made an appearance at the Central Park zoo and reporters wanted to know about his by-now famous ride. A TV reporter asked if hizzoner would now consider repeating the stunt, only this time with a nearby caged Bengal tiger. Koch paused, looked for an instant at the animal and then turned back, his smile still in place. "The mayor is not a coward," he intoned. "But neither is the mayor a schmuck!"

Another time, Koch was dedicating a new shopping center. Adept at working an audience, he seemed to have the crowd with him. Suddenly, a black member of the racially mixed group shouted, "We want John Lindsay!" Again Koch paused, to reflect on the reference to the former mayor, whose "liberal" administration Koch blames for many of the city's present troubles. Then he peered

at the audience: "Everybody who wants Lindsay back, raise your hands," he commanded. A few hands went up. Koch leaned forward and bellowed: "Dummies!" The audience cheered.

Such stories characterize New York City's Edward Irving Koch. Recently re-elected by an overwhelming majority, Koch has been credited with saving the nation's most celebrated city from bankruptcy when only four of America's larger cities have managed to remain solvent. A major accomplishment, certainly; but his flamboyant and uniquely outspoken style attracts as much attention nationally as his fiscal policies. For Roger Rosenblatt of Time, he is New York's "nut uncle," his entire being "fused with the life of his lunatic city. . . . Koch can be brave, hilarious, generous, protective, occasionally gracious and more rarely, touching." He is the consummate showman, the master of well-timed one-liners, who, for The New York Times, has "defied enough conventional wisdom to fill a textbook." With his readiness to excoriate the "wackos," "richies" and "schmucks," Koch does not suffer fools gladly. But at the same time, he prides himself on being a man

of the people, ready to listen to his constituents in movie lines, on street corners and at subway stops. He refuses to mince his words, even referring to himself as Mayor Mouth. He has provoked unions and management, blacks and whites, Jews and gentiles, while still retaining enough support to have run for re-election last fall with the endorsement of both the Democratic and the Republican Parties. That he won with the largest margin in the city's history is the stuff of political legend.

Humor, irreverence andchutzpah all add to the folklore surrounding Ed Koch. Still, there is the man's keen sense of Realpolitik: Even his most ardent critics will acknowledge his real accomplishments. While other urban mayors have been bowed by inflation and Federal cutbacks, Koch has determinedly stuck to his guns as a born-again fiscal conservative and has managed to get New York City out of the red. Once a free-spending liberal Democrat in Congress, he now boasts of having rebuilt the city's tax base. Although he inherited a \$712,000,000 deficit in January 1978, when he first took office, Koch's policies produced a budget surplus in 1981, the



"I want the middle class to know they have a friend in City Hall, that when people mocked them in the Sixties, they were wrong. The middle class was right! Honesty, industriousness, all of it!"



"Regarding the line that the American Jewish community is part of some Israeli lobby—well, so what? Why shouldn't we defend Israel? What should we do, go to the gas chambers silently?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"New York is very appreciative that the rest of the country helped us when we were on our ass. We were chastened, and there's a civility today in this city that wasn't here before."

first in 15 years. So, too, in January 1978, Wall Street had rescinded the city's bond rating. Through a successful lobbying effort, the new mayor extended Federal loan guarantees, and in 1980, years ahead of the financial community's forecasts, he achieved an investment-grade rating for the city's municipal bonds, which restored New York's ability to raise capital for the repair of its physical plant without relying on Federal and state supports. Koch also began to bargain with municipal unions "at arm's length" and assiduously trimmed personnel from the city payroll. By wooing industry, he also spurred construction—so much so that the dollar value of new commercial space has increased nearly sixfold since 1977, with a corresponding increase of 120,000 jobs in the private sector, as compared with a loss of 600,000 jobs during the previous eight years.

But not everyone loves Ed Koch. Among New York's traditionally liberal movers and shakers, there are those who claim that the improvements Koch boasts of having accomplished were at the expense of the poor, specifically at the expense of minorities. Koch, with characteristic bluntness, has indeed opposed racial quotas and busing; he has denounced "poverticians" and "poverty pimps" in the course of revamping the city's poverty agencies; and he has also opposed, in favor of slum rehabilitation, low-cost public housing in middle-class neighborhoods. Openly, unabashedly, he boasts of being the champion for the middle class, which has led more than a few observers to charge that he has forsaken his "liberal" roots.

And indeed, Koch's background would suggest a liberal calling. Born in the Bronx on December 12, 1924, Ed Koch was one of three children of Polish-Jewish immigrants. His father, Louis, lost his fur business in the Depression and moved the family to Newark, New Jersey. They all went to work in a catering hall owned by a relative. By 1941, the Koch family had resettled in Brooklyn, and Ed enrolled in City College. Two years later, at the age of 19, he joined the Army, saw combat and then was posted to Bavaria as a "de-Nazification" specialist. Returning home, he earned his law degree at New York University Law School and soon went into private practice.

Koch's political debut came in 1952, when he campaigned for Democratic Presidential nominee Adlai Stevenson on street corners—flag, soapbox and all. When he moved to Greenwich Village in 1956, he became involved in liberal reform politics, the high point of which was his ousting of Democratic district leader Carmine DeSapio, famous as one of the most powerful "machine bosses" in New York City.

In 1964, Koch spent his vacation defending civil rights workers in Mississippi. In 1968, he became a U.S. Congressman, winning the seat once held by then-mayor John Lindsay, even though Lindsay had refused to endorse him. Settled in Washington, D.C., Koch returned to New York City every week to greet voters at subway stations. "How 'm I doing?" he asked over and over again. It was the line he had made famous, delivered always with an appealing grin, and his identity soon became fixed in the minds of New Yorkers. He ran for mayor for the first time in 1973 but abandoned his bid early for lack of funds. In November 1976, he again declared himself a candidate for mayor. Again, Koch was the underdog. But by the time the returns were counted, he had triumphed, beating his closest opponent, Mario Cuomo, by a scant 125,000 votes. But running for re-election last fall, he was no longer the underdog. For the first time in his political career, he was considered a shoo-in. His famous

*"Have you ever lived
in the suburbs? It's
sterile, it's nothing, it's
wasting your life."*

"How 'm I doing?" was answered with a resounding 76 percent majority.

When PLAYBOY decided to plumb the Koch personality, we asked free-lance writer Peter Manso to conduct the interview. Manso was one of the principal brain trusters of the highly unorthodox Norman Mailer-Jimmy Breslin mayoral campaign in 1968, which he subsequently chronicled in his book, "Running Against the Machine." Manso reports:

"I went in with the assumption that Koch would be open, voluble and true to his nickname, 'Eddie the Lip.' Wrong. No sooner had we gotten going than it became clear that the man is a master—a professional even among politicians—at parrying the press. When he doesn't mince his words, he knows why he's doing it. Part of the smoke screen is charm—and Ed Koch is undeniably a charming man. Part of it is his insistence that his candor and outspokenness make him different from the usual politician. But I couldn't help being reminded of Phil Silvers' Sergeant Bilko, who naively riffles the cards, asking, 'What is this game, pok-ere?'—then scoops up all the winnings.

"In many respects, Koch plays it close

to the vest, despite his flamboyance. Part of it is that his energy—some would call him a whirling dervish—does keep people at arm's length. He has an uncanny ability to withstand repeated probing, almost as if somewhere along the line, he's realized he can outlast most questioners. And, yes, there's the other device, which I can only call 'street smarts'—the famous Koch mixture of abruptness, shlick humor and lack of decorum.

"The mayor's commitment is singular, his allegiance solely to what he regards as his city. He is New York's greatest booster, and over the course of our several weekends' taping, my strategy was to loop back, returning to such touchy issues as New York's crime rate and horrendous mass-transportation problem in the hope that he might admit to doubt. There was a lot of interrupting, laughing and occasional yelling as I tried to persuade him, or provoke him, to comment on the difficulties of living in a big city today.

"But, no, Ed Koch remained adamant: New York is terrific, second only to Xanadu. And despite our banter, or perhaps because of it, I realized that in a certain respect, hizzoner was indeed an emblem of the city. He can be brutal, decisive, sentimental, angry and obsessively loyal. He emerges as a man with an opinion on everything (in his next life, he may become a New York cabby), ranging from what he sees as growing anti-Semitism in U.S. foreign policy to the all-important question of whether New York City is livable. Is he consistent? Like a tack, and I have no doubt that Mayor Ed Koch will remain in City Hall for just as long as he wants. That, or for as long as the country at large allows New Yorkers to keep him as their private trophy."

PLAYBOY: As mayor of New York City, you've made national headlines and are probably best known for your blunt candor and outspokenness. Why, then, as we begin our first interview session, do you have two advisors at your side and your own tape recorder running?

KOCH: Simple. I don't want there to be any question as to what was said. We always have a member of our press staff at interviews, although we don't always use a tape recorder. On several occasions, reporters have made major errors or matters affecting the city, which they then had to correct when we produced the tape. It's never secret, however, and just as you're using one, I prefer it that way.

PLAYBOY: You represent New York and you don't want the city misquoted, is that it?

KOCH: Yeah, I think so. I don't want it to

pierre cardin



enter the unique fashion world of pierre cardin

sound smug, but I've become identified with New York, and I think people like me and I think they like New York. A mayor can be a downer or an upper. I think I'm an upper. But I won't dissemble or deceive. I may remain mute on a subject. I don't have to offer myself to the caldron. But if I say something, I believe it.

When I first became mayor, it used to upset people; it drove my advisors crazy. They would have preferred more ambiguity, so I wouldn't ruffle so many feathers, but now they see it as a strength, not a liability. The important factor—what voters see in me—is intellectual honesty, meaning that I say exactly what I believe, even when it's not popular. I say it privately and publicly.

PLAYBOY: Which you claim accounts for your popularity among the voters, your recent landslide re-election. All that would suggest a decidedly high opinion of the electorate.

KOCH: What do you think I'm saying? I got more than 75 percent of the vote. A major part was my honesty, of course. In the past, I've admitted that maybe I ought to take tact lessons, which is a flip way of saying I don't have a bedside manner. I talk to all people exactly the same. Most politicians don't believe in this. They assume voters want pie-in-the-sky promises, but I've always worked on the premise that there's this extraordinary common sense out there. That was the slogan of my campaign: "Common sense." My opponents said to the voters, "Ask yourself the question that Reagan asked when he ran against Carter: 'Are you better off today than you were four years ago?'" But the voters in New York knew that wasn't the proper question. It was me who found the proper questions: "Did Koch get the biggest bang for the buck? Did he do the best possible with the reduced dollars available or was there someone who could have done it better?"

PLAYBOY: How much of the attention is paid to you and how much to the city itself?

KOCH: People are interested in New York and they're interested in me for whatever it is I add to it. But if it weren't me, there'd be attention paid because it's New York City. The place has a mystique. It's the largest city in the country, the city the newspapers report on. Things happen here that get attention; elsewhere, they're ignored. There's a sense of mystery, danger, all the things that go into this special city, with its 7,500,000 people. It's so varied, so different. In 1964, Barry Goldwater made a remark that I think he now regrets, namely, that if it were possible, he would saw off the Eastern Seaboard—meaning, basically, New York City—and ship it back to Europe. Obviously, he

was referring to the foreign influences here, the fact that we're made up of so many different groups. And it's that very diversity, those differences, that so intrigue people.

PLAYBOY: But you're aware that many people regard New York as a cesspool, even though they may be fascinated by it?

KOCH: It's a love-hate relationship, and depending upon the moment in time, it shifts. From 1975 to 1978, there was a lot more hate than love. Nowadays, I think it's turned around, starting with the Democratic Convention of 1976, when the Texas delegation held up its WE LOVE NEW YORK sign. The Bicentennial, with its tall ships, helped as well. I think I've contributed to the positive energy, too, and it's a sense that the city isn't standing still. This is what people tell me and I accept it.

PLAYBOY: Even though according to the census, almost 1,000,000 people left the city between 1970 and 1980?

KOCH: Uh-huh, and they're coming back. How do I know? My sister came back two years ago. The middle class left because they had the wherewithal to leave and the services were deteriorating. Now that the services are improving, they're coming back. They found that they had traded deterioration for a sterile environment in the suburbs.

PLAYBOY: And they're prepared to put up with the dirt, the crime and the inconvenience?

KOCH: Sure. Have you ever lived in the suburbs? I haven't, but I've talked to people who have, and it's sterile. It's nothing, it's wasting your life. And people do not wish to waste their lives once they've seen New York! I think we've gone through enormous changes, especially a change in outlook. Remember, under Lindsay particularly, the city's *raison d'être* was to be Fun City, Welfare City, anything but a business city. By creating a climate for jobs and profits in the private sector, we've brought about a big change. When I first suggested "Common sense" as my campaign slogan, my media advisor, David Garth, didn't like it; but now, he has no hesitation at all. It says everything, because in addition to describing me, it characterizes the city—what I take to be this new sense that we're not standing still.

PLAYBOY: By that, we take it that you mean things are getting better. But despite the city's solvency, there are many who feel things are getting worse, that city services are deteriorating.

KOCH: People compare New York City with the perfect city, with nirvana, with El Dorado. What you have to compare it with is other cities. We have estimated that we'll be spending \$30 billion over the next ten years to repair our infra-

structure—far more, proportionately, than cities like Chicago, Boston, Detroit and a host of others. Does Detroit get the same kind of publicity?

PLAYBOY: What are you saying? That people have been misled, brainwashed by a negative press?

KOCH: No, I haven't said that about the press. In fact, I think it's terrific that people are so interested in us, that they want to come here, either to visit or live. But if you're gonna talk about New York City, you have to talk about it in the context of other cities, which raises a small difficulty. Namely, that there is no other city like New York City and its 7,500,000 people. You can take several of our larger cities in the country—say, Boston and Chicago and San Francisco, plus the others—and fit all their population into New York. So while our problems are proportionately comparable to and in some cases even less than others', the dimensions here are so large that they become *sui generis*. From 1969 to 1977, we lost 600,000 jobs. That's one and a half times the size of Buffalo, the second largest city in the state of New York. In Detroit, they have 24 percent unemployment! Do we ever hear about that?

PLAYBOY: But you're dodging our question: despite the statistics, doesn't the fact that many people see New York City life as a series of assaults—

KOCH: That's ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Well, do women feel comfortable walking in the streets at night? Can anyone safely stroll through Central Park at night?

KOCH: How many women feel comfortable walking at night in Boston, or in Birmingham or San Francisco? When I lived in Washington, D.C., in 1969, it was scary, and if you walked the streets alone at night, you worried about it. But I have never—*never*—worried about walking the streets of the city of New York. Obviously, there are places you don't walk: I'm talking about my own residential area.

PLAYBOY: Your own residential area? Only recently, the daughter of [former] New Jersey governor Brendan Byrne was attacked down the street from Gracie Mansion.

KOCH: What are you saying? We're 20th down on the FBI list of rapes. That means 19 other cities are more dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Again, let's not keep talking statistics. Let's focus on impressions and perceptions, the years of negative publicity—

KOCH: We brought *that* on ourselves by our arrogance prior to 1975. We got our comeuppance when we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of bankruptcy. But New York is very appreciative that the rest of the country helped us when we were on our ass. We were chastened.

A NEW MAGAZINE FROM PLAYBOY...



TAILORED TO FIT YOUR LIFESTYLE. THE PLAYBOY GUIDE TO FASHION FOR MEN.

Today, looking good counts. On the job or off, you need to know good grooming and fashion basics— from haircuts and cologne to suits and ties.

Enter the all new PLAYBOY GUIDE TO FASHION FOR MEN. The Fashion Guide is for men like you. To keep you up to date on current and upcoming trends in men's fashion. To help you find the best buys. And, most important, to show you choices so you can pick only what's comfortable and affordable for you.

Each Guide is filled with helpful, entertaining and amusing articles like: *Guidelines*, *Fashion Preview*, *Don't Spend Big Bucks: How To Update Your Wardrobe* and *Makeovers* of Playboy Guide readers.

With the PLAYBOY GUIDE TO FASHION FOR MEN, looking your best is easy and inexpensive. By subscribing to 4 issues now for only \$7.95, you'll save over 20% off the \$10 newsstand price. You'll get 2 Spring/Summer Guides and 2 Fall/Winter Guides delivered right to your door. Just complete the order card and mail today.



Order now and save over 20%. Get 4 issues of the PLAYBOY GUIDE TO FASHION FOR MEN delivered direct to your door for only \$7.95.

☐ 4-issue subscription \$7.95. (Save \$2.05—over 20% off \$10 newsstand price.)

☐ Bill me. ☐ Payment enclosed.

Name _____
(please print)

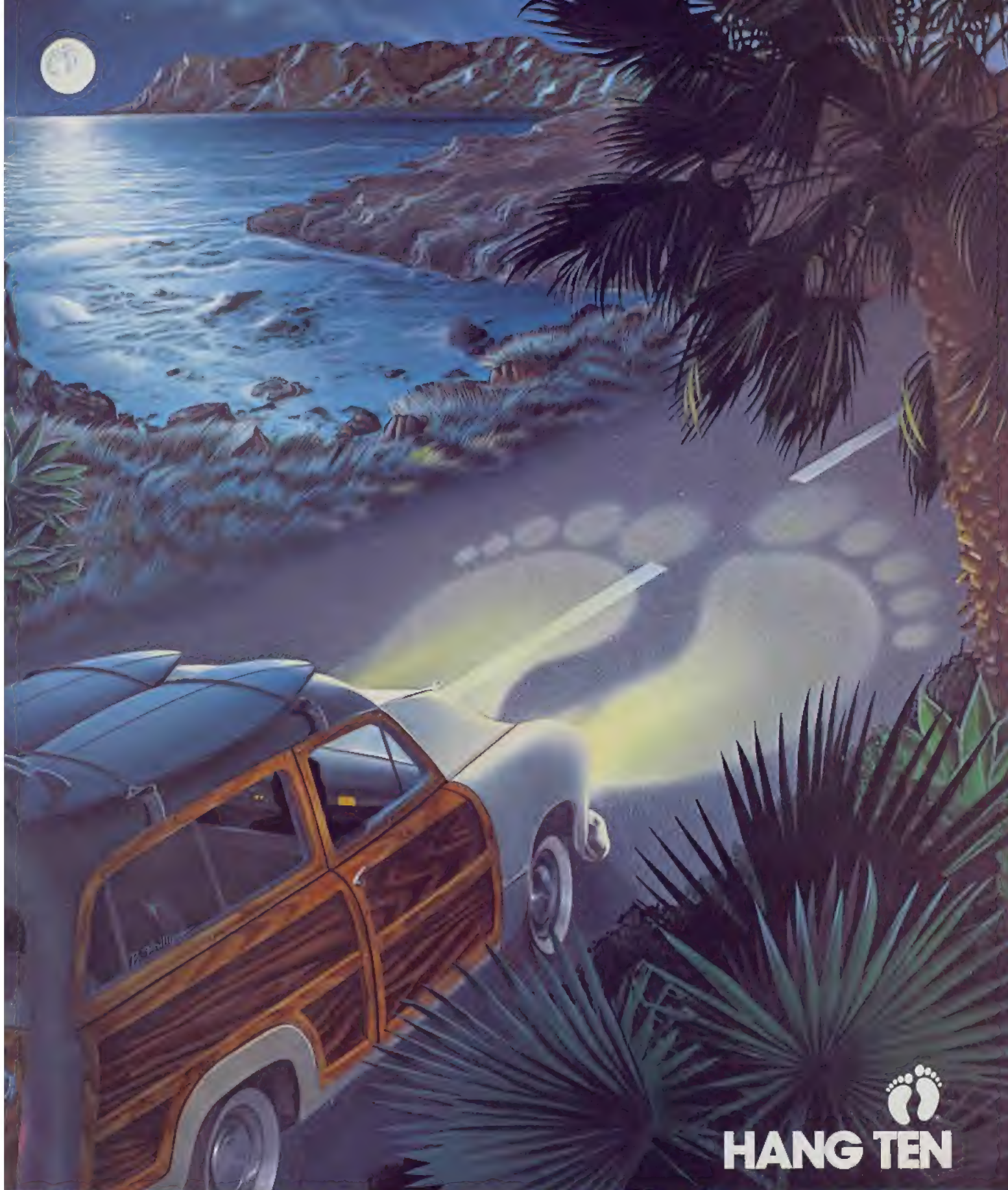
Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only.

Mail To: PLAYBOY GUIDES
P.O. BOX 2509
Boulder, Colorado 80322

9AAB4



HANG TEN

Nobody could make you get up this early. You have to want it more than you want the extra two hours sleep.

It's been that way since the beginning. The real beginning. Before the boom. Before the beach movies. Before Iowa heard the Beach Boys.

We know. We've been out there for over twenty-one years. Ridin' before sun-up. And puttin' our two little feet on Hang Ten sportswear, sports gear and fun stuff when the crowds show up.

Care to guess whose tail-lights you're following?

For a full 19 x 25 inch poster of this ad, send \$2.50 to: Hang Ten, Poster PC, P.O. Box 2992 San Diego, CA 92101 (Allow four weeks for delivery.)



Kam·chat'ka.

The ice breaker.

it took pierre cardin to do it



Pierre Cardin men's footwear is available at the following stores:

B.H. CLARKE SHOES — Los Angeles
BERTONI MEN'S STORE — Los Angeles
BOND STORES — Carson
BURTON'S MEN'S STORES — Del Amo,
Pasadena, Santa Monica,
West Los Angeles
CIRCUIT MEN'S WEAR — Brea

FOOT-OF-THE-MART — Los Angeles
HOLLYWOOD HI FASHION — Hollywood
HOLLYWOOD MEN'S STORE — Hollywood
MICHAEL'S — Encino
ROGERS SHOE STORE — Los Angeles
THE NEW TOWNE SHOP — Hollywood
ZAK'S MEN'S WEAR — Puente Hills

and at other fine men's shoe, clothing and department stores everywhere.

Pierre Cardin Men's Footwear is Distributed Exclusively in the United States and Canada By:
Smerling Imports, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10118 • 212-594-8520
Smerling Imports, Inc., California Mart, 110 East 9th Street, Los Angeles, CA 90079

pierre cardin
PARIS NEW YORK

and since the country helped us, there's a civility today that wasn't here before, an appreciation that we're living in a terrific city. It's obvious. Don't you agree with that?

PLAYBOY: A lot of people wouldn't, no. And probably, some New Yorkers would be a lot less polite about it.

KOCH: They'd think that I'm talking cant, is that what you're saying?

PLAYBOY: Cant, yes. But beyond that, they'd claim that the place often feels unlivable. Hostile, cynical and brutal.

KOCH: People who live in the city? Go talk to cabdrivers and cops. They have the best—

PLAYBOY: We did just that, coming over here to Gracie Mansion this morning. Talked to the cabbie—

KOCH: Yeah, what'd he say?

PLAYBOY: He said, "I'm carrying a gun." And it brought to mind Howard Beale in *Network*, the lunatic news commentator shouting, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it anymore."

KOCH: Yeah, and not too long ago, some guy committed a robbery on Fifth Avenue and passers-by beat him to within an inch of his life. The cops had to rescue him. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You're laughing now as you recall this. Why? Just how is it funny?

KOCH: I see humor in a lot of things. But my answer is akin to what I said to the cops after I was assaulted—

PLAYBOY: The incident at the doctors' convention, at the time you proposed closing Sydenham Hospital?

KOCH: Yes. I was addressing 3000 paramedics and doctors in the Hilton Hotel, and just as I began, some people got up to demonstrate. Suddenly, I felt a hand around my throat. It came from the rear. Then a fist socked me in the eye. There was something in the fist, and it was coming down my cheek. It turned out later that it was an egg, but at that moment, I believed I was the subject of an assassination. My adrenaline's working, obviously; I don't know what's happening and for all I know, I'm fighting for my life. So I grabbed the guy's hand and wrestled him to the ground. Turns out he was a doctor from San Diego, part of the demonstration, throwing eggs at me. I have this guy down on the floor and I want to kill him, I'm so angry. Then my security man comes to help me and he's holding the guy down and he sees that I'm set to kick him in the balls or in the head. Some vital place! I want to kill him! And my guard looked up pleadingly. Without uttering a word, he was saying, "Don't." And I didn't. But later, I described this feeling to a class of rookie cops, that I'd wanted to kill him because I thought he had tried to kill me. Instead, I eventually filed a criminal complaint and testified, and 18 months later, the guy was given 30 days in jail

and a \$1000 penalty. The judge told me that very few people in public life ever pursue such cases. But I had to do it. Otherwise, they'll do it again to somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about assassination?

KOCH: When George Moscone, the mayor of San Francisco, was killed, I was asked for my reaction. It shook me because Moscone wasn't killed by a stranger; he was killed by somebody he knew, who had access to his office. The point is that you can have all the security in the world but you still can't protect yourself. I also happen to believe in the doctrine of *besheit*, which means "God ordains"—your life is laid out, predestined. Obviously, you're not supposed to make it easy for those who want to dispose of you—you don't throw yourself in front of a train—but nevertheless, when it's all said and done, I'm a child of God, as we all are, and whatever He wants to do with me, He will do with me.

PLAYBOY: Why be so fatalistic, even passive? Why not fight back?

KOCH: I understand the feeling—that's what I told those cops. Just like I understand the feelings of those people who beat up the robber on Fifth Avenue. That's why I laughed. I have the same feeling—me, the mayor.

PLAYBOY: Aren't there a lot of middle-class people who more and more approve of that kind of behavior?

KOCH: Yes, but we will not tolerate it. If someone engages in vigilantism, we're gonna put his ass in jail.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the film *Death Wish*?

KOCH: [Laughs] Oh, I thought it was terrific, but at the same time, I deplore what the guy did; it was vigilantism and, as such, unacceptable, intolerable.

PLAYBOY: But you also understood?

KOCH: Sure. You could identify with the guy's need for revenge, even though it's not permissible in a society of law. Still, I thought it was a terrific action movie.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it also deplorable—symbolic of everything we're talking about?

KOCH: Oh, please. Look, I like movies. *The Warriors*—very stylized, almost a ballet about gangs in the subways. It was wonderful. The fact that I would like *Death Wish*, though, doesn't mean I have to approve of its message.

PLAYBOY: What about the argument that self-defense *should* be permissible if the police or our laws can't protect people in the first place?

KOCH: It's unacceptable, just as unacceptable as a totalitarian society, where you have very little crime but also very few civil rights to begin with. I'm sure you'd be safer walking the streets in Moscow than in any major city in the

United States. I also know that the Soviets have their *gulags*.

PLAYBOY: Your answers are consistent with the theme, so common in newspapers and magazines, that to be a New Yorker, you have to have a heartier, walk-through-the-troubles, grin-and-bear-it attitude.

KOCH: Well, there *is* a feistiness and an ability to roll with the punches. But you can talk about the city of New York in a vacuum and come to any conclusions you want. Now, I think we're getting a hold on crime here and throughout the country. Everybody's concerned about it. You know my anecdote about senior citizens? When I was a congressman in 1973, I spoke to a group of senior citizens who wanted to know what I was going to do about crime. I said, "You're right, crime's the number-one issue. But ladies and gentlemen, I know a judge who was just mugged, and guess what he did? He called a press conference and told reporters, 'This mugging will in no way affect my decisions in matters of this kind.'" An elderly lady stood up in the back of the room and called out, "Then mug him again!" [Laughs] It's a marvelous story; it always gets a response from people.

PLAYBOY: It *is* a good story. But your critics claim that your constant references to the middle class, to a reliance on what you call common sense, is just a buzz word, an appeal to white-middle-class fears and resentments.

KOCH: Bullshit! In prior administrations, it was taboo to talk about the middle class. It was part of the Sixties and Seventies syndrome that somehow, the middle class wasn't the group that you ought to court. "Who wants their lifestyle?" the rhetoric went. "Why should the middle class be elevated?" asked many of the radicals. So it startled a lot of people to have a mayor come in and say, "I think the middle-class lifestyle is *terrific*. I believe we oughta kiss the feet of the middle class for saving this town, since they're the ones who pay the taxes and create the jobs for the poor." And since I'm not able to do very much for them in terms of increasing services, at least they should know they have a friend in City Hall who wants them to prosper, who wants them to stay here and who doesn't take them for granted. Prior to my coming to office, it was always "What can we do for the poor, how do we expand welfare?" Recently, I testified before a legislative committee on homeless men and women, the sick people out there who sleep in the streets. One of the legislators complained about welfare centers that supposedly weren't giving out the necessary information, and then he demanded to know, "Well, are you going out there, Koch, to get people to apply for welfare and for Medicaid and telling

them about all these programs?" I said, "No." Under Lindsay, they brought us to bankruptcy by going out and telling people to come in—"C'mon, get on the welfare rolls, you don't even have to file an affidavit." "No, I don't do that," said I to this legislator, who then accused me of violating my constitutional oath. I replied, "No, I don't think so, and 76 percent of the people recently indicated that they don't think so, either."

PLAYBOY: But popular or not, by emphasizing the middle class, aren't you practicing a kind of benign neglect of the poor?

KOCH: Look, it's the middle class, which pays the taxes, that allows me to spend 56 percent of our budget on 26 percent of the people, the poor. I know that jobs are the key, since lots of jobs have left this town, but we have 120,000 new jobs over and above those we had on December 31, 1977, and I know it's the middle class that has created those jobs. I mean, who do you think owns the factories, the stores and the places where jobs are created? It ain't the rich and it certainly ain't the poor! So I wish I could do more for the middle class. Why do you think they went down to Florida during the Lindsay Presidential campaign and put up this blimp with the slogan LINDSAY SPELLS TSOORIS [trouble]? Who do you think did that? The middle class, and not just the Jewish middle class. So now I'm saying to them, I'm not doing that to you, I understand your problems, plus the fact that when I upgrade the cops and the firemen and the educational system, I'm affecting the city as a whole.

PLAYBOY: By the same token, however, there is no blimp over Harlem saying, KOCH IS COOL.

KOCH: No, but there *is* a blimp over Harlem that says, WE'RE FOR KOCH; 60 PERCENT OF US ARE, because that's the way the black community voted in the last election.

PLAYBOY: We'll come back to that. But the so-called Sixties syndrome you refer to—*you* sound as if it offended you, as if the counterculture was a repudiation of everything you personally cherished.

KOCH: Yes, I think it was a license to do anything. What happened in the Sixties was that the values of integrity and hard work and industriousness no longer counted, were no longer perceived as worthy of reward. This even extended to Government, where the attitude was, to hell with the middle class. It was a loss of balance. I don't know of any period when there wasn't something good and something bad, when we didn't move away from the center and then come back again. In the Sixties, however, it went too far.

PLAYBOY: Does your appreciation of middle-class values, of hard work and responsibility, reflect your own upbringing?

KOCH: Sure. We were poor, we all worked very hard. We lived in the Bronx, an all-Jewish neighborhood, low income, very safe. The rich one in the family was my uncle Max, who I think was a bootlegger in addition to being involved in the clothing business in Manhattan. Then the family moved to Newark, New Jersey, where another uncle ran the largest catering hall and dance palace in the city. Since my father's fur business had gone bankrupt during the Depression, he was given the hat-check concession, which became our major source of livelihood. I didn't get paid; I got an allowance. My mother and brother worked there, too.

PLAYBOY: Was money always a problem for you?

KOCH: Yes. I think our income was \$60 a week for five people. We never went hungry, though. Sometimes my father had to go out and borrow five dollars from somebody to make sure that Friday night was a good Shabbath dinner. We weren't religious, but Friday night was always terrific. There were times when he didn't have enough money, but even so, everything was stable and nice. My father was a much more accepting person. My mother was the stronger of the two.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the Bronx and Newark, were you exposed to other parts of the New York area when you were growing up?

KOCH: When I was growing up, Manhattan was another planet! I didn't formulate it in my head at the age of seven, but what were you going to do in Manhattan? What was my mother going to do, go to the theater? Ridiculous! If she went to the theater, it was the Yiddish theater, on the Lower East Side. That's not the Manhattan most people talk about. Forty-second Street was Manhattan, and nobody lived there. I never heard of Park Avenue or Greenwich Village until I was in college.

PLAYBOY: You first left home when you went into the Army?

KOCH: That's when I grew up, yeah. I became more self-aware because it was my first real exposure to different kinds of people and ideas, to non-New Yorkers, say. I enjoyed the cosmopolitan aspect of it.

PLAYBOY: Coming from this relatively insulated background, didn't you find the Army a bit threatening? The great World War II novels *From Here to Eternity* and *The Naked and the Dead* both dwell on the anti-Semitism of the period.

KOCH: I never felt threatened as a Jew. I had only one anti-Semitic incident in the Army, in basic training at Camp Croft, South Carolina. My platoon was about 15 or 20 percent Jewish, a lot of them from New York, refugees from Europe, and what triggered it was that

the Jews were not terribly athletic and found the obstacle courses difficult. The situation was made worse by this one smartass Jewish kid who would always have the answer when the sergeant asked a question. It irritated a lot of people. One guy in particular was constantly making anti-Semitic remarks, and I began thinking, I'm not strong enough to beat him up but I'm going to build my strength.

So I practice, getting stronger, until about the 15th or 16th week of basic training, when he makes another of these brutalizing comments. I walk over, grab him by the neck and say, "OK, when we get back to the barracks, you and I are gonna have it out." He says, "What are you talking about?"—'cause he didn't consider me Jewish. I could *do* the obstacle course, right? When we got back to the barracks, the Jewish kid who has created the problem now offers to help, and I say, "Get the fuck away, you prick! It's because of you I have this problem!" So we go out, me and the other guy, and we fight. There was a big crowd, 50 people or more. He knocks me down, I get up. I don't want this to sound like a movie, but he knocks me down again and again I get up. And I hit him. Finally we finish. He's won, of course, but for the next several weeks, there's not one anti-Semitic comment in the whole company. Not one. I felt terrific.

PLAYBOY: It really *was* a scene out of *From Here to Eternity*. Later on during the war, you supposedly became a de-Nazification specialist in Bavaria.

KOCH: That's an overstatement. After the war, I was in Bavaria, in a small military detachment near Würzburg. My job consisted of replacing public officials who were Nazis with non-Nazis. And believe me, if there was anything I could do to engage in retribution, I was going to do it. Replacing people in public office, confiscating property for the military government, taking over houses. There were always Germans coming in to tell you who the Nazis were, but they all claimed they had Jewish grandmothers.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever visit one of the concentration camps?

KOCH: Not during the war. I went to Munich in 1961 specifically to see Dachau. I don't know that I can even describe the experience. At Dachau, they have a little museum. . . . I was crying. I remember the camp itself was very hard to find—they sort of conceal it from you—but once I'd seen the furnaces, the crematoria, I didn't stay very long. Afterward, I was outraged, outraged that the world should have let this happen. And it did, no question about it. Every country participated. France, England, the U.S., all of them. It's an enormous

blot on the record of every Western country that they didn't do something.

PLAYBOY: The abiding feeling of Jewish life is the specter of the Holocaust—

KOCH: It certainly is. Never again.

PLAYBOY: And you believe it *could* happen again?

KOCH: Absolutely. That's why I speak out when there's an atrocity in Paris or Austria or Vienna, or in Northern Ireland or Uganda, for that matter. *Every* country is capable of the vilest of excesses and almost every country has been. The Turks destroyed the Armenians in what is really known as the first Holocaust. The Spanish Inquisition expelled the Jews. In Ethiopia, they have destroyed blacks. Every country is capable of genocide.

PLAYBOY: As one of the country's most prominent Jewish politicians, you seem to feel the need or responsibility to speak out for Israel. How much of this is personal and how much is a factor of your being mayor of a city—

KOCH: That has more Jews than Tel Aviv?

PLAYBOY: Well, isn't it true that New York City is perceived nationally, perhaps with a taint of anti-Semitism to it, as a Jewish town?

KOCH: Do you really think so? Look at all our black Jews, all our Puerto Rican Jews, all our [laughs] . . . Irish Jews!

PLAYBOY: But seriously, you have come out very strongly in support of Menachem Begin's policies in Israel. You could be considered a hard liner when it comes to Israel.

KOCH: Begin's an extraordinary man, even though he's occasionally perceived as a little too inflexible. I don't agree with everything he's done and I've said so. But when a nation like Israel has been under constant attack and you see its so-called allies running away out of fear of losing the petrodollar—I'm talking about the English, the Austrians and the French in particular—then what you're talking about are governments that have engaged in anti-Semitic actions. The best illustration is Lord Carrington, the British foreign minister, who's a schmuck. He claims that the P.L.O. isn't engaged in terrorism. I say, thank God there's a Menachem Begin who has the strength to stand up for his people. Nobody's perfect, mind you, but if Israel had a more malleable prime minister, there'd be no hope; they'd just give way on everything.

PLAYBOY: How important to you is Israel's security?

KOCH: As a Jew who happens to be an American, I place American security first. I want to say it only once: These are my loyalties—the country, the city, then Israel. In that order.

PLAYBOY: As we said before, you're the best-known Jewish politician in America today—



If you'd like a booklet explaining how we smooth out Jack Daniel's with charcoal, just drop us a line.

ASK THE ROGERS TWINS how Jack Daniel's Whiskey gains smoothness, and the reply will be identical.

Either Ray or Clay, who guide visitors here, will take you to a room where just-made whiskey is seeped through vats of tightly packed charcoal. And they'll point out how we've insisted on this whiskey-smoothing method since 1866. Of course, you may have trouble telling Ray from Clay. But if you compare Jack Daniel's to any other whiskey, you'll spot the difference in just a sip.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government. 73

KOCH: Isn't that nice! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You don't think the description fits?

KOCH: If I'm not, I'm one of them. OK.

PLAYBOY: Do you see anti-Semitism growing in this country?

KOCH: Yes. I certainly saw it in the attempt to smear the opponents of the AWACS sale to Saudi Arabia. But more broadly, there's a kind of ground-swell feeling that Israel no longer has the right to express itself. But what do you think Saudi Arabia was doing in the case of the AWACS? Prince Fahd or the royal family was supposedly given a room in the Senate building while the AWACS vote was going on. So it's become a double standard. If the Jewish nation of Israel stands up and talks about its security, then it's attacked as being *too* Jewish, engaging in something that nobody else is doing, when in fact everybody else is doing it with impunity. Even more egregious is the line that the American Jewish community is part of some Israeli lobby. Well, so what? Why shouldn't we defend Israel? What should we do, go to the gas chambers silently?

PLAYBOY: What about the kind of remark that seems to be chic among some Europeans—Oriana Fallaci, for instance, said in her *Playboy Interview* that she believed the American media are controlled by the Jews.

KOCH: That's self-evidently false. Obviously, there are some Jews in the media, but here in New York, the most media-oriented city in the world, only one of the three newspapers has Jewish ownership. Anyone who says that the media are controlled by Jews is *meshuga* [crazy]. But I've heard that before. It's a left-wing point of view, part of the current anti-Semitism that comes from radicals. For example, I believe that Jesse Jackson has engaged in anti-Semitic remarks, and besides, he went to Lebanon and kissed Arafat on the cheek, gave his blessing to terrorism. I've never been supportive of Jesse Jackson; I *always* thought he was bad news on this issue. Obviously, he's done a lot of good things motivating black kids. But now we're talking about anti-Semitism. The key phrase today is anti-Zionism, which is used to conceal anti-Semitism. In fact, though, in this case, the two are one and the same.

PLAYBOY: Do you see anti-Semitism growing in Europe?

KOCH: Obviously, the bombings of synagogues in France were terrorist acts directed at Israel. True, they may very well have been terrorist acts directed at Jews, too. I'm not going to argue that. But no, I don't see it escalating in Europe in the sense that we've been talking about.

PLAYBOY: But you just said that anti-Zionism is the same as anti-Semitism.

KOCH: But in Europe, it isn't specifically

related to the Jews. We're past that. They don't give a fuck about Jews! For most European countries, it's cravenness. What they care about is Arab money!

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Arabs' buying up property in New York City?

KOCH: I don't have any problem with that so long as they're not able to buy up the media. I'm not someone who says Arabs can't come in. In fact, I'd welcome them to come and buy the World Trade Center. They have the money; let them put it back on the tax rolls. I do very well with the Arabs who live in New York. Why? Because I've spoken out for the poor Lebanese, and even when I was in Congress, I condemned the slaughter of Lebanese Christians. I mean, it's criminal what's happened there.

PLAYBOY: Since you've publicly criticized Reagan's stance on Israel, what do you think, in general, of recent Presidents' attitudes toward Jews?

KOCH: Actually, I happen to believe that Ronald Reagan is very sympathetic to Jews. When he came to see me in 1977, he said, "I'm so pleased that you've spoken out against what Carter is doing on Israel." At the time, Carter people were participating in the U.N. resolutions denouncing Israel, and I think Reagan's statement to me was genuine, more than campaign politics. Fundamentally, he's a decent guy, though the people around him are terrible—Weinberger and Haig—though Haig himself is a mixed bag. Under Carter, there was Brzezinski, who was a very bad guy, as we subsequently found out when he revealed himself after leaving Washington.

PLAYBOY: What about Nixon? You are on record as saying he's an out-and-out anti-Semite.

KOCH: Oh, I believe that, just based on conversations in the Watergate tapes where he referred to Jews in a pejorative way. His comments were filled with anti-Semitic slurs.

PLAYBOY: And Ford?

KOCH: Ford was always very good on Israel, so I was shocked at what he did on AWACS. Carter, though, was never any good on Israel, but I cannot say he's anti-Semitic.

PLAYBOY: That seems tough on the man who engineered the Camp David accords.

KOCH: The Jewish community felt the same way I did. I'll give you an example. Hamilton Jordan and Pat Caddell and a number of others wanted me to speak on behalf of Carter to the Jewish community because they knew he was in trouble with the Jews. I said, "No, I won't do it." One of them said, "If you think *we're* bad on Israel, anti-Semitic, wait'll you see the Reagan people." And I said, "No, I don't believe it. I don't believe Reagan's anti-Semitic." They mentioned Senator Jesse Helms, and I

said, "No, you're all wrong. Jesse Helms may hate Jews, but he *loves* Israel."

PLAYBOY: What about Jimmy's brother, Billy Carter?

KOCH: Oh, his brother was clearly anti-Semitic, sure. What do you want from a wacko?

PLAYBOY: You're quoted as having said, "If Carter had listened to my advice, he might still be President." How did you mean that?

KOCH: Remember, I was one of the first people to be for him early on in his first campaign. But even though I said I was going to vote for him, I was not going out to support him actively unless he spoke out for two issues in 1980. One was to take more of a pro-Israel stand; the other was to support the Moynihan Medicaid Bill, which would have provided greater Federal sharing for New York City's Medicaid costs, which are breaking our back.

PLAYBOY: And you got no response?

KOCH: That's correct. I asked them to do it, and they wouldn't. They started to come around in the last ten days in terms of Israel, but by then, they'd already lost the Jewish vote.

PLAYBOY: Still, during the course of the Presidential campaign, you appeared sufficiently sympathetic to Reagan to prompt a number of editorial writers to speculate on your real commitments. Would it be fair to say that while you supported Carter, in your heart of hearts, you were secretly pulling for the Republicans?

KOCH: No, that's not true. It's also unfair. What people don't understand is *why* I was hospitable to Reagan. Granted, there was a lot of criticism by my fellow Democrats, but I don't understand why people found it so unusual. I'd have been a horse's ass to refuse a Presidential candidate's request to be filled in on the problems of New York. I think it was helpful to the city; it was another instance of plain common sense. Courtesy never really hurt anybody, so far as I know.

PLAYBOY: Yet, in your Baltimore speech in late 1981, you called for the toppling of Reagan. Would you clarify your position?

KOCH: What's unclear? [Grins] I'm a Democrat, remember? I believe that we ought to have a Democratic Government, a Democratic President. What's wrong with that? It's not inconsistent.

PLAYBOY: There have been national press stories that describe you and Reagan as the odd couple. Obviously, many people now feel that your policies are more in tune with the Republicans than with the Democrats.

KOCH: Look, Reagan is going to be the President for another three years. I have to work with him and I will, getting the most I can out of Washington for the



Two new ways to play it...

New Kool Lights
There's only one
low 'tar' with
a sensation
this refreshing.
Kool Lights.
The taste doesn't
miss a beat.



New Kool Ultra
One ultra has
taste that outplays
them all.
New Kool Ultra.
Even at 2 mg., you
get the refreshing
sensation of Kool.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings,
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1981 B&W T Co

city on an equitable, just basis. You cannot expect that someone whom you've been uncivil to is going to be helpful. I doubt that Governor Hugh Carey, for example, can get very much from Reagan, since it was thought that the governor was uncivil to him. But I wasn't rude, so now I have access to the White House; they respond to my telephone calls.

PLAYBOY: They may not, now that you've called for Reagan's defeat in 1984. Take Republican congressman Jack Kemp, for example. He supported you for mayor and reportedly arranged your initial meeting with Reagan. Now he's accused you of betrayal. Hasn't he?

KOCH: Well, they can't figure me out. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You're laughing. Why?

KOCH: I always laugh at these things because people have *such* a hard time figuring me out. If they just exercised some common sense they wouldn't have any trouble at all. It's simple. I'm a Democrat. My loyalties are to the Democratic Party; everybody knows that. I've never concealed it.

PLAYBOY: But beyond being polite to Reagan, your friendliness to the Republicans certainly helped win their endorsement in the last election. Wasn't this a way of sticking it to liberal Democrats, those in your own party who are critical of you?

KOCH: I told you: It was common sense, it was political—

PLAYBOY: No, no, what we're getting at is what we've heard as your motto: "Forgive your enemies but never forget their names."

KOCH: That's not my quote. Mine is, "I'll never forget and I rarely forgive."

PLAYBOY: How much of this is real? How much of it is politics?

KOCH: It's both.

PLAYBOY: The part that's real would make you a very vindictive person.

KOCH: You call it vindictiveness, I call it justice. I believe in reward and punishment. I believe if someone kicks you, it should not be with impunity. I also have a high regard for loyalty and can't recall ever having been betrayed by someone I considered a friend.

PLAYBOY: What about former mayor John Lindsay? When he first ran, didn't he promise to back you for City Council if you backed his mayoral race? And once he was in office, didn't he refuse to endorse you?

KOCH: He wasn't a friend. And don't you think he's paid for that? [Laughs] My sister said I should lay off him, that she began to feel sorry for him, so I quit and made peace with him.

PLAYBOY: There's a kind of glee in your voice. You like the debates, the arguments, even the heckling, don't you?

KOCH: I've always enjoyed debates—in

high school and after law school, when I supported Adlai Stevenson and his campaign committee needed street speakers. You could go to any corner in the city and speak if you had an American flag, so I started doing that during my lunch hours. And I *loved* those street-corner debates. I found that I'm very good at it. Any time you get a heckler, it enhances your ability to move a crowd, and I delighted in those exchanges. Just loved 'em.

PLAYBOY: What, the improvisational aspect of it? The theater?

KOCH: Yes, being able to turn things around and change the expected outcome. Even then, I rarely spoke from a script. I'm not a good reader. I'm much better now, but when I first read speeches, it was without emotion, without the electricity that comes from eye contact. If you're a good speaker, you're watching the crowd; you know what they're reacting to and you build on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who have called you an actor?

KOCH: Let's define what you mean by actor. For me, the term means that the performance—performance here meaning the delivery—is polished. It has a beginning, a middle and an end. In that sense, yes, I'm onstage. Some people denigrate me by saying, "Gee, he engages in too much humor." I think that's ridiculous. Humor is terrific in public life—

PLAYBOY: Why are you defensive about it?

KOCH: Because of the silly deprecations of what I do, the cracks about Koch's "practicing government by one-liners." It isn't government by one-liners at all. I *can* demolish an opponent in one line, but that isn't the same thing as winning over the state legislature on Medicaid or pulling New York City out of bankruptcy. If I'm an actor, so be it; but don't think it hasn't been good and useful for the city.

PLAYBOY: Let's expand this a bit: maybe it will bring us closer to what's unquestionably your special style. Wasn't Richard Nixon a consummate actor?

KOCH: Nixon? He's a phony, I'm not. I'm me. My performance is not dishonest. His *always* was. Let me tell you, when I first met Nixon in 1969, he'd just been elected and had come around to address the House of Representatives. We suspended business and everybody stood in line to shake his hand. Fishbait Miller, who was then the Doorkeeper of the House, says to Nixon as I'm stepping up, "Mr. President, this is one of *our* boys who took one of *your* seats away. Ed Koch, from the 17th in New York." I'll never forget it. Nixon put out his hand and said, "Lotta money in that district, Ed. . . . Lotta money." It was incredible. Here I am, the freshman congressman

meeting the new President, who's grinning ear to ear, and this is all he has to say!

PLAYBOY: And his partner, Spiro Agnew?

KOCH: Look, Nixon was a bad man who violated the law; he was bad for the country. Agnew, though, I can describe only as *spittle*. I mean, Agnew is so far beneath contempt, he isn't a fit subject for discussion.

PLAYBOY: Well, if the electorate is as smart as you always claim, how could the country have put a couple of bad guys in the White House?

KOCH: We didn't know it then.

PLAYBOY: But you believe that the electorate has common sense, that folks have an instinct for making the right decision—

KOCH: Well, they're not always right. I said they're *mostly* right.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as a kind of populist figure, the Everyman of Gracie Mansion?

KOCH: I don't like "populist" because it has an anti-Semitic aspect to it. But yes, I do see myself as a kind of Everyman. I don't want to get involved in critiquing my predecessors, but I don't believe any of them perceived himself as an ordinary human being.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

KOCH: Take John Lindsay, whose slogan was something like, "He's fresh when the rest of us are tired." Or, when he ran for Congress, "Pride of the district, hope of the nation." I say to myself, "This is *meshuga*!" Before that, there was Robert Wagner, who was the son of one of our greatest Senators, the scion of a political family, quite well off, social and all the rest of it. He saw himself as the average joe? Come on!

I'll give you an even better example: When I first ran for Congress, in a Republican district, nobody believed I could win against the poshest, most social, wealthiest guy they could run—Whitney North Seymour, Jr. A guy with four names! Oy, and me, I only had two! But I won with 51 percent of the vote, I got 75 percent of the vote by the time I ran for a fifth term. After I left Congress, the area reverted to Republican. The same thing is true as mayor. I ran the first time, I'm six in a field of seven; I don't have a chance. The second time, they said, "Who's running against you?" Even though there *were* some vile attacks from some of my opponents during that campaign.

PLAYBOY: The most vile smear on you personally came during your first mayoral campaign, in 1977. Namely, the opposition slogan VOTE FOR CUOMO, NOT THE HOMO.

KOCH: Oh, sure. They were hand-lettered, nonprofessional posters. I never saw anybody carrying one, but I saw some on

hexa·photo·cybernetic

The Possibilities are Endless.



Stopped-Down: **SD**

Six-mode exposure control.
System versatility. Newer electronics
for wider applications.



The Canon A-1 is one of the world's most advanced automatic SLR cameras. Combining the finest in optical and mechanical engineering with the most sophisticated electronics, it's technology applied to give you the ultimate in creative control. At the touch of a button.

Depending on your subject, you can choose from six independent

exposure modes to achieve the results you want:

1 Shutter-Priority: You select the shutter speed, to freeze the action and prevent camera shake or create an intentional blur. The A-1 automatically selects the appropriate lens opening.

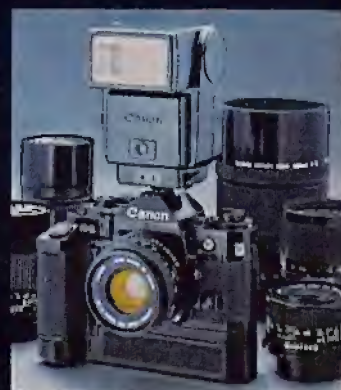
2 Aperture-Priority: Control the area in focus by selecting the lens opening for the effect you want. The A-1 matches with the right speed.

3 Programmed: When you need to shoot fast, just focus. The A-1 will select *both speed and aperture* for great results.

4 Stopped-Down: For extreme close-up or specialized photography, a bellows, a microscope or almost anything can be attached to the A-1. It's still automatic.

5 Flash: Totally automatic flash photography, of course, with a wide variety of Canon Speedlites to choose from.

6 Manual: Yes. For those times when you absolutely want to do it all yourself. To experiment. To explore the possibilities.



There are over forty fine Canon lenses ranging from Fish Eye to Super Telephoto, plus accessories to meet every need. If you can't photograph your subject with a Canon A-1, it probably can't be photographed.

From the sophistication of its LED viewfinder display, to a ruggedness that allows up to live-frame-per-second motor drive, the Canon A-1 represents an incredible technology. At a price that makes owning one a definite possibility.



Canon A-1

Canon USA, Inc. • One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, New York 11042 • 140 Hudson Street, Fairport, New York 11731 • 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30071 • 123 Palmaro Avenue, East Los Angeles, California 90022 • Mog. B-2, 1090 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 • Canon Canada, Inc., Toronto

© 1981 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

walls in Grand Central Station and on lampposts.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond?

KOCH: First, shock. Then anger that someone should stoop so low.

PLAYBOY: Had the question of your "homosexuality" ever come up before?

KOCH: In every campaign I've ever been involved in. There are always rumors when candidates happen to be single, male or female, and sometimes even when they're married. So that part of it wasn't a shock to me, it's typical of New York. What was a shock was having a poster put up so openly. VOTE FOR CUOMO, NOT THE HOMO! That had never happened before.

PLAYBOY: Were you asked to make a statement to the press?

KOCH: Only once, for TV. I responded by saying, "No, I'm not homosexual, but if I were, I hope I'd have the courage to say so, because I happen to believe that there's nothing wrong with people who are homosexual." Ten percent of the population is made up of homosexuals. What's cruel is that you're forced to say, "No, I'm not a homosexual," which in effect means you're putting homosexuals down, which I don't want to do.

PLAYBOY: Is the term confirmed bachelor a characterization that can be applied to you?

KOCH: Well, I am a bachelor at 57. I've never thought of the term confirmed, but the probability is that—

PLAYBOY: No, no. The analogy would be to the priest, who remains celibate to devote his life to his calling. Could being a confirmed bachelor be a way of putting all your energy into running the city?

KOCH: No, that's not the way I look at it at all. Whether or not I get married, I have not in any way taken a political vow that in order to do my duties, I foreclose marriage. That's ridiculous. What I have said on the subject is that marriage would be a plus, not for political purposes but because it would be nice to have the support that comes from a happy marriage. On the other hand, many marriages in the political sector are altogether unhappy. What the public gets as a result of my being single is obvious—it gets more hours of work out of me because I don't have to run home to the family.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with speculation that exercising this kind of power can be a sublimation for sex and marriage?

KOCH: I assume that's a Freudian analysis and it may very well be correct, but it's of no concern to me. I remain convinced, without knowing the actual figures, that a substantial number of people voted for me thinking I was homosexual. Equally, a substantial num-

ber voted for me thinking I'm *not* homosexual.

PLAYBOY: Are you homosexual?

KOCH: No, I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a homosexual experience?

KOCH: I'm not going to discuss my private life with you. But you asked me that point-blank question and I've given you my response. A substantial number of people—again, I don't know the percentages—don't give a shit. It's not a factor one way or the other. They don't weigh it, they don't ask it, they don't think about it. So it's not something that distresses me anymore.

PLAYBOY: But at any point, has any of your advisors said, "You know, Ed, it would look better if you had a lady at your side to be your hostess"? Have you had any of that pressure in the past four or five years?

KOCH: No. Most people in my administration are friends and think I'm pretty good at running my own life as well as running the city's. Very few of them, if any—no, *none* of them—believe that in these areas, they're smarter than me.

[Koch's press aide comes in and interrupts.]

AIDE: Can I interrupt for one second? Carol Bellamy [New York City Council President] was on *Newsmakers*—

KOCH: Did she attack me?

AIDE: No, she didn't attack you, but she thinks maybe it would be a good idea for the city to take over the bus and subway system from the MTA. She's not sure, but she's leaning in that direction. You want to give the press a statement?

KOCH: All right: "I'm always interested in her advice because she's done *such* a good job on the MTA to date." [Laughs] No, no, let's put this in: "If this is one of her solutions, I'll certainly look at it."

PLAYBOY: OK, let's return to the public response to you—

[Further interruption]

AIDE: Can I just... Let me read a version back to you, Ed: "I'm always interested in her advice. She's done a good job on the MTA." OK?

KOCH: No, no! 'Cause I know she *hasn't* done a good job. "I'm always interested in her advice. She's been on the MTA board for four years, and I'd be interested in knowing how it's improved in that time."

AIDE: Oh, Jesus.

KOCH: You like that? What do you want to do? [Loudly, looking at the interviewer] She's a pain in the ass!

AIDE: How about, "She's been on the board of the MTA for four years. If she wants to suggest that as a solution, I'll certainly be happy to study it."

KOCH: Good. "She's been on the board for four years, she must have *some* insights. And I'm always interested." Work

it out. Look, she gets a free ride on a whole host of things. That's what's upsetting to me, that she hasn't been subject to the criticism she should be. She's on that goddamn board; what's she done in the four years?*

PLAYBOY: Can we continue? Here we have the mayor of the most important city in the world, one of the best-known politicians in America—

KOCH: Isn't that nice to hear? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: This august individual who—

KOCH: I'm *not* august—

PLAYBOY: Who uses a style and words that could well be considered undignified or unsuited to his office. The question is—

KOCH: By whom? Four per cent? Those who don't like me? On that issue, the numbers are real small—

PLAYBOY: You've taken a poll on the public's response to your style?

KOCH: No, it's my own personal gut poll. Without any false humility, I've got a good intellect, not a superintellect. I'm no genius, just a good intellect—

PLAYBOY: What is your I.Q.?

KOCH: The last time I was tested, 123.

PLAYBOY: Not in the 160s?

KOCH: No. But I *use* people who are in the 160s. I have very good administrative skills. I'm able to use the talents of other people who are smarter than me in particular fields. If they were the mayor, though, they would destroy the city. Now, the talent that I have is reinforced by the fact that my reactions are those of ordinary people, common-sense reactions, as I've already told you. If I call Billy Carter a wacko, it's because everybody knows he's a wacko and it's probably what they've been calling him in private all along. The only person I upset with that remark was Jimmy Carter. I'm not going to get into the whole conversation between us, but he said, "Here I am, I'm under attack, and you call my brother a wacko!" The public, though, appreciated it.

PLAYBOY: Your lack of decorum lets people identify with you, is that what you're saying?

KOCH: Maybe. I see it as their realizing that I'm no different from them. They think, Koch is saying exactly what I'd say if it were me in City Hall. I don't want it to appear that I'm smart and clever because I'm not so smart and clever, but the people do feel a vicarious participation in government with me. They say to themselves, "Finally, there's someone who says what has to be said,

*This exchange took place a week before Koch told some New York City-daily reporters in early December 1981 that he considered Bellamy a "horror show." In the ensuing local furor, he apologized and the two political rivals apparently made their peace.

exactly the way I'd say it if I were there."

PLAYBOY: Presumably, you're talking about New Yorkers now, a group hardly known for their decorum. What about the others? You're a national figure, and someone in the Midwest, say, might well be put off by the mayor of New York's using words like wacko and schmuck. You're confident that it's not you—or the city—who is going to be seen as wacko?

KOCH: Stop it! Midwesterners are just like anybody from the Lower East Side on the issue of my colorful language. What's wrong with the word schmuck anyway?

PLAYBOY: Well, what does schmuck mean?

KOCH: Schmuck means penis, but it's been accepted in American parlance today as another word for jerk. Nobody sees it as an obscenity or vulgarity.

PLAYBOY: But there are people who, nonetheless, accuse you of an intemperate style. Didn't you earlier say that the electorate wants its politicians to be better than itself?

KOCH: That accusation is made by people who don't like what I'm doing politically. If you've got guys like Arthur Schlesinger, who's worked for the Kennedys, or here in New York, Dick Wade, who's been aligned with Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, then it's obvious, isn't it? Neither can get to City Hall, since I don't let them participate in anything I do. I wasn't for Kennedy and I defeated Cuomo in 1977, so of course they don't like my style. On the other hand, if I were pushing things they supported, I have no doubt they'd say I have a grand style.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of things? It's no secret that you've provoked a good deal of criticism on the issues. You've been called a "secret Republican" by *The Village Voice*—

KOCH: *The Village Voice* is a porno rag!

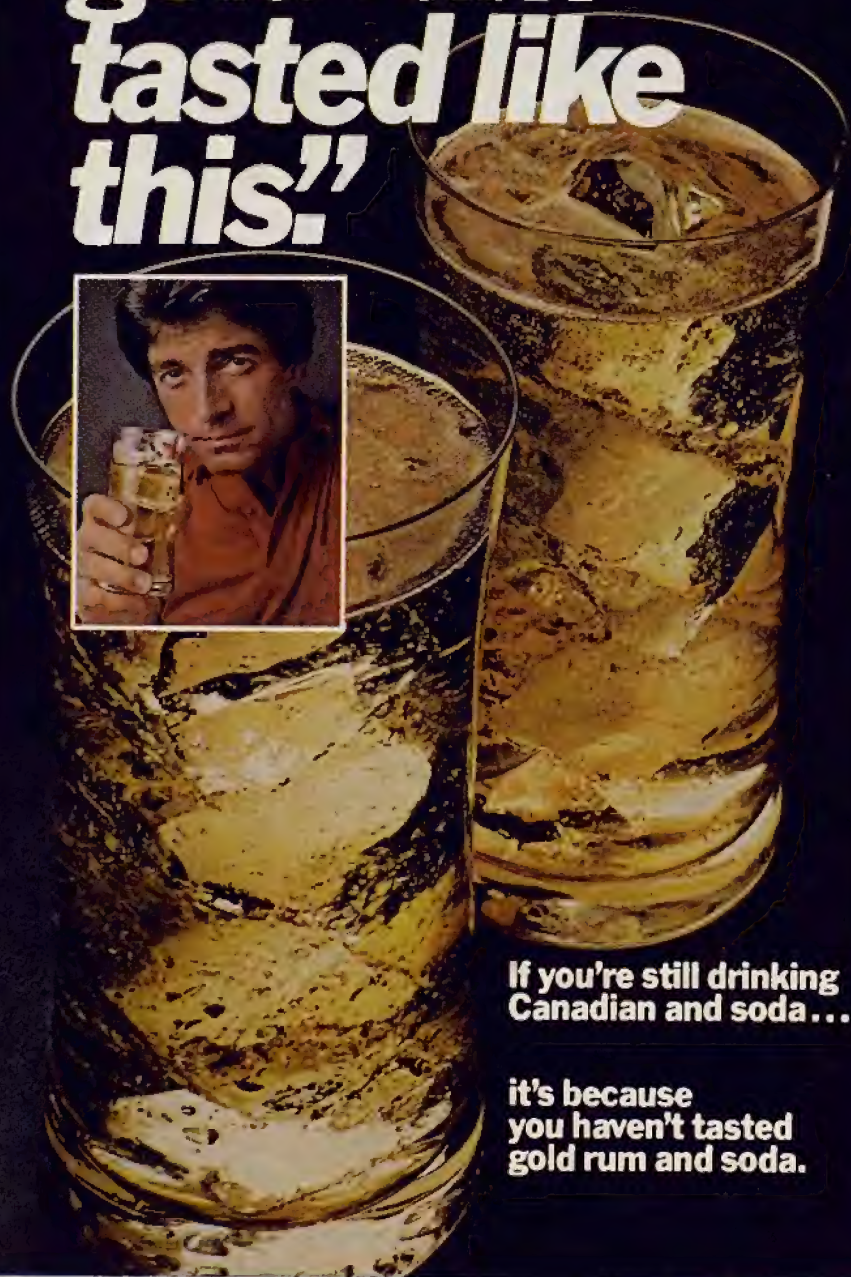
PLAYBOY: You say that because the *Voice* was one of your bitterest editorial opponents this past election. But even in a friendly cover story, *Time* magazine also used the phrase "crypto-Republican." If you don't like that term, do you agree that you fit the definition of neoconservative?

KOCH: I regard both those terms as a writer's conceit to sum up the idea that I'm outside the traditional Democratic mold. I'm neither neoconservative nor crypto-Republican. Reporters use clip files, and labels have a way of being repeated.

PLAYBOY: But you won't deny that you're a fiscal conservative?

KOCH: No, of course not. But I don't happen to consider that to be Conservative with a capital C or Republican with a capital R. If 75 percent of the country is for the death penalty, does that make it conservative? The most vocal spokesmen for the liberal point of view may oppose capital punishment, but they

"I never knew gold rum tasted like this."



If you're still drinking Canadian and soda...

it's because you haven't tasted gold rum and soda.

That's the reaction that's made Puerto Rican gold rum one of the most popular and fastest growing liquors in America today.

Either on the rocks, or with a dash of soda or your favorite mixer, gold rum is a smooth alternative to blends, bourbons, Canadians—even scotch.

Try the delicious gold rums of Puerto Rico. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication result in rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 88% of the rum sold in this country is Puerto Rican.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10104 ©1981 Government of Puerto Rico

WHO SAYS YOU NEED MONEY TO BUY POWER?

Not Kawasaki. For proof, we offer you the brand-new 1982 KZ750 CSR.

It's built powerful and tough, in the Kawasaki tradition. With an engine nearly 15% bigger than the class rival. It's built low to the ground for easy handling. With adjustable suspension for easy-riding comfort.

The low-down price leaves something extra for your bank account. Kawasaki's no-nonsense engineering gives you extra features, like our exclusive, power-efficient Clean Air System and dual vibration counterbalancers. Maintenance-free electronic ignition and no-hassle automatic camchain tensioner. Features that keep the 750 CSR's power up to Kawasaki's high standards, yet reduce emissions, vibration and maintenance to the bare minimum.

For style, the new CSR is anything but bare. Settle back into the low-slung stepped seat. The pullback bars give you the attitude that looks right and feels right. As you point the long front forks down the road, the dual chrome megaphones urge you to ride on.

The new KZ750 CSR is now at your local Kawasaki dealer.

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

Specifications subject to change without notice.
Availability may be limited. Kawasaki believes in riding safely. Check local laws before you ride. Member, AMA and MSF.
*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, excluding freight, dealer prep, title and taxes. Offer valid only while supplies last.



\$2299.

Make every day your Brut Day.



Great Days seem to happen more often when you're wearing Brut® by Fabergé. After shave, after shower, after anything.®

don't speak for the majority of liberals. Besides, what's liberalism? It's no longer what McGovern and Kennedy stood for. I doubt it ever was. The two of them just dominated the Democratic Party.

My priorities remain the same. The difference is that I won't borrow money for education, say, from our capital budget because that's fiscally stupid. In the Sixties, people spent money they didn't have. The result was that New York City nearly went bankrupt. Now we recognize that we have to prioritize. If there's more money, you spend more on cops and education and sanitation and so forth. If you don't have the money, you don't spend it, but that doesn't mean you look at cops, education or sanitation any differently than before. Anybody who's a mayor today *must* be a fiscal conservative. The problems facing our cities don't exist in a vacuum. If it were possible, I'd sentence every member of the Congress to one year as mayor, if only to make them understand the damage that we did. I include myself here: at the time, I had a 100 percent ADA [Americans for Democratic Action] rating. You name it, and if it cost money, I was for it, so long as it was "good" for us. That is why I refer to myself as Mayor Culp. We did a lot of damage, not intentionally—nobody intends detriment, right?—but there was damn little understanding.

PLAYBOY: This common fiscal dilemma—did it hit individual cities at the same time? How much of the problem was due to local mismanagement?

KOCH: Take New York. We began overspending in the last two years of the Wagner third term—namely, 1963 and 1964—then Lindsay came in. By overspending, I mean we spent more than we had in terms of providing services. You cannot provide services to an extent greater than taxes or other incoming revenues, and Wagner had already begun to use the capital budget for operating expenses, which then mushroomed. Under Lindsay, they took monies meant for street repair, for the bridges, sewers and school buildings and used it to hire cops and teachers and sanitation men. Then, big surprise! In 1975, suddenly, the banks that had been buying the city's paper closed the window. We were on the edge of bankruptcy. We'd become overextended. Part of it was the national economy, inflation, the cost of energy, OPEC and so forth. But the cities themselves became overextended. Like New York, they provided services they couldn't afford. It was almost epidemic, with everybody expecting more and more every year.

PLAYBOY: A case can be made that your fiscal conservatism really works in favor of big business, that it's a way of getting the banks and real-estate interests behind you. It's even been charged that you've sold out to them.

KOCH: Any mayor will be supported for re-election by the people with money in this town. If they think the race is going to be close, they'll even give money to both candidates! I'm talking about campaign contributions, not personal money. Now, it's no secret that the city's real-estate and financial institutions think I've done a good job and would like to see me remain mayor for another term. They didn't, however, support me four years ago.

PLAYBOY: Why do they like you now?

KOCH: Why? Because when I came into office in 1978, there were only two major construction jobs in the entire city. Today, there are 329. That comes as a result of businesses' saying, "We want to build in New York City: they're competitive, and they match incentives available anywhere." The best illustration is the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which was considering moving its major offices to New Jersey. It asked for an abatement for a new \$200,000,000 building, since with an abatement, its taxes over a ten-year period would be reduced from \$76,000,000 to \$56,000,000. The board that handles such matters therefore had to make a decision, weighing the fact that if American Telephone built in the city, there would be an additional 1500 new jobs. The answer? Grant it the \$20,000,000 reduction over a ten-year period, during which we will receive \$56,000,000 in new taxes as well as benefit from the new job opportunities.

PLAYBOY: That's one side of it. But what about the charge that it is the real-estate interests that are making New York unlivable? Rents go up, the middle class is forced to leave.

KOCH: As I said before, the middle class is coming back. That's not to deny, though, that rents are unconscionable. The fact is that they would be even worse if we didn't have rent control and rent stabilization.

PLAYBOY: Where does it end, though? By reputation, New York now accommodates only the rich and the poor.

KOCH: Where does it end in the rest of the country? It's not just a local problem. There isn't new housing around today because of the high interest rates, and there's very little local government can do. We fight to keep rent stabilization and rent control. With 1,000,000 fewer people than we had in 1970, according to the census, we have 22,000 more apartments but not in all parts of the city. When you talk about the unconscionable rents, you're basically talking about the poshest areas—the Upper East Side, Upper West Side, the Village, Brooklyn Heights and Riverdale. If you want to live in other boroughs—in Queens, say—there are lovely apartments. They're not cheap, but they're nothing like how you're ripped off elsewhere.

PLAYBOY: So the middle class is returning

but only to live in Queens?

KOCH: Partially, yes. Because it's no longer possible for middle-class people to live outside of rent-stabilized apartments. In suburbia, you used to pay \$40,000 for a home; now the average price is \$70,000. What's the difference? They can live in New York City, only it means setting up new enclaves.

PLAYBOY: But won't some people be forced to move every time their area becomes "posh"—"gentrified," if you will?

KOCH: You have to understand, a city is constantly in flux. What we're talking about is the regeneration of certain areas. You don't use the term gentrification because that implies you're driving people out. But if there are reasonable laws to protect the poorest of the poor and the elderly, then there's nothing wrong with this. The mayor's not a miracle man; he can only work with what he has. At this moment, my priority is to keep the city financially stable.

PLAYBOY: Of course, but you're on record as opposing low-cost housing projects for the poor as well.

KOCH: It's not that simple, and I've also been vindicated. You're obviously referring to the episode of the low-income project in Forest Hills, Queens. Fine. In 1971, when I was on the Congressional Banking and Currency Committee, which had jurisdiction over housing dollars, I went out there and said to myself, "This is crazy. You're gonna build three 24-story buildings for some 4500 tenants on welfare in a residential area!" Not to mention that it's in a two-fare subway zone, so it will be hard to go and look for work. So I spoke out and said, "No, I'm opposed to this."

When I got back to the office, I'm inundated by telephone calls from friends who were mad as hell. I'm called by Stanley Geller, one of my oldest supporters who's been involved in all my campaigns. He's a good lawyer, a super lawyer, who defended me when Carmine DeSapio tried to get me off the ballot in 1963, and he calls and says, "Ed, I just heard you say on the radio that you're against low-income housing." "I didn't say that," I reply. "I said I'm against the Forest Hills low-income housing project." He said, "You can't be against any low-income housing project." I said, "Stanley, if that project goes up, it will destroy the neighborhood. The people there will move out." "I don't care if they move out," he said, "the Jews in Forest Hills have to pay their dues." So I replied, "Stanley, you're an old friend, you're a very rich man, and you've helped me throughout the years. I'm very appreciative of your support. And you have this wonderful brownstone on Twelfth Street; I really wish I owned one like that. And you also have this marvelous home in the Hamptons, this near-Olympic-size pool,

and you've been kind and invited me there, and I wish I owned that, too. And the day your kids were born, Stanley, you registered them in private schools. You're telling me that the Jews in Forest Hills have to pay their dues? I'm telling you they are willing to pay their dues, only they're not willing to pay *yours!*" And my good friend Stanley Geller hung up on me. We didn't speak for a year.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about a double standard here? You see yourself as more consistent, more realistic than others?

KOCH: Quite correct. The one thing that Mario Procaccino said in the course of his whole mayoral campaign in 1969—he's sort of a remnant of the old machine, been around for years—was that the Upper East Side is full of "limousine liberals." Everybody loves anything that uplifts the poor, only they won't make the sacrifices in their own neighborhood. Alcoholic treatment, drug-treatment centers, methadone, shopping-bag ladies, all the things you need a physical structure for, you put it on *yenem's* block, as my mother would've said—namely, the other guy's, not your own. Now, everybody today is for my position on Forest Hills and on low-income housing in general. It's not necessary to put low-income housing projects in middle-class neighborhoods when we can rehabilitate all the many existing abandoned buildings at maybe 60 percent of the cost of new housing. It's especially sensible when the city actually owns buildings in so many of these desolated communities. It wasn't a popular approach back then, but it's very popular today, and this is what we've been doing.

PLAYBOY: Popular even among black people? Your argument could be used by someone who wanted to keep blacks in the ghetto. Isn't this why you've been charged with insensitivity to minorities, not only by your liberal critics, such as Arthur Schlesinger, but by the minority communities as well?

KOCH: It just isn't true, but we'll come to that in a moment. But go ask the black community which they prefer—our building three times the number of apartments in Brownsville or the South Bronx or putting one family on Sutton Place? In the last year of the Beame administration, only 1700 apartments were rehabilitated in all of New York. We've rehabilitated 17,000, an improvement of ten to one. Who occupies those apartments? Overwhelmingly, blacks and Hispanics, because under Federal regulations, they have to be rented to people on the lowest end of the economic spectrum. The same overwhelming numbers of blacks and Hispanics who supported my re-election, by the way.

PLAYBOY: So you feel you've been given a bum rap on the racial question? It's as simple as that?

**Carry
a big
stick
of protection.**



Brut 33
Anti-Perspirant Stick Deodorant.
Effective glide-on protection
you can carry—plus
the great smell of Brut®
By Fabergé.

KOCH: No, it's not as simple as that. But the black and Hispanic communities, not the middle class, have been the ones given favored treatment by my administration, and quite correctly so. My defense, if it requires a defense, is that you should put the money where the need is, so 56 percent of our total operating budget over the past four years has gone to serve the 26 percent of the city's population that falls below the poverty line. How has their actual day-to-day lot been improved? The single most important thing, I think, is education. Kids are reading above norms for the first time. There's also been greater black representation in government. I've been accused of not doing enough, but compared with previous administrations, I think I've been terrific.

PLAYBOY: Yet the charge of insensitivity to minorities persists.

KOCH: Of course it persists! But it isn't borne out by the recent election. If I'd been guilty of this charge of discrimination, wouldn't it have been reflected in the vote? It wasn't. I'm more strongly supported in the black and Hispanic communities than either the media or, worse still, some of the black leadership will acknowledge. I got 60 percent of the black vote and there have been figures as high as 70 percent for the Hispanics.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't this overlook—

KOCH: It's a lot of baloney. I mean, people just repeat this crap.

PLAYBOY: The question is—

KOCH: I'm gonna tell you! I know what your question is: What percentage of blacks voted? What percentage of whites? I know exactly what the question is: I'm not going through this for the first time. My recollection is that in the primaries, *more* blacks voted, percentage-wise, than whites! I think it was like 25 percent of the whites who voted in the primary and probably well over 30 percent of the blacks. In the general election, there was about a 47 percent turnout, and I think the black vote was about 42 percent.

PLAYBOY: We're trying to get you to talk less about statistics and more about a message some people feel you send out. You may mean it in the most sincere way when you say, "Hey, you folks in white, Jewish, middle-class Queens. I'm for you," but elsewhere, in the ghetto, there are reverberations. Given generations of racial tension, there's the feeling that Koch has taken sides.

KOCH: Look, I value the middle-class ethic because I *am* middle class—poor to begin with, yes, but now middle class—but does my praise of middle-class values therefore mean I'm doing something that violates good racial relations? No, because I believe that the black middle class, of which we have a large number, sweeps its streets cleaner than most groups in town. It also prizes its

gardens. And it also happens to agree with what I'm saying, and I believe that if you went out and talked to poor people, when you got through all the rhetoric, what you'd find is that they want to be middle class, too. So I'm not allowed to say these things? Why not, tell me?

PLAYBOY: Let's take this one step at a time. We assume you've called for Reagan's defeat in 1984 because you think his economic program is exacerbating the already precarious state of the cities.

KOCH: Yes. I hold President Reagan himself responsible. I happen to like him as a human being, but his expenditure reductions are too great and haven't been distributed equitably. Ditto for his reductions in taxes. Expenditures have to be reduced, but I don't believe that we have to have a balanced budget in 1984. Inflation has been terrible. Our budget is 20 percent Federally funded, 20 percent state, 60 percent local. When Federal funds go down, there's less money for our essential services. We were supposed to have a two-billion-dollar capital budget last year; we only had about a 1.3 billion, and the major failure was hundreds of millions of dollars from the Federal Government. That hurts.

PLAYBOY: Would the Carter Administration—

KOCH: Have been any better? I suspect it would have been better in terms of money, yes. The Reagan people are imposing a policy, namely, supply-side economics, which is based on a false premise. The premise is that if you give tax breaks to the poor or the middle class, they won't spend the money, they won't invest it and therefore the economy doesn't benefit. You give tax breaks to the very wealthy and to big business and supposedly, they will invest it, put it back in the economy. I'm opposed to that because I don't think that's actually been happening. Our economy hasn't been stimulated with the net increase of jobs predicted as a result of these tax reductions. Why? That, I'm not able to say. I just know that in the past, nobody believed supply-side economics would work, and now that it's being imposed, it ain't working! The rich get richer, and they get richer by not spending. It's the poor and those depending on social programs who suffer.

PLAYBOY: Ironically, though, there's almost a parallel here to your own administration. If you emphasize the middle class, then the poor may be losing out under Koch as well as under Reagan. That's what your critics have charged; indeed, it's at the center of the impression that you've become a crypto-Republican.

KOCH: And you would like me to say that somehow or other, I'm depriving the poor to give to the middle class. I

haven't done that. Just the other way around—

PLAYBOY: Not depriving. But to keep the subject more philosophical than statistical, it could be argued that your shift to the Right represents a kind of a narrowing of the spirit—

KOCH: There is a shift, yes.

PLAYBOY: Toward vindictiveness.

KOCH: Not at all!

PLAYBOY: When you publicly embrace the ethic of "never forget, never forgive," it's a wholly different approach from the liberal tradition of at least trying to appeal to the *best* in people.

KOCH: That can best be described with the German word *Quack*, which means bullshit, but in a nice way. Now, it happens that I rarely do forgive: it's a political principle that I think is universal. I believe in reward and punishment as it relates to people who impact upon me. It doesn't relate to the constituency. I do whatever is required, and more, to assist the poor in this town, because I happen to believe in God and I believe in reward and punishment, in heaven, earth and hell, and I'm going to do whatever I can before I meet my Maker. Now, how do I go about it? I take the dollars and put them where the need is. I don't know how you can allocate more than 56 percent of the budget for 26 percent of the people and come out with a feeling that you've done too little. That figure, by the way, doesn't include the universal services of mass transit, cops and firemen, which is done on a per capita basis. It's targeted monies I'm talking about.

Okay. At the same time, there *has* been a shift: I don't want to deny that. Under Lindsay and Beame, the thrust of city policy was to make this a town where business and economy were of less importance than the welfare syndrome. New York was Welfare City, and the programs were thrown wide open. A welfare applicant would come in and claim he was entitled to benefits and he just got them! No investigation, nothing. I don't believe in that. I believe we should provide for people, but I don't believe it's my job to go out and encourage everyone who's entitled to welfare to apply, not at all. There are lots of people—and I give them credit—who say, "I'm eligible, but I won't take it. I want to work." I'm not saying that you shouldn't take welfare if you're entitled to it, but I want to give credit to those who feel that working or doing it on their own is a much more positive way of dealing with life. Other mayors would denigrate that, saying, "What are you doing? That's not compassionate." I think it's totally compassionate.

PLAYBOY: But come back to the analogy: If Reagan stands for a trickle-down theory nationally, then you, in a similar vein, stand up for the middle class and say, "Let me take care of the middle

Enter The Ballantine's Scotch AUCTION



*Ballantine's® 30-year-old classic Scotch offers
this 30-year-old classic MG TD to the highest bidder.*

You can own this classic 1952 MG TD—and pay only the price you bid! We're auctioning this \$17,500 legend to the highest bidder—and we'll accept any bid higher than a dollar.

Just enter your bid in the amount you think can win. Then, on May 24, 1982, auctioneers at New York's prestigious William Doyle Galleries will award you the car if you're the highest bidder.

Look for details and bidding forms wherever you buy Ballantine's Scotch. Or, send for a form by writing to: Ballantine's MG TD Bid Form, c/o Phase Four Productions, P.O. Box 2509, Long Island City, N.Y. 11102.

Bids must be postmarked by May 15, 1982 and received by May 21, 1982.

Bid today! And prove to the world you can drive a hard bargain.

William Doyle
GALLERIES
Auctioneers



Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. Bid Form. Bidding in Scotland © 1982.
Imported by "21" Imports, Inc., New York, NY

Ballantine's. Makers of the oldest and most expensive Scotch in the world.

class and that alone will make the city more prosperous"—

KOCH: No, damn it! I've said to you now three times that you cannot point to dollars that we've been giving to the middle class. You're claiming that somehow or other, we take care of the middle class by giving them things that will then trickle down, but I haven't said that. I've said that I want the middle class to know—and not from a dollar point of view, because I don't have the dollars to give them—that *philosophically*, I believe in their values. I want them to know that they have a friend in City Hall; that we don't take them for granted; that when people mocked them, as they did in the Sixties, they were wrongly maligned! The middle class was right. Honesty, industriousness, all of it, the whole thing! If people call me insensitive to minorities—that's the word, "insensitive," just as you said earlier—then I demand a bill of particulars. Show me from a substantive point of view where I've failed. They can't.

PLAYBOY: You've consistently said you'll deal with "racial problems" in terms not of race but of poverty—

KOCH: Poverty, yes.

PLAYBOY: How do you reasonably make the distinction between race and poverty? Being black in this society obviously means being at an economic disadvantage, and in New York, 80 percent of the poor are black or Hispanic.

KOCH: Easy. But for starters, you have to go outside New York. Nationwide, poverty is 65 percent white, not black. Any country-wide program related to poverty will therefore benefit mainly whites. In the city of New York, 80 percent or better of the beneficiaries will be black or Hispanic. If you deal with the problem in racial terms, you get resistance from the 65 percent of the people excluded, who, on the basis of poverty, need help most. If that 65 percent is so angry that it brings about the end of the program, which is exactly what's happening, then the 80 percent who benefit in the city of New York, who happen to be black and Hispanic, are the losers, too. The long and the short of it is, by doing it my way, you achieve the same goal, while also keeping the programs going, whereas if you limit criteria to color, you ultimately endanger the existence of the programs themselves. It's also reverse racism.

Similarly, I back affirmative action but I oppose quotas. I take the position that you can accomplish the goal of assisting minorities by having programs that have quotas related to poverty. For example, we have jobs set aside in construction for those who fit the definition of a CETA worker. They will be overwhelmingly, but not necessarily, blacks and Hispanics.

PLAYBOY: So, once and for all, if you've been as evenhanded toward minorities

as you claim, why does the perception that you're racially insensitive persist?

KOCH: I think it's intentional, frankly.

PLAYBOY: You think there's a conspiracy to get Ed Koch?

KOCH: No, not a conspiracy. I don't believe in conspiracy theories; I really believe that Oswald killed Kennedy. What I'm saying is that I believe there are opinionmakers and that the opinionmakers are largely on the Left. I'm not going to give you percentages, but as it relates to the Democratic Party or the media—

PLAYBOY: A few names?

KOCH: I'm not going to get into it. If I were to give you names, there'd be letters: "Why did you mention this one—"

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a little like redbaiting? You make a substantial accusation but refuse to name those you're pointing the finger at. Don't you think you have a responsibility here?

KOCH: Maybe I do, but I'm not going to. I don't want to sound like I'm being crucified, 'cause I'm not. There's no pain involved. I know what I'm doing is right and helpful to the Party, and I believe in it. OK? But I know that those people who are the gurus of the Democratic Party, plus the opinionmakers, can't tolerate what I'm doing because I'm upsetting their hold on things. They honestly believe it's immoral to be in favor of the death penalty, they believe that racial quotas are really required and also that busing is the answer to integration. I don't! And I'm challenging them! And don't think I have a messianic complex either, because assuredly I don't.

PLAYBOY: But you won't name these left-wingers? It *does* sound a little like red-baiting.

KOCH: Why do you confuse positions in support of the death penalty with red-baiting? What's that got to do with Communism?

PLAYBOY: No, the analogy is that you claim there are those people out there intentionally maligning you, yet you refuse to identify them. You say they're mostly on the liberal Left, connected with the Democratic Party. There are all sorts of innuendoes here.

KOCH: But I believe that. I'm not going to get into a confrontation—

PLAYBOY: At least characterize these people. Give us a hint.

KOCH: I'll give you one illustration—Kenneth Clark [City University of New York psychology professor]. OK? Ken Clark, very brilliant man, an opinionmaker. Ten years ago, he was for school decentralization. A lot of people don't think decentralization works, a lot do, but you can't get Albany to do an investigation because those in favor of it are absolutely petrified that an examination will show that it doesn't work. There-

fore, we keep it. Only Clark, *the* guru on the subject, now changes his mind and says he's opposed to it. Another "expert"—James Coleman [University of Chicago sociologist]. *The* architect of busing. We all rushed into busing as the answer, only not long ago, Coleman announced he doesn't think it works anymore. What I'm saying is that we get pushed like a pendulum from one side to the other by a few "experts," when most of the time, the public knows far better.

PLAYBOY: Wait. Did the public "know better" about your closing Sydenham Hospital in Harlem? That was one of the major controversies several years ago, and it still remains a subject of debate. Why did it cause such an uproar—an uproar by no means limited to the black community?

KOCH: At the time I closed Sydenham, I was advised not to get involved, just to keep the place open, even though the editorial boards of the city's three newspapers supported me. Why did I do it? Because for 30 years, every administration had been told to close Sydenham. It was providing poor medical care and could not be physically upgraded without large expenditure, and people simply weren't going there for treatment. A cop, even if he were shot in the lobby of that place, would demand to be taken elsewhere because Sydenham was off limits to anybody with a major wound. The emergency room couldn't even be classified under Federal standards. The position I took was based on ethics, what I saw as right and wrong. On the other hand, the most craven thing the governor ever did was when all the blacks ran up to Albany and asked him to make me keep it open. He said, "Well, we're gonna look into this," that plus all sorts of other bullshit. It was an outrage what he did to mislead them, just to get their support. He couldn't make us keep the place open if he wanted to, and, in fact, he himself was for closing it.

PLAYBOY: You don't sound very fond of New York state governor Carey. Sydenham aside, how do you feel about his nationally publicized bizarre behavior after marrying Evangeline Gouletas?

KOCH: I'm not a psychiatrist and I'm not going to try to get into his skull. I do not intend to engage in a layman's analysis of his marital life. I don't perceive him as emotionally unstable, if that's what you're trying to convey. Each of us obviously has his own way of doing things. I'm not going to pass judgment on his having dyed his hair, for example. That's a personal matter. Myself, I wouldn't consider wearing a toupee, even though I'm balding.

PLAYBOY: Has it been suggested?

KOCH: Yes, of course. [Laughs] Not by my advisors, though. But even if I were to get a toupee, so what? There'd always

1:20 P.M.: Palm Beach Time



Show up for your squash game looking cool and feeling comfortable in a classic suit by Palm Beach.

It's 100% wash and wear and not only the tailoring is a classic.

So are the fabrics. Choose from featherlight fabrics of poplin, seersucker, pincords.

For some fashion recreation, be sure to see the entire Palm Beach Collection at a fine store near you.


Palm Beach[®]

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
KING: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

You've got what it takes.

**Salem
Spirit**

A group of five people, three men and two women, are dressed in outdoor or nautical attire. They are on a boat, with ropes visible in the lower left. The man on the left wears a blue shirt and a brown vest. The man in the center wears a light-colored jacket over a dark shirt. The man on the right wears a light-colored jacket over a blue shirt. One woman is sitting on the left, wearing a dark jacket and jeans, with her hair in a braid. Another woman is sitting in the center, wearing a blue jacket, with her back to the camera. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue.

Share the spirit.
Salem. Salem Lights. Salem Ultra Lights.
The place to be for refreshment.

Menthol Fresh

Salem

MENTHOL FRESH

Salem
LIGHTS

Menthol Fresh

Salem
ULTRA
LIGHTS

For 256 years, B&G has
been keeping good
company with wine lovers.



Wine lovers the world over have loved B&G's fine French wines since 1725. Our 31 superb red, white and rosé wines are savored for their consistent taste and superior quality. Come enjoy the pleasure of our company. B&G.

be somebody who'd criticize it.

PLAYBOY: Come on, you don't get criticized as much as most politicians. You get along great with the press, don't you?

KOCH: I happen to have very good relationships with the editors of the three major papers, correct. I see them regularly, and three or four times a year, I will ask for an editorial luncheon.

PLAYBOY: Reportedly, you speak quite often with Rupert Murdoch, the conservative press baron who recently bought *The New York Post* and was an ardent supporter of Reagan.

KOCH: I know how that rumor got started, and it's nonsense. The journalist who started it is a schmuck. As for Murdoch himself, I've found *The New York Post's* editorial positions to be extraordinarily supportive of what's good for the city or, if you will, of my vision of the city.

PLAYBOY: Even though the *Post* is seen by its detractors as the most sensational and vulgar tabloid in the city?

KOCH: What? Its headlines? "KILLER BEES COMING TO NEW YORK CITY"? I believe bees are coming, ultimately. They're working their way up an inch at a time from the Yucatán. But why should people call *The New York Post* vulgar unless they want to call 1,000,000 readers vulgar? The real rag that Murdoch owns is *The Village Voice*.

PLAYBOY: Ah, yes, your favorite. How do you feel about New York's major black newspaper, *The Amsterdam News*?

KOCH: An anti-Semitic rag. They constantly refer to [Manhattan borough president] Andy Stein as "Finkel"—not Finkelstein but *Finkel*. What are they trying to convey? Obviously, that he's a Jew. He changed his name from Finkelstein to Stein—he didn't change it from Stein to Brown—so there's no question it's a slur. If you look at *The Amsterdam News*, you'll find that not only are they anti-Semitic, they've become radical as well. They've come out against every black and Hispanic council member.

PLAYBOY: Thus their attacks on you can't be construed as reflecting the views of the black community?

KOCH: Oh, God, you're starting this again? No, they can't. How can *The Amsterdam News* represent the black community if the black community doesn't even read it? Their circulation has fallen to nothing.

PLAYBOY: You are on record speaking of black anti-Semitism in general, not just at that newspaper. We quote from some tapes you made for an oral-history project, but which were recently published in a profile of you by journalist Ken Auletta: "I find the black community very anti-Semitic. I don't care what the American Jewish Congress or B'nai B'rith will issue by way of polls showing that the black community is not. . . . My experience with blacks is that they're

basically anti-Semitic. Now, I want to be fair about it. I think whites are basically antiblack. . . . But the difference is: It is recognized as morally reprehensible. . . ."
KOCH: You got the quote a little screwed up.

PLAYBOY: It appeared verbatim in *The New Yorker*.

KOCH: It's not exactly that way. When I said, "Let's be fair about it, whites are . . ." I meant that the same kind of discriminatory practices exist on both sides. The quote was from a tape made in 1974 or 1975. It was unedited, and it didn't express my complete thought. Had I been given the opportunity, I would have expanded upon it.

PLAYBOY: Fine. Why not take the opportunity now?

KOCH: There are two thoughts there that need clarification. One is, it wasn't a symmetrical statement. I said that blacks are basically anti-Semitic. If I were to define it, I was talking principally about black leaders, those I know. Obviously, I don't know the whole black community. Substantively, I *still* believe that there are lots of blacks in leadership positions who are anti-Semitic. I don't withdraw that comment at all.

But I also want it understood *why* I think the leaders are anti-Semitic. They're frustrated with their own unsuccessful efforts to alleviate the conditions of poverty and black suffering. It's nice to have a scapegoat. And traditionally, Jews have always been the scapegoats of Western society. It may also be simple envy. They say, "Well, the Jews came up through the system; why is it that they've been able to escape poverty in such large numbers?"

PLAYBOY: Do you think, then, that Jews ought to feel a *special* obligation toward blacks? That because of their own experience of oppression, they ought to be better, more sacrificing, than gentiles?

KOCH: I have no guilt complex. My father didn't own slaves. He came here from Poland when he was 15, so I am not guilty of that, nor do I believe I have to pay reparations for it. I spent time in 1964 defending blacks against the K.K.K. in Mississippi. I may *still* have an obligation today, yes, but no more than I do to the Chinese or to any other group being discriminated against.

PLAYBOY: That's what's intriguing about you—all that time spent on liberal causes during the Sixties, a period you now denounce as excessive. Besides civil rights, you also opposed the Vietnam war, didn't you?

KOCH: Yes, by voting against military-appropriation bills in Congress. And by demonstrating. I marched, both in Washington and here in the city. But it wasn't as simple as it may seem. On one occasion, there was a Communist-operated anti-Vietnam war creation, the Fifth Avenue Parade Committee—

PLAYBOY: "Communist"?

KOCH: I don't want to say they were all Communists; I don't want this to sound like Koch's fear of the Communists. [Laughs] But in my judgment, the major movement at that time *was* Communist-dominated—

PLAYBOY: You're talking about leadership? Funding from Moscow?

KOCH: No, I'm not talking about spies and I have no idea how they were funded. I'm talking about ideological alliances with Moscow, about people who perceived North Vietnam as an idealistic country and South Vietnam as fascist. Myself, I believed that North and South Vietnam were both dictatorships, one by the Left, the other by the Right, and that they deserved each other. At the time, though, there were lots of people who idealized North Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: Jane Fonda, for example?

KOCH: I don't want to call Jane Fonda a Communist because I don't know that she is. But she was certainly far Left and idealized North Vietnam. Cora Weiss, too. With their recordings from Hanoi—despicable! My feelings came to a head at a meeting at Hunter College. Bella Abzug had called in all of the 17 members of the New York City Congressional delegation. There was a huge crowd, a lot of red flags and Hanoi partisans, and she asked us to lend our names to sponsor this Fifth Avenue Parade Committee. Almost everybody said, yes, they were going to sign up [laughs], but I refused. They began to yell and scream at me. I said, "Listen, I will walk with Communists and Black Panthers, but I will never let them lead me." Then you know what happened? McCarthyism, that's what happened. The crowd began yelling, screaming that I was another Joe McCarthy.

PLAYBOY: Where was Abzug in relation to all of this?

KOCH: I don't remember precisely what she said when I refused, but she certainly concurred with the majority.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you called her "a savage"?

KOCH: I don't remember saying that, but I wouldn't retract it if I did. It's not a word I'd normally apply to her, but it's OK.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe her today?

KOCH: Bigmouth. [Laughs] I found her to be very pushy, counterproductive in a whole list of areas. I hold her responsible for E.R.A.'s defeat in New York state. People forget that the Equal Rights Amendment *lost* in New York. I was for E.R.A.—I still am—but Bella was perceived as *the* E.R.A. spokeswoman and was so strident and aggressive that her attitudes frightened people.

PLAYBOY: A further irony that's tied into

your feelings about the excesses and license of the Sixties is the often-repeated comment that many of the radicals came from spoiled, upper-middle-class families.

KOCH: Sure, I know some of them; the kids went to the best schools and ultimately decided that what they wanted to do was destroy society. I don't know what happened to the kids' brains, whether it's a screw loose or a question of education. In a way, it's like what my mother used to tell my brother: "You should have a kid like you. God will punish you!" [Laughs] What can I say? As children, they heard all about the injustices and the need for revolution, how wonderful the Soviet Union is, how U.S. society is fascist, and—unknowingly in many cases, I'm sure—the children become so enraged that they did things that today horrify their parents.

PLAYBOY: What's come across surprisingly strongly in this interview is an abiding suspicion of the Soviets and of Communism. Just how deep does this run? Are the Russians out to bury us, as the saying goes?

KOCH: Ultimately, yes, if by bury you mean take over. I think their goal is to make the Soviet Union the center around which all other countries orbit as satellites, including the United States and the countries of Western Europe. There are people in the United States who could be called their counterparts, of course, but fortunately, they don't represent the vast majority of the leadership or of the voting public.

PLAYBOY: You don't see elements of this analogous attitude—call it a Cold War mentality—in the present Republican push for a big defense budget?

KOCH: I've always believed we should be ahead of the Soviet Union in our ability to defend ourselves. I was one of the few "liberals" in Congress who voted for defense-spending bills when others from New York City did not. That distinguished me. But I'm disturbed by Reagan's defense budget as well. The Administration's current analysis assumes that only the social programs are filled with fraud and waste, while military spending has been honest and necessary. I'm not so sure about that. The same acid test has to be applied to both, because both have been filled with sloth, waste and inefficiency.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that the mayor of New York City has to have a fully formulated foreign policy. Do you ever envy any of your fellow mayors who don't have to articulate such positions?

KOCH: No, I enjoy it, frankly. New York is special that way. We have more Puerto Ricans than in San Juan, more blacks than in Nairobi, more Italians than in Naples and, as we said before, more Jews than in Tel Aviv. . . . Shall



Give her

THE CRYSTAL EGG PENDANT

for Easter... and for always

Cut and polished full lead crystal decorated with 24 karat gold on sterling silver. Just \$35

Tell her she's pretty dazzling herself—and very special—with this limited edition pendant created especially for this Easter.

To have it in time to surprise her on Easter morning, mail your order by March 20th.

ORDER FORM

© 1982 FM

THE CRYSTAL EGG PENDANT

Final ordering deadline: April 11, 1982.
Limit: One pendant per order.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091
Please send me The Crystal Egg Pendant, a limited edition in full lead crystal decorated with 24 karat gold electroplate on sterling silver. It will be sent to me, complete with its own 16" long, 12 karat gold-filled chain, in a special gift box. I prefer to pay as follows:

- ☐ DIRECTLY. I enclose my remittance of \$35.*
☐ CREDIT CARD. After shipment, bill \$35.* to my account (check one):
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Account No. _____

Expires _____ *Plus my state sales tax

Signature _____
 Mr. _____
 Mrs. _____
 Miss _____

ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

On charge card orders, CALL TOLL FREE 800-345-8500. In Pennsylvania, 1-800-662-5180.

NOTE: On orders postmarked after March 20th, please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.*

we stop for lunch?

[Over lunch, at Koch's suggestion, a network TV show featuring an extremely friendly interview with Koch was turned on.]

PLAYBOY: We're suspending one interview to watch another. Why are we watching it now? Why not tape it and replay the program for yourself later?

KOCH: First of all, I won't get home till late. And second, we're having lunch.

[The TV commentator makes some favorable remarks about Koch's policies.]

This is tremendous! [Referring to the show]

PLAYBOY: [As the program ends] OK? We're back on. Would you test the mike?

KOCH: This is Ed Koch with his lox and bagels!

PLAYBOY: Fine. It was unusual, watching you watch yourself on television. The frequent comment that Ed Koch is a little narcissistic—

KOCH: Sure I am, a little bit. Not over much. I was thinking about that when we put the set on—I was sure you were thinking, Gee, he wanted to watch himself while we were here. The answer to that is, it's not true. Yesterday, when we taped over lunch, you ate; I didn't. I decided that wasn't going to happen again. Second, time is a very precious commodity to me and I wanted to see that show. But, yes, I do watch interviews of myself. I think it's helpful to learn how I'm coming across, especially since you can rarely fool the tube. What you see is generally more accurate than when you're with the person face to face.

PLAYBOY: We've talked to some people active in New York politics, and one of the more common theories of Ed Koch is that the mayoralty has transformed him from a shy, wallflowerish politician—

KOCH: Shy, absolutely. A totally retiring personality! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: With all the media attention, isn't there a part of you that says, "Me? How did I do it, how did I get here?"

KOCH: I am a retiring person. But at the same time, I'm able to do quite well in public, and this isn't phony. What you see is what you get.

PLAYBOY: One of your oldest political associates claims that if power corrupts, your only corruption is that as mayor, you've become vastly animated as a personality. Really, aren't you getting off on the show business of all of this?

KOCH: Oh, sure, I enjoy the attention. Sometimes what I do will be faulted, but I know I present New York City's case in the best light and, yes, I enjoy it. As for my personality's changing, that's inaccurate. I'm no different from when I was a Congressman, just more proficient.

PLAYBOY: The same *chutzpah*? You're claiming you were always "Eddie the

Lip," as one of the New York dailies recently put it?

KOCH: Yes, sir. The difference is that before, you weren't listening. It's all in the eye of the beholder.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've changed the way you look?

KOCH: No, I dress the same way, although it's strange that people think I dress better. I buy the same Brooks Brothers suits—on sale—as I did in 1952.

PLAYBOY: That far back? Why Brooks Brothers?

KOCH: Oh, it was part of my feeling that three-button suits were the thing to wear. [Laughs] I'm a very conservative person in my likes and dislikes. I don't go to fancy restaurants, either.

PLAYBOY: No? Supposedly, your great passion in life, aside from politics, is food.

KOCH: Vastly overstated.

PLAYBOY: We've heard otherwise. What is this, your fourth cook this year? How is he working out?

KOCH: Fine. Altogether, there were five cooks in four years. [Archs his eyebrows] Doesn't everybody have five cooks in four years?

PLAYBOY: Don't you go out to New York's great restaurants? Lutèce, for instance?

KOCH: Are you kidding? Once, I went to Lutèce and I was very upset. I almost always pay for my own meals, but that time I was invited. I had a wonderful-sounding dish and it turned out to be Swedish meatballs. I said to myself, "Jesus Christ, I come to Lutèce, I end up with Swedish meatballs?" It's a very good restaurant, but it's too expensive for me. I can give you six restaurants where for \$15 or less, you can get what I consider an excellent meal.

PLAYBOY: In keeping with the same motif—you as everyman—you've also ridden the subway, so you know what the problems are, right?

KOCH: Of course, any number of times.

PLAYBOY: And your mission is to present New York City's case in the best light. Now, how can you possibly find a positive way of talking about the subway when it's so symbolic of the city's problems—its dirt, inefficiency and crime? Be creative, convince us it really isn't the nightmare everyone thinks it is.

KOCH: You tell me whether or not we have a problem. On that TV show we just watched, I gave the figure of 350 felonies a week committed on the subway system, a subway system that carries 3,500,000 people daily. It's fractional, but people are afraid, granted. So you have to deal with that and put on more cops—ten percent of our total police force is assigned to the subway system, while only two percent of the city's crimes are committed there.

The possible dream.



Follow your dream. To a hushed cove. A back country lake. Or a soft sea for an easy-does-it day.

Wherever your dreams lie, your Mercury® dealer can put you there with your own boat and motor. For less than you think.

Mercury's been building engines for over 40 years. Developing innovative technology. Testing and re-testing to give you an outboard you can count on. Again and again. So you can be assured of your investment. And your dream.

What's more, Mercury backs every engine with a year-long warranty on parts and labor. Honored at more than 6,000 dealers worldwide.

Go on. Follow your dream. And let your Mercury dealer help. After all, he knows anything is possible.

Mercury Marine,
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin,
Canada, Australia, Belgium



**MERCURY
OUTBOARDS**

BRUNSWICK COMPANY

PLAYBOY: That's going to make the subway better?

KOCH: Look, it's improving on a week-to-week basis now, but the truly large difference will occur when the new subway cars come on the line. The major complaint about the subway is the long delays due to mechanical breakdowns. Better maintenance is one answer—getting the Municipal Transit Authority people to work more than the three or four hours a day they do in some shops now. [Laughs] So either we'll get them to work the full day—which is only six and three-quarters hours to begin with—or we'll contract out our maintenance. Up to now, I've been getting plenty of courtesy but little action. That's changing because of the pressures I've been applying, although lately, it's been suggested that the city take over the subway rather than let the system continue to be run by the MTA.

PLAYBOY: Didn't that notion come from Carol Bellamy?

KOCH: That was her idea, yes. She sits on the MTA board, and she's both good and bad. But she has to bear some of the blame, since she begged the governor to appoint her to it and she voted for the MTA contract, which has feather-bedding practices, while my appointees voted against it. Basically, she's suggesting that I take over the subway system

because she'd like to deflect responsibility from herself, which is perfectly reasonable. I've seen the syndrome before.

PLAYBOY: And graffiti? Wasn't it fashionable some time back to talk about subway graffiti as an indigenous art form?

KOCH: Bullshit. Bullshit twice! Part of the problem started in 1966 with the *New York Times* piece, but they now recognize how much they were in error. One of the things I'm proudest of, though, was getting the transit authority to put up a fence around one of the subway yards to do something about graffiti. Initially, I urged the MTA to build a fence around the subway yard and put a dog in the yard to keep these vandals out. The response was, "No, the dog would step on the third rail." I said, "That's ridiculous; dogs don't step on the third rail. Why is it that vandals don't step on the third rail? But if you're so upset about a dog's stepping on the third rail, then build two fences and have the dog run between them." The head of the MTA replied, "But somebody might fall between the two fences and the dog might bite them." "I thought that's what dogs were for," I said, "but if you're worried, why not put a wolf in?" Because, I explained, there is no recorded incident of a wolf's ever having attacked a human being, except if the

wolf was rabid. Wolves have had a bad rep through history, see. Then a *New York Times* reporter told me I was only partially right. He'd gone to the zoological library—something that the city of New York undoubtedly pays for—and found that while no wild wolf has ever bitten a human unless it was rabid, there are cases of domesticated wolves' having attacked people. So right away, I said that of course I'd meant wild wolves—you put a wild wolf between those two fences, and if the wolf becomes tame, you replace him. Now, I told that ridiculous story all around town in order to shame the MTA into getting something done. They were livid. It so happens that the head of the MTA has a lot of friends in high places, on editorial boards and the like, and naturally, it got back to him. It was the only way I could get them to do anything. So now they've built fences around the yard and put in a dog, and it works.

PLAYBOY: But the subways are still covered with graffiti.

KOCH: They've done it with only one yard out of the 21 yards in the city! At the end of each month, they used to pick up 3000 empty spray cans out there. After they put up the fence, there were only five! That's gotta tell you something.

PLAYBOY: What? That you can bring

VODKA & ROSE'S

Vodka smooths out
in the limelight.
4 parts Vodka, 1 part Rose's®



Rose's Lime Juice*
*The Famous Gimlet Maker.



What makes this radar detector so desirable that people used to willingly wait months for it?

Anyone who has used a conventional passive radar detector knows that they don't work over hills, around corners, or from behind. The ESCORT® radar warning receiver does. Its uncanny sensitivity enables it to pick up radar traps 3 to 5 times farther than common detectors. It detects the thinly scattered residue of a radar beam like the glow of headlights on a dark, foggy road. You don't need to be in the direct beam. Conventional detectors do. Plus, ESCORT's extraordinary range doesn't come at the expense of more false alarms. In fact, ESCORT has fewer types and sources of false alarms than do the lower technology units. Here's how we do it.

The unfair advantage

ESCORT's secret weapon is its superheterodyne receiving circuitry. The technique was discovered by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong in the military's quest for more sensitive receiving equipment. ESCORT's Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator singles out X and K band (10.525 and 24.150Hz) radar frequencies for close, careful, and timely examination. Only ESCORT uses this costly, exacting component. But now the dilemma.

The Lady or The Tiger

At the instant of contact, how can you tell a faint glimmer from an intense radar beam? Is it a far away glint or a trigger type radar dead ahead? With ESCORT it's easy: smooth, accurate signal strength information. A soothing, variable speed beep reacts to radar like a Geiger counter, while an illuminated meter registers fine gradations. You'll know whether the radar is miles away or right next to you. In addition, the sound you'll hear is different for each radar band. K band doesn't travel as far, so its sound is more urgent. ESCORT keeps you totally informed.

The right stuff

ESCORT looks and feels right. Its inconspicuous size (1.5Hx5.25Wx5D), cigarette power connector and hook and loop or visor clip mounting make installation easy, flexible, and attractive. The aural alarm is volume adjustable and the alert lamp is photoelectrically dimmed after dark to preserve your night vision. And, a unique city/highway switch adjusts X band sensitivity for fewer distractions from radar burglar alarms that share the police frequency while leaving K band at full strength.

Made in Cincinnati

Another nice thing about owning an ESCORT is that you deal directly with the factory. You get the advantage

of speaking with the most knowledgeable experts available and saving us both money at the same time. Further, in the unlikely event that your ESCORT ever needs repair, our service professionals are at your personal disposal. Everything you need is only a phone call or parcel delivery away.



Carrying case and visor clip included

Corroborating evidence

CAR and DRIVER . . . "Ranked according to performance, the ESCORT is first choice . . . it looks like precision equipment, has a convenient visor mount, and has the most informative warning system of any unit on the market . . . the ESCORT boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

BMWCCA ROUNDEL . . . "The volume control has a 'silky' feel to it; in fact, the entire unit does. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

PLAYBOY . . . "ESCORT radar detectors . . . (are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

PENTHOUSE . . . "ESCORT's performance stood out like an F-15 in a covey of Sabrajets."

AUTOWEEK . . . "The ESCORT detector by Cincinnati Microwave . . . is still the most sensitive, versatile detector of the lot."

The acid test

There's only one way to really find out what ESCORT is all about. We'll give you 30 days to test it for yourself. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund

your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. In fact, try an ESCORT and any other detector of your choice. Test them both for 30 days and return the one you don't like. We're not worried because we know which one you'll keep. As further insurance for your investment, ESCORT comes with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. This doesn't worry us either because ESCORT has a reputation for reliability. We know that once you try an ESCORT, radar will never be the same again. So go ahead and do it. Order today.

You don't have to wait

Just send the following to the address below:

- ☐ Your name and complete street address.
- ☐ How many ESCORTs you want.
- ☐ Any special shipping instructions.
- ☐ Your daytime telephone number.
- ☐ A check or money order.



Visa and MasterCard buyers may substitute their credit card number and expiration date for the check. Or call us toll free and save the trip to the mail box.

CALL TOLL FREE. . . 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL. 800-582-2696

ESCORT (Includes everything). . . \$245.00
Ohio residents add \$13.48 sales tax.

Extra speedy delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, Visa, or MasterCard, your order is processed for shipping immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

☐ CINCINNATI MICROWAVE
Department 507
255 Northland Boulevard
Cincinnati, Ohio 45246

some pressure publicly? Using the press or anything else that comes to hand?

KOCH: Yeah, like ridicule. The wolf story. But what I really want is the power to hire and fire the president of the transit authority, John Simpson. Not that I would fire him right off, but it would change the relationship so that he would relate to me as a commissioner, not as an independent authority.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that you're not talking about this at a great enough remove? That you really don't see what we're driving at? For most people who don't live in New York, the whole transit problem is a staple for Johnny Carson jokes, jokes that hit home, but only your home, not Atlanta or any other city. Why? Why is New York's transit system such a shambles of inefficiency?

KOCH: How would these people like to live in Boston, where the subway closed down from lack of funding? We've *never* closed our subway. But people publicize our problems more because New York is the place of major interest. I'm not saying we don't have problems; only that compared with the delivery of services elsewhere, we don't do too badly.

PLAYBOY: The other form of urban blight we touched on earlier was crime. What changes do you think we need to make a dent in that problem?

KOCH: What we need is to make the protection of society itself more paramount in those areas where protection has traditionally been for the defendant.

PLAYBOY: Like what, specifically?

KOCH: Restoring the death penalty, as I've said. I've always been in favor of it because I think it works as a deterrent. Even if it did not, however, society should express its moral outrage at horrendous crimes. Also, with crimes of violence, we should impose mandatory sentences. The best illustration is New York's new gun-control law. Prior to this, very few people who were apprehended and convicted for illegal possession of guns ever went to jail. As a result of the campaign that I initiated and that had enormous support in the newspapers, more than 70 percent of the people convicted of gun violations now go to jail for a mandatory minimum sentence of one year.

PLAYBOY: Mandatory is mandatory, right? Why do 30 percent get off? There are still 2,000,000 illegal handguns in New York.

KOCH: Notwithstanding my opposition, the law has a loophole. If a judge finds extenuating circumstances, he or she can, at his or her discretion, dismiss the charge or, in the interest of justice, reduce the sentence.

PLAYBOY: Capital punishment, mandatory sentencing, what else?

KOCH: I want to release the names of juvenile or adolescent felons. The law

prohibits it now, but I think society should have a sense of public disdain. People should have to live with their criminal past. Records of juvenile offenders that are sealed should be made available to the courts so if someone's on trial as an adult, his earlier record should bear upon sentencing.

Look, crime is getting worse in New York City as well as in the rest of the country, and unless we deal with it far more strictly, the trend is going to continue—no question. The solutions are age-old: speedy trials, pretrial detention, more cops and stricter sentencing. There's also another route, and I hope this won't be characterized as "Koch's concentration camps": There's no reason to build massive prison complexes costing \$100,000 per cell. You can set up compounds in our state forests or national parks, prisons with tents and barbed wire and dogs, if necessary. Whatever it takes—

PLAYBOY: Wolves?

KOCH: Wolves, sure. Not to torture people but to separate them from society to keep them from committing more crimes. I'm all for that; I'm for it on a large scale. The greatest impact on a person who snatches a necklace or who writes graffiti on a subway car or on public buildings is to be put away and be put away abruptly, even if the sentence itself is minor or brief.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of criminals who don't get put away, do you find any irony in the fact that Little Italy, New York's traditional Mafia neighborhood—

KOCH: Is safe? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Yes.

KOCH: I don't think it has so much to do with the Mafia as with the fact that people will run out into the street to help if there's trouble. The same thing can be found in the Hasidic areas, like Williamsburg and Borough Park. It's like they're small-town; everyone knows their neighbors.

PLAYBOY: And the Mafia in New York City?

KOCH: Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Mafia. And it is engaged, so I understand, in drugs, gambling, prostitution, extortion as it relates to linens and also, I guess, pickles. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You mentioned prostitution. You're also famous for "the john hour": airing on local radio the names of those arrested for soliciting prostitutes. Why not just make prostitution legal and let cops do more important work elsewhere?

KOCH: I don't think the public wants a city like Amsterdam, where you have women with whips in shopwindows. [Laughs] Moreover, it doesn't work. They tried it in France and dropped it. In Boston, the so-called Combat Zone, it didn't work, either. It's the same response I have to legalizing heroin. The public doesn't want it, I don't want it.

PLAYBOY: What's the answer, then? Just hiring more cops?

KOCH: Frankly, I don't think that would necessarily solve our problem, because [laughs] 32,000 people were arrested for felonies in 1980 just in the borough of Manhattan. Out of this 32,000, only 6000 were indicted! There's more than just simple apprehension of the criminal. The system is made up of the cops, the D.A.'s office, the courts, the probation service and the prisons. They all have problems. We could use more cops and we've added to the number of cops, but it's quite expensive.

PLAYBOY: One of the most common pressures applied to a politician is the lure of easy money. But a theme you've underscored in this interview is the honesty of this administration. Is it possible—is it conceivable—that some scandal could erupt?

KOCH: It's simply not possible that five years from now, someone is going to find that this administration was crooked. It isn't. I can't say there aren't any crooks in the city government, since with 250,000 people working for us, both in city and in state jobs, there've gotta be *some* crooks. But I do not tolerate it. If I find out you're a crook, I won't move you out without anybody knowing about it because it might be an embarrassment. No, I'll call the D.A. personally and say, "Get this guy!"

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a real hard-ass style. On the other hand, you're quoted as saying, "I run the city like a large Jewish family." What does that mean, that you're everybody's mother?

KOCH: I didn't say it, Bob Wagner said it. I suppose he means that I delegate authority and listen to their opinions. Few other administrations have allowed commissioners to do what they want to do within the boundaries of policy as set by the mayor. Wherever possible, I like to come to a decision on a consensus basis. But I don't wait for a consensus. I discuss the matter with all the people involved. I hear them out. I see if there's a common thread. When the positions have been unanimous or near-unanimous, I can't recall ever saying, "Well, I'm opposed." More likely than not, however, there isn't consensus, and then I'll say, "This is what we're going to do. This is the policy." The Jewish-family aspect of it is that during meetings, you can say anything you want, be as tough or as critical as you feel you have to be. You can take different positions, as though it were a family sitting down at dinner.

PLAYBOY: Once again, the hell with decorum?

KOCH: Of course. Only, when I've made a decision, then you gotta go and carry it out. In private with me, you can continue to try to persuade me that I've made a mistake, but you cannot shoot

Graduate To Myers's Famous Flavor! The First Collection of Luxury Rums.



Myers's Original Dark
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The beginning of the Myers's flavor legend.



Myers's Golden Rich
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.



Myers's Platinum White
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

Myers's. The First Collection of Luxury Rums.

MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF. FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, P.R.

my policies down in public.

PLAYBOY: For many politicians, it would be a liability to grant an interview, especially an interview as extensive as this one, unless the risks were worth it. If you're not campaigning for re-election, why are you doing this? Why bother?

KOCH: I don't want to be ridiculously modest, but when people talk about New York City, they talk about me. Ergo, I believe I help the city by being up front and visible. But there are other aspects of it. I enjoy the jousting. I like the battle of wits.

PLAYBOY: The confrontation?

KOCH: The intellectual discussion. You call it confrontation. But it has nothing to do with furthering my political ambitions. I know, I've heard the rumors about myself: that I might run for New York state governor; that or as the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee in 1984. But anyone who suggests I run for governor is no friend of mine. *[Laughs]* It's a terrible position, and besides, it requires living in Albany, which is small-town life at its worst. I wouldn't even consider it. As for the Vice-Presidency, well, everybody says that next to the President, I have the most exciting job in the country. Not to denigrate Senators or anyone else, I think they're right. My job might even be better than the President's.

PLAYBOY: You're grinning again.

KOCH: *[Laughs]* I know. My job is better than the President's. I don't want to say that New York's mayor is as powerful as the President, but in terms of direct involvement in the daily lives of people, I may have more impact. I have lots of authority and I think I use it.

PLAYBOY: While you're still grinning, are you entirely ruling out, say, a Mondale-Koch draft in 1984?

KOCH: It will not happen. There are no drafts in this country. Take my word for it, you're a candidate or you're not. I'm not a candidate.

PLAYBOY: Not even if people whose judgment you respect were to say, "Ed, think beyond yourself. It's important for the country"? So?

KOCH: The answer is, I'm not a candidate, so. It has nothing to do with shyness, coyness or reticence. Either I will run for re-election for a third term or I will go into the private sector. I used to say that at the age of 65, I'd ask for a position on the editorial board of *The New York Times*. *[Laughs]* I happen to have a great sense of inner security about my abilities, so I don't have to be jollied up or stroked about how effective I am. I know it. I also know that there are a myriad of people out there just as able and effective as I am. But right now, I'm not worried about re-election.

PLAYBOY: All right. As we wind up, we'd like to try, one last time, to challenge this cheery assessment of life in the city,

to get you to admit that dirt and crime can take their toll—

KOCH: Look, I've said that crime is escalating everywhere, and we're getting our share of that escalation in New York. But if you live here and are affected by crime, what are your options? Escape? Escape to where? You can't escape. Crime follows you to the suburbs, because, unquestionably, suburban crime is rising faster than our own. It's ridiculous to talk about fleeing to the suburbs as a refuge.

PLAYBOY: America is more than big cities and overcrowded suburbs. For many, there's still a more pastoral existence—life in the country.

KOCH: The country? Rural America? This is a joke! *[Laughs]*

PLAYBOY: Why?

KOCH: Rural America doesn't exist anymore, not even the farms. That day will never come back. The wish for it is nostalgia, pure and simple.

PLAYBOY: Come on, Ed. Of course it exists, and there are lots of people who've become fed up with city life—college-educated people who have taken pay cuts to live better lives out in the country.

KOCH: It may be that there are hordes of people who've moved to rural America, but I'm not aware of them. Also, this is an elitist approach, and I don't include too many elitists among my friends.

PLAYBOY: Then at least respond to the urge many people have to get away from urban life—

KOCH: What do you want me to say?

PLAYBOY: Just that you can't keep applying this relentless logic of yours to the reality that many people are scared shitless of living in New York City.

KOCH: You're raising a red herring.

PLAYBOY: A red herring? By trying to get you off your hobbyhorse?

KOCH: By showing the infirmities of New York City.

PLAYBOY: Not the infirmities. By acknowledging that New York City has enormous problems—real ones, not illusions. If you admit to the problems, then it becomes more credible when you speak of New York's advantages.

KOCH: Correct. But let's leave out rural America, with the cows.

PLAYBOY: Cows? God, Ed Koch really is a snob!

KOCH: Well, choosing between living with people and living with animals. . . . *[Laughs]* But look, there's no question: Living in New York City means paying a price, obviously. There's a lack of privacy. The crowds; the hugeness of the city. There's also the anonymity, because nobody gives a damn—but this can be nice in a way, since it means you can lead your own life; nobody interferes. You also pay a price in the environment: air pollution. The cost of living

is generally higher—but so are the salaries, and there are always sales where you can shop cheaply if you take the time.

PLAYBOY: What about the loss of time because of lousy city services, late subways?

KOCH: As opposed to wasting time in a car? Or, out in the country, wasting time in a pickup truck? *[Laughs]* When you have to drive 20 miles to buy a gingham dress or *[laughs louder]* a Sears Roebuck suit? *[Cracks up]* This rural-America thing—I'm telling you, it's a joke.

PLAYBOY: But the fact that people are moving to the Sunbelt is no joke.

KOCH: I don't deny the phenomenon of the Sunbelt, but that operates on fantasy, too. People are told that there's no unemployment in Houston, and there probably isn't—but that's because the Federal Government has discriminated against the Northeast and the older cities. But moving to the Sunbelt isn't the answer. It's a fad. Ultimately, a lot of people will be coming back. Despite our transportation problem, despite our crime, they are coming back. Obviously, many people prefer New York's more hurried pace. And nothing prevents you from slowing down by relaxing in a theater or strolling in the park. We happen to have great parks, and the truth of the matter is that the safest police precinct in New York City happens to be Central Park.

PLAYBOY: Because people don't go to Central Park! At least not at night.

KOCH: That's not entirely true—

PLAYBOY: No? Then shall we take a stroll together this evening? Let's cross Central Park, from east to west, just after dusk, OK?

KOCH: Not me! *[Laughs]* That's just tempting fate. Nothing would happen, but that's just tempting fate!

PLAYBOY: OK, one last question—and it's the one you always ask: How're you doin', Ed?

KOCH: During the last campaign, I used to say to voters, "It may be that as a result of everything I've done, a lot of you will get together and throw me out. That's OK. I'll get a better job, but you won't get a better mayor." Now, what I was honestly trying to convey was that I'd like to be recalled as one of the great mayors of the city of New York, and I'm going to do everything to accomplish that. Not the greatest mayor, mind you, but as one of the great mayors. I know that life is ephemeral, particularly in politics. Nothing you do will last forever; it just doesn't work that way. But what I want to do is put things into place that will last for a long time before they go back to the old way. And that, I think I've done.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's the sort who loves to show his lady some smooth Sunday sailing in a windjammer christened for her. While she may not be his first mate or his last, she knows that today she'll be alone at the top of his charts. His preference in magazines is founded on sound nautical principles. More than 30 percent of the sailboat owners in this country read PLAYBOY, since they know it's the best way to keep the wind in their sails.



FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

what kind of man would slip it to his wife's best friend?

fiction By DAN GREENBURG On the last day of May, precisely three weeks before his 40th birthday, Lance Lerner realized with suffocating clarity that his wife was having an affair with his best friend.

He had once too often walked into a room where the two of them were chatting together *sotto voce* and had abruptly and awkwardly fallen silent at his appearance. He didn't need a house to fall on him.

His first reaction was disbelief—it wasn't possible. His second reaction was belief—it was possible. His third reaction was rage; his fourth was a profound sense of having been betrayed; his fifth, a horrid feeling of having been abandoned; his sixth, a brief but overwhelming attack of nausea.

His seventh and most enduring reaction was something approaching calmness and acceptance. It was, he reasoned, after all not really so odd that his two favorite people in the world should be attracted to each other. He did not think that Cathy would want to leave him—he'd given her everything; what more could she want? He did not, he was sure, want her to leave him. And yet. . . .

And yet this knowledge of his cuckolding—for, everything else aside, that is what it was—had made his marriage disconcertingly lopsided. For a man as compulsive, as *fanatical* about order and balance as was Lance Lerner, this lopsidedness could not be





tolerated. It would have to be corrected. Balance would somehow have to be restored if the marriage were going to continue, but what was necessary to tip the scales back to flatness? Some kind of equal and opposite reaction was clearly called for, but what?

And then he knew. It was so simple, really. Even a child could appreciate its simplicity and its appropriateness: to redress the balance of their relationship (a term he hated), he would simply have a brief affair with his *wife's* best friend. The only problem, really, was in determining which of two quite different women that person might be:

Cheryl, the blonde TWA stewardess, distrusted all men because of the ease with which she drew them to her side. Like Groucho Marx, she scorned membership in any club that would have her as a member.

Margaret, the junior C.P.A., had already been spinsterly at 23, distrusted all men because of the *difficulty* with which she drew them to her side but used the guise of sexless frump to hide her true identity—a closet sensualist who secretly believed no man was good enough for her.

Lance had always been willing to flirt with other women but never more. He was afraid of wounding Cathy, of being caught and damaging his marriage, although the prospect of exploring an unfamiliar female body was so exciting to him, he sometimes found it hard to breathe, and although the prospect of conceiving and executing a secret plot to bring it off was possibly even more exciting to him than that of the adulterous act itself.

For now, though, what he had to do was determine who was Cathy's closer friend, Margaret or Cheryl, and then steer that person into the sack at the earliest possible opportunity. That was the only course of action that seemed likely to bring peace to his fanatic, compulsive mind.

If Lance had been less of a compulsive, less of an extremist, less of a fanatic, the choice would have been easy: He would simply have begun plotting the seduction of the blonde TWA stewardess. But because of his fanaticism—his conscientiousness, as he chose to view it—he suspected that Margaret was actually the closer friend and therefore the more appropriate target of his retaliatory mission.

To settle the issue, there was one way to find out whom he would pursue.

"Hey, Cathy?"

"Hmmm?"

"How's your old friend Cheryl these days?"

"Cheryl? I don't know. OK, I guess."

"She still living with that male stewardess of hers?"

"I think so. Why?"

"Oh, no reason, no reason. I was just thinking. Cheryl is a pretty good friend of yours, isn't she?"

"Sure. Why?"

"She's probably your *best* friend, wouldn't you say?"

"My *best* friend? Oh, I don't know. Certainly one of my *two* best. Her and Margaret, I mean."

"Mmmm. You know, I always thought you liked her just a tiny bit more than Margaret, somehow."

"Really? I don't know what would have given you *that* idea."

"I don't know. Maybe it's just that I sense that you *admire* her more than Margaret or something."

"Admire? Cheryl? No, I really admire Margaret a lot more than Cheryl. What's this about?"

"Wouldn't you say, though, that it's pretty much of a tossup? That Cheryl and Margaret are about equally close to you?"

"Not really, no. I'm really closer to Margaret. What's this about, Lance?"

"Nothing, really. It just happened to cross my mind that you were pretty tight with both Cheryl and Margaret, and I started wondering who you liked more, that's all."

"I see."

"Funny how I always thought you liked Cheryl better."

"Yes, it is. I don't know why you would have thought that."

"Mmmm. Let me ask you this: Did you *ever* like Cheryl better than Margaret?"

Cathy burst out laughing.

"Lance, will you tell me what this is all about?"

"Nothing, honey. I was just wondering, that's all. Can't a person wonder about his wife's best friends and not have it be about something?"

"Sure, but it's sort of weird, that's all. Spending that much time thinking who I like better, Cheryl or Margaret. It just seems kind of weird, you know?"

"I don't see what's weird about it. Why do you think it's weird?"

Cathy looked at him strangely.

"If I didn't know better," she said, "I'd say you were deliberately trying to get me to say that I liked Cheryl better than Margaret."

He had gone too far.

"Why would I ever want you to say a thing like that?"

"I don't know, Lance. *You* tell me."

"Forget it," he said.

The choice, willy-nilly, had been made. In order to save his marriage, he was now *forced* to sleep with Margaret.

•

One particularly balmy day in early

June, Lance decided to call Margaret. He chose a pay phone in the street. He dialed the number, and as it started to ring, his pulse suddenly started pounding in his throat. He realized he was seven years removed from the practice of calling women for dates, and he had forgotten what the rhythms sounded like. When he was in college, he often wrote out entire scripts before phoning girls for dates, usually reading his lines right off the paper. Happily, he'd outgrown the practice when he graduated.

On the fifth ring, somebody answered, but the voice didn't sound familiar.

"Is, uh, Margaret there?" said Lance.

"This is Margaret," said the unfamiliar voice. Was it really Margaret or was it somebody masquerading as Margaret?

"Margaret?" said Lance.

"Yes?" said the voice.

"Oh," said Lance, "hi, Margaret, it didn't sound like you."

"Who is this?" said the voice.

Sweat suddenly prickled his forehead and the space between his shoulder blades.

"I'm sorry," said Lance, "this is—"

At that moment, the driver of a passing cab gave in to the accumulated frustrations of having been able to move only three blocks in the past half hour and leaned on his horn for approximately 60 seconds.

"What did you say?" said Margaret.

"I *said* this is—"

The cabdriver, clearly an emissary from a god who did not approve of adulterous affairs, no matter how justifiable, gave the horn another 30 seconds.

"I can't *hear* you!" yelled Margaret.

"I'm sorry. This is. . . ." Lance eyed the cabdriver warily, then screamed: "*Lance!*"

"Jesus Christ," said Margaret, "I think you punctured my eardrum."

"I'm sorry," said Lance. "I thought he was going to honk again."

"Where are you calling from, Lance, the Holland Tunnel?"

"Ha-ha. No, from the street, actually. I just happened to be walking along Madison Avenue and I thought I would call you up and say hello."

Now, *there's* an asshole way to start a conversation, he thought. Maybe I should go back to writing out scripts.

"I see," said Margaret. "Well, then, hello, Lance. How's Cathy?"

"Cathy?" he said. The sweat began flowing out of glands he didn't know he had, drenching his clothing.

"Your wife?" said Margaret helpfully. "Tall, good-looking woman with large breasts and dishwasher-blond hair?"

"Ha-ha. Yes, I know the one you mean," said Lance, trying to get into

(continued on page 112)



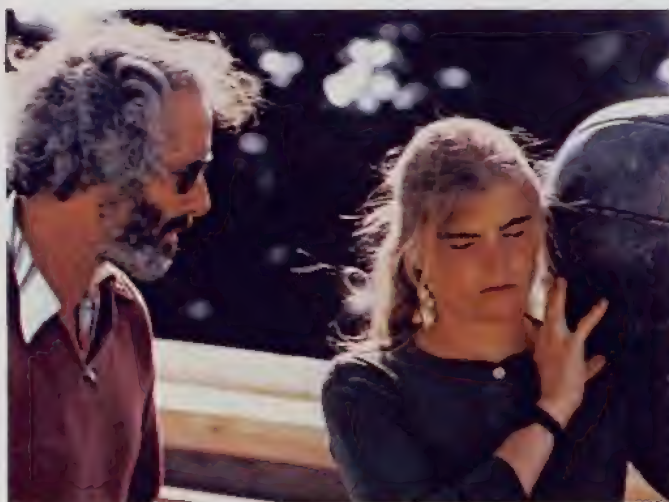
"Guess what, dear. While you were away, I discovered another erogenous zone!"



*can mariel hemingway score in an erotic film about women's athletics?
writer-director robert towne is staking his career on it*

PERSONAL BEST

ROBERT TOWNE is taking a personal gamble with his new movie, *Personal Best*. Long known as the screenwriter of such films as *Chinatown* (for which he won an Oscar) and *Shampoo* (which he co-wrote with close friend Warren Beatty) and for his often unheralded work as a script doctor (he performed last-minute surgery on *The Godfather* and *Bonnie and Clyde*, among others), Towne has now turned to directing. *Personal Best*, based on his own script, captures the competitive and sometimes erotic world of women's athletics, focusing with candor on the triumphs and defeats—both on the track and off—of two young women training for the Olympics. Writer Rex McGee met

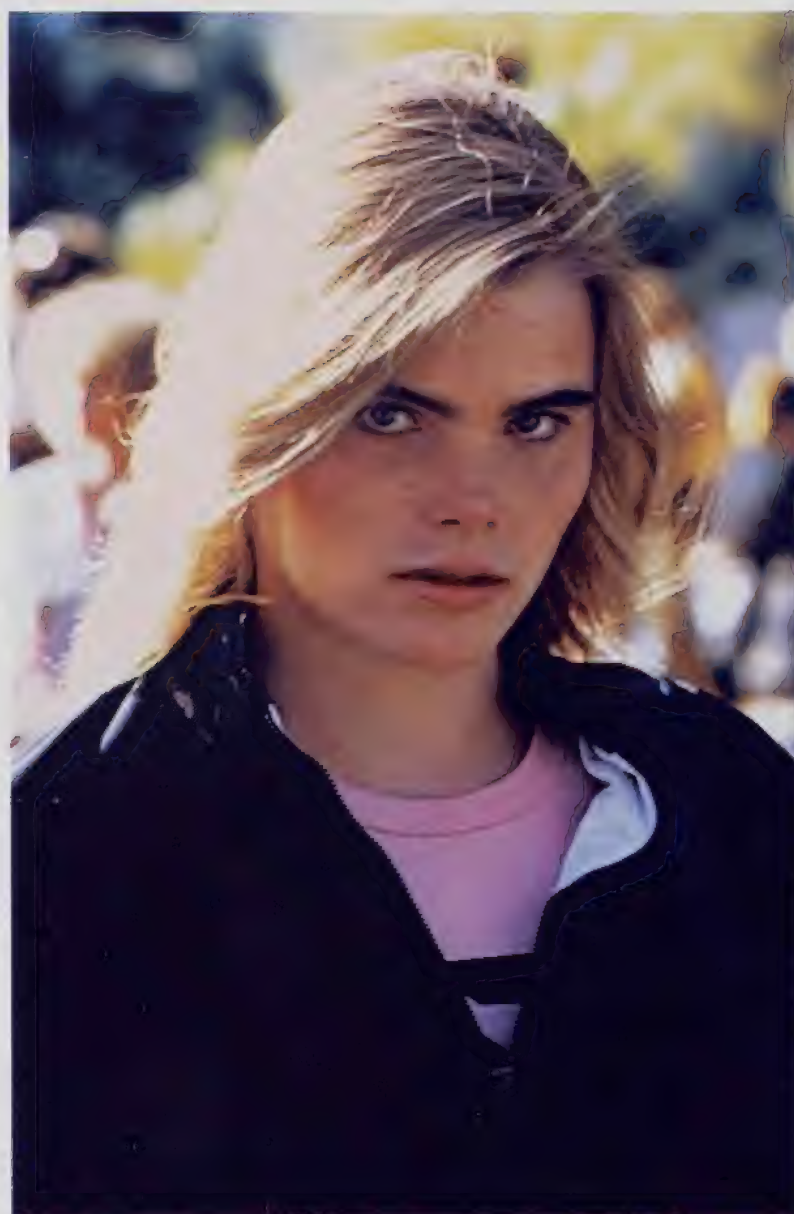


When it came to casting the two leads in *Personal Best*, Towne went with Patrice Donnelly (top left) and Mariel Hemingway (top right). "Notice how Patrice's nose goes down and Mariel's nose goes up," says Towne. "I liked that contrast." Above, Towne directs Mariel. "Lady athletes have a grace that even dancers don't have," he says.

with Towne several times during the filming: "Towne often seemed frantic—as befits any director, particularly a first-time one. Even when he sat down in his office and put on a Rickie Lee Jones album, the tension of the experience still came through."

PLAYBOY: Do you find all the attention you're getting unnerving?

TOWNE: I would like to propagate my anonymity as long as is humanly possible. I really think there's something to be said for the Bostonian, who believes that your name should be in the paper when you're born, when you're married and when you die. I think the great curse of a writer is the loss of anonymity. I hate (text continued on page 178)



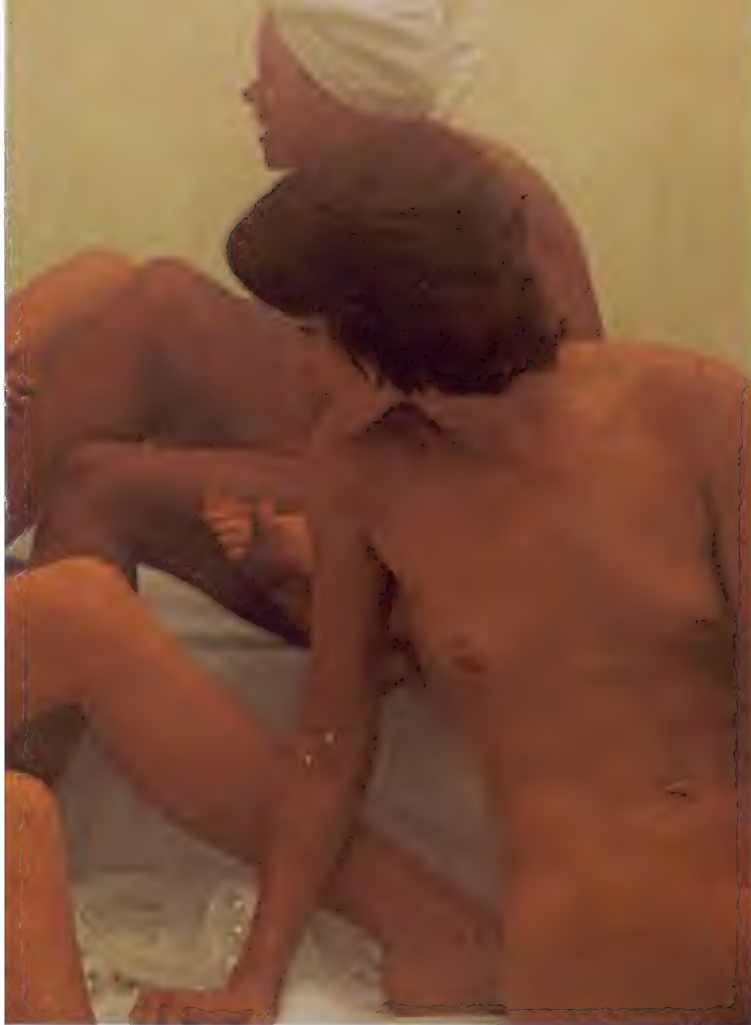
For nearly a year prior to filming, Mariel spent four hours a day in training to become a convincing athlete. Her co-stars, for the most part, didn't have that problem—Towne cast real athletes (including Patrice, who was once the third-ranked pentathlete in the world) in the movie. "You wouldn't have some guy who had never danced play Nijinsky," says Towne. "So much of the beauty and drama is in the way they move." One of the few other professional actors in the film is *Urban Cowboy*'s Scott Glenn, who plays the girls' coach (above right). He not only is caught between the athletes' competition to make the Olympic team but finds himself in the middle of their love affair as well.

Mariel leaves Patrice and falls into bed with a swimmer, played by yet another nonactor, Kenny Moore (below and bottom). Once an Olympic runner, Moore traded his track shoes for a job with *Sports Illustrated*. Towne talked him into the film and out of his clothes.



"What I wanted to show in the steam-room scene [above] was how these girls relate to one another and how they can bullshit about guys," explains Towne. "I think they look great just hanging out."





The sequence below shows how, in typical girl-meets-girl fashion, Patrice and Mariel get stoned, arm wrestle to prove who's tougher and end up as lovers. "I view it as not at all lesbian," says Towne. "It's just another version of a couple of kids playing doctor."



Below left, the coach sees signs that the girls' love for each other might blunt their fine competitive edge. At one point (below), Patrice risks losing a major race to offer help to a sick Mariel.



PERSONAL MARIEL

IT BEGAN, interestingly enough, when writer-director Robert Towne saw a picture in a magazine of Mariel Hemingway jumping on a trampoline. He was looking for someone to star in his production of *Personal Best*, and he was convinced that acting talents were not enough to bring off the role. "Films about athletes have never really captured what athletics is truly about—which is movement," he explained. "And I'd



been told that Mariel was a cross-country skier and a good athlete."

Few, if any, articles about Mariel have failed to mention her almost tomboy fascination with sports—from skiing to running to horseback riding, hiking, bicycling, camping and tennis—so it was a natural assumption for Towne to make. "He figured I was athletic," recalled Mariel wistfully. "So did I. I thought this running and jumping would be easy to do. I didn't know it was going to be so difficult."

By the time she found out, it was too late. She had already

embarked on her third feature film and her first starring role outside of TV. It meant, as getting a job always does, leaving her family in Ketchum, Idaho, as well as entering into a rigorous training program that began a full year before the first frame was shot. And it also meant a controversial role as a young Olympic hopeful who, in the process of discovering her sexual identity, falls in love with another woman.

It would be difficult to find a less likely candidate for controversy. As befits someone who has spent almost all of her life in the less-than-thriving (continued on page 184)



Mariel's co-workers in *Personal Best* were so impressed with her flexibility, which comes from a combination of athletics and dance, that they nicknamed her "Stretch." That's considered a step up from her childhood days, when her long legs were so knock-kneed that kids gave her the name "Spider."

fiction **By GARDNER DOZOIS**

I DON'T GO TO bars much. I don't even like most bars. Still, every now and then, like tonight, I'll want to put down a few drinks after work, to fortify myself for life in the haven of domestic tranquility I call home. And I do know one fairly decent place, on a shady side street near the institute and the museum. It's quiet, dim enough to avoid the glare but not so dim as to become Hernando's Hideaway, drawing a clientele of professional people and technical people, with a scattering of footsore tourists.

I was all the way at one end of the bar, which was somewhat crowded tonight, and had just gotten outside my first solitary drink, staring glumly at myself in the mirror and feeling like Philip Marlowe during one of his whinier paragraphs, when the man came into the bar and sat down beside me on the only unoccupied stool.

He was wearing a well-cut but somewhat rumpled suit and wire-rimmed glasses, and his hair was just a bit longer than the modish nape-of-the-neck length that is now the mark of conformity. He was somewhere in his late 40s or early 50s, with one of those smooth, rubbery faces that made it difficult to tell which. I had seen that young-old face somewhere before, though I couldn't remember just where. He flagged down the bartender—who said something to him in the jocular tone that bartenders reserve for regulars—and was served a healthy double knock, which he immediately poured down his throat, all at once, as if it were iced tea. He set the glass down, had it refilled and tossed it off again. Then—while the bartender was pouring his third drink—he took off his wrist watch and held it up close to his face with both hands. “Five hours to midnight,” he announced aloud to no one in particular, “more or less.” He dived into his third drink. The watch he put carefully down on the bar in front of him. It was one of the newest and most expensive of digital watches, with more controls than the cockpit of a 747, and must have cost at least \$500.

I had been watching all this out of the corner of my eye, mildly intrigued. He felt my eyes on him. He scowled, tossed down the rest of his drink and then turned his head toward me. “Do you know anything about quantum mechanics?” he asked in a conversational voice. “About the electromagnetic generation of instabilities? About runaway oscillation? About black holes?”

“Not a damn thing,” I said cheerfully. My field is computer graphics.

“Good,” he said. He fell silent, staring into his glass, and after a few moments, I realized that he wasn't going to say anything more.

“Why did you ask me that?”

“What?” he replied absently. He was staring at his watch in a preoccupied way, occasionally pinging the dial face with a fingernail.

“If I know anything about black holes.”

He turned to look at me again, hesitated, and then called for the bartender to give him another drink. I let the bartender hit me again, too. When our glasses were full, he raised his to his lips but took only a small sip this time before setting it down again. “When I was at school,” he said ruminatively, glancing at me again, “there was, appropriately enough, a rather sophomoric little game that we used to play occasionally at parties. It consisted of asking everyone there what they would do if they knew—knew without the possibility of a doubt—that the world was going to come to an end that evening. A stupid game, but if enough people answered, you began to notice some interesting patterns.”

“Such as?” I said. My years as a dooper had given me great tolerance for nonlinear conversations.

He smiled approvingly at me. “After a while, you'd notice that there were really only three basic answers to the question. Some people would say that they'd spend their remaining time screwing, or eating an enormous meal, or getting drunk, or stoned, or listening to their favorite music, or walking in the woods . . . or whatever. This is basically the sensualist's reply, the Dionysian reply. Other people would say that they would try to escape somehow, no matter how hopeless it looked, that they'd spend their last moments searching frantically for some life-sparing loophole in whatever doom was posited—this is either the pragmatist's reply or the wishful thinker's reply, depending on how you look at it. The remaining people would say that they would try to come to terms with the oncoming doom, accept it, settle their own minds and try to find peace within themselves; they'd meditate, or pray, or sit quietly at home with their families and loved ones, cherishing each other as they waited for the end—this is basically the Apollonian reply, the mystic's reply.” He smiled. “There was some blurring of categories, of course: Sometimes the loophole-seeking response would be to petition God to intervene and stop the catastrophe, and sometimes there would be a sensuous edge to the lavishness of the orgy of meditation the contemplatives were planning to indulge in . . . but, for the most part, the categories were valid.”

He paused to down about half of his drink, swishing it around in his mouth before swallowing, as if he were about to gargle (*concluded on page 194*)

ONE FOR THE ROAD

if you knew the world's biggest secret, would you tell?





"She was a half hour late! How long could he be expected to wait for her, the miserable twat?"

the spirit of banter. "Cathy is fine. Saw her only this morning, as a matter of fact."

"Tell her I couldn't find the Ralph Lauren blouse she wanted," said Margaret. "Bloomingdale's had it in beige but not in mauve. Ask her to call me if she wants it in beige."

"I, uh . . . don't know if I'll be able to do that," said Lance. What was he supposed to say: "Oh, Cathy, when I was phoning Margaret to see if I could get into her pants, she gave me a message about a blouse . . .?"

"You what?" said Margaret.

"I mean, I . . . might forget," said Lance. Then it occurred to him that Margaret would now phone Cathy and repeat their conversation, and Cathy would ask Lance why he was calling Margaret, and . . .

"On second thought," said Lance hurriedly, "I'm writing it down. Here. . . ." He pretended to write on a piece of paper. "Bloomie's had . . . blouse in beige . . . not in mauve . . . call Margaret if . . . want in beige."

"Good boy," said Margaret.

"Listen, Margaret, the reason I'm calling—how's about lunch tomorrow?" Lance blurted.

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow's OK, I guess," said Margaret. "Just you and me and Cathy, you mean?"

"No, no, no," said Lance nervously, "not Cathy. You and me and . . . nobody."

There was a puzzled silence on the other end.

"Is this a surprise for Cathy?" said Margaret.

"In a way," said Lance.

"Well, sure," said Margaret. "Why not? Where do you want to eat?"

Lance was almost overcome with gratitude.

"How's about Maxwell's Plum? Sixty-fourth and First. About twelve thirty?"

"Fine," said Margaret.

"Oh, and don't mention this to Cathy," he said. "I mean, it would spoil the surprise."

When he hung up the phone, Lance was so drained of energy, he could scarcely walk.

•

Maxwell's Plum was ornate and cheery. A million dollars' worth of Tiffany lamps, art-deco figurines of naked ladies and sculptures of animals hanging from the ceiling looked down on

Lance Lerner as he waited in the darkest corner of the restaurant for the appearance of his wife's best friend, who was now 20 minutes late.

Had she misunderstood the arrangement? Hadn't he told her, "Maxwell's Plum . . . Sixty-fourth and First . . . about twelve thirty"? And hadn't she said, "Fine"?

Maybe she'd got the day wrong. No, he'd definitely said, "Tomorrow," meaning today. Maybe she knew what he had in mind and had called Cathy. Would she do that? No. If she were going to do that, she would have done it immediately, and he would have heard about it immediately, too. The fact that she hadn't called Cathy suggested that she was planning to come. Regardless of whether she knew what he had on his mind.

A waiter appeared once more at his elbow.

"You wish to order another drink, sir? While you're waiting?" he said in an amused, patronizing voice. Clearly, the fucking waiter was enjoying the sight of a guy nervously waiting for somebody who appeared to be standing him up. Clearly, the son of a bitch had never been stood up himself, the faggot bastard.

"Why, yes," said Lance, with a tone he hoped conveyed just the right mixture of disdain and boredom. "Another vodka and tonic will be fine."

"Very good, sir," said the waiter and minced off to the bar to regale his colleagues with accounts of Lance's stood-upness.

Lance looked at his watch for the 40th time. It was now one o'clock. She was a half hour late! How long could he be expected to wait for her, the miserable twat? He had half a mind to simply get up and leave.

"Hi, Lance. Sorry I'm late."

He looked up. It was Margaret, alive and intact. She looked like she'd been running.

"Well, hi," he said coolly. "I didn't think you were coming."

"I'm sorry," she said, sliding down onto the banquettes. "I . . . got detained."

Was that it? Was that all he got after almost 40 minutes of waiting and having to be humiliated in front of an entire corps of waiters—I got detained? He was fast becoming so furious, he was not going to be able to speak at all.

"Monsieur?"

The waiter appeared with Lance's vodka and tonic and nodded to Margaret.

"I'll have a Tanqueray martini," she said. "Straight up."

"Very good, madame," said the waiter and withdrew.

Margaret smiled at Lance. He did not return the smile. She was wearing a tan blazer, a tan skirt and a beige silk blouse. She had a Dutch-boy haircut with medium-brown hair, flat brown eyes and horn-rimmed glasses. She wore practically no make-up—no lipstick or rouge and no perceptible eye liner. He did not find her the least bit attractive. For the first time, he thought she might be a lesbian.

"I'm really sorry I was so late, Lance," she said in a quiet, feminine voice he had never heard her use before. "I'll tell you the reason, but first. . . ." Her voice trailed off, and he thought she might be blushing.

"Yes . . . ?" he said.

"Well, first I want to hear why you wanted to see me."

"Why I wanted to see you?" he said stupidly.

He took his second drink and poured it down his throat.

"Yes," she said. She was looking at him very directly—almost sensuously, a slight smile on her face. And she was very definitely blushing. She *does* know why I wanted to see her, he thought. That makes it easier. And harder.

"Well," he said, beginning slowly, stalling for time, using the trick that all schoolboys learn when they don't know the answer to what the teacher has asked them, beginning the answer by restating the question, "why I wanted to see you was . . . I wanted to talk to you."

"About what?"

"About what? About a lot of things, actually. First of all, I wanted to talk to you about, uh, something that has been on my mind for quite a long. . . . You see, Margaret, although you and I have known each other for several years, for almost eight years now, as a matter of fact, I don't think we have ever talked—really *talked*, you know?—about things like, uh, well, like the kinds of things that, perhaps, you and I would have talked about, assuming that we had had the opportunity to talk about them. To really *talk* about them, I mean, you know?"

He was awash in perspiration. She was looking at him closely. The slight smile was still on her face.

"Lance, do you want to fuck me? Is that it?"

He exhaled sharply. Blood surged into his cheeks and forehead.

"Well, yes," he said, finding his voice now slipping into an odd, quiet and

(continued on page 194)



*"Yessirree, folks! Come one! Come all! There are
thrills aplenty under the big top!"*



PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST, PART II

*the second segment of our two-month preview
showcases the latest looks in casualwear*

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

IN MARCH, Part I of our *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* focused on what's new in warm-weather suits and sport coats. This month, we've returned to the designer drawing board for Part II—a look at coming trends and colorful innovations in casualwear. While the color white has always had it made in the shade come the hot months, this year menswear designers have rediscovered the tennis set's favorite hue and are serving up a volley of eye-catching styles. The classic tennis sweater has also bounced back for a rematch, but its solid-white background has been replaced by shades that have a bit more sock to them. The look is especially effective when teamed with white shorts. Turning to fabrics, cotton, in styles ranging from

Left: The whites of spring—a white cotton twill jacket, about \$60, coupled with a white cotton knit shirt, about \$24, cable-knit V-neck, about \$58, and double-pleated slacks, about \$43, all by Sal Cesarani for Cesarani. Right: More winning whites, including a cable-knitted crew-neck, about \$132, and white cotton slacks, \$69, both by Bobbie To.



Above: Easy does it in a polished-cotton poplin double-breasted snap shirt-jacket with an elasticized waist, \$82, worn over polished-cotton poplin shorts, \$65, both by Bech Thomassen; and a cotton two-button pullover with a Henley collar, by Henry Grethel, \$22.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI



Above: Musical chairs for two, anyone? Why not, when our guy is wearing a cotton knit crew-neck pullover with diamond Jacquard front and rib trim, \$80, teamed with a cotton short-sleeved two-button shirt, \$36, and multi-color pastel-striped cotton slacks with belt loops, besom pockets and straight legs, \$80, all by Valentino for Chesa. Right: The some barefoot boy with cheeks at hand has now slipped into something even more casually comfortable—a Durene cotton coble-stitched V-neck pullover with multicolor striped rib trim, \$100, that he's combined with a cotton knit two-button short-sleeved pullover shirt with striped rib trim, \$30, and a pair of pleated cotton twill walking shorts with belt loops, quarter-top front pockets and two besom back pockets, \$50, all by Lynn Novok for Justin Ltd.

sheet-weight slacks to duck-cloth out-jackets, has proved to be a material asset not only for its coolness but because there's a trend back to natural fibers over synthetics, especially in the summer months.

This same interest in naturalness extends below the belt as well, inspiring a greater array of shorts of all cuts and colors. Casual slacks, too, are springing up in splendid diversity; pull-ons with elastic or drawstring waists, looks with pleated or plain fronts and styles with straight or tapered legs that sometimes lead down to strapped or elasticized cuffs give you alternative pairs of pants to choose from when your jeans are in the wash.

Summing up, the end result of all these divergent influences on your summer wardrobe will be an uncluttered, sensible and casually athletic look that we bet you'll like. The ball's in your court, Bunky. Serve up a fashion ace.

Right: Oh, oh, oh, what a multicolor striped cotton long-sleeved crew-neck sweater with rib trim, \$47.50, can do—especially when the some lucky guy has also pulled on a pair of royal-blue cotton twill slacks with elasticized drawstring waist, on-seam side pockets and straight legs, \$34, both by Merona Sport.







SUNSHINE BOY

*after a lot of dark years, tom lasorda is doing some well-deserved
basking in the glory of being baseball's brightest manager*

TOM LASORDA wants to know if I'd like to join him on a rapid run to San Francisco. It is twilight time in Los Angeles, and he has already presided at a press conference for Fernando Valenzuela and opened a mobile-home show behind the center-field stands at Dodger Stadium.

"When?"

"Now."

"Sure."

We are standing in the Dodger Stadium parking lot, but at twilight time in Los Angeles, it does not look like a parking lot at all. Mobile homes are moored about us and landscape people have covered the asphalt with sod and pine bark. They've rigged lemon trees and small palms so that the parking lot has become a pretend village. The mobile homes have imitation-stucco exteriors and real shake roofs and the street before us, which is not a street at all, is marked with a sign: LASORDA LANE.

"How do we get to San Francisco?"

"There's a Learjet waiting at Burbank Airport," Lasorda says.

"Then what?"

"Tomorrow, I talk to Boy Scouts in Palm Springs. Then Chicago. Then the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs." Lasorda's eyes are alive with merriment. "You like to travel?"

"A bit," I say, walking into a punch line.

"I buried four writers who tried to keep up with me," Lasorda says.

•

I knew Thomas Charles Lasorda in three or four incarnations before he

emerged last October as the greatest baseball manager on earth. You can argue for Billy Martin, Earl Weaver or Whitey Herzog, but in October, Lasorda guided a good though hardly overwhelming Dodger team through two play-offs and the world series with that sure hand seldom seen since the creation of heaven and earth.

(It bothers me to mix baseball and religion in these disco-theology days, when God seems to be the starting pitcher for 26 major-league teams.

"How'd you get that last out, kid?"

"I'm not ashamed to admit it. I said a prayer."

OK, but what about the hitter? Is he sinner, atheist or heathen? Are all the agnostics in last place? What about the man who said a prayer just before he threw a home-run ball? Why don't they ever tell us that?)

But you cannot consider Tom Lasorda without considering at least a few of his intimates. Frank Sinatra, whose blue-eyed visage stares from a half-dozen pictures in Lasorda's office. Don Rickles, whose pictures cover another wall. Bob Hope, Andy Granatelli, Norm Crosby and Someone Lasorda calls The Big Dodger in the Sky.

After a week with Lasorda, I actually began to perceive Him. A cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night? Not at all. The Big Dodger was huge and bearded, as in Old Testament illustrations, but He wore white baseball knickers and a blue cap marked with the letters LA. He was saying, in a voice more mighty than 10,000 Cosells: (continued on page 186)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
POMPEO POSAR/KERRY MORRIS

*it's no accident california dreamer
linda rhys vaughn is wise beyond her years—
she never stops moving ahead*

SMALL WONDER

LIKE MERCURY, Linda Rhys Vaughn is hard to pin down. Californian by birth, Californian by nature, she lives a gypsy's rapid life like a small, hurried trickle of quicksilver.

"My dad was a cowboy," she explains, "and he worked in the feed lots. We moved from feed lot to feed lot, wherever the jobs were. I still like to keep moving."

We'd heard she was on a whirlwind tour without a schedule, so we flew into Los Angeles International Airport and stepped right into her contrail.

We tracked her to Beverly Hills, then followed her down the Pacific Coast Highway to San Diego. From there, the trail led to Ramona, which sits in a cluster of hills under stars that seem too clear for Southern California, and from there to a vacated motel room in Escondido. We found her, at last, at the bottom of a ski slope in Lake Tahoe. Tahoe was where

"I really do wear lacy things and English riding attire—I'm a romantic. I like full skirts, black boots and tons of petticoats. If I had an interesting lunch date, I'd wear a garter belt and hose. That's pretty conservative, isn't it? And I'm the only one who knows they're there. Usually."



"Last week, I got to do a fantasy sequence on film. It was like a dream—for a while. I was riding my favorite horse, in the nude. But when you aren't wearing any clothes and you're riding on a sweaty horse, it can get slippery. He got hyper and started bucking. All I could think was, Oh, my God—there are stickers down there!"





"I want to have children and a house someday, but I also want to experience everything I can before then. I think each woman should have a chance to do that sometime in the early part of her life. She should experience all she can and she should never be afraid. I used to be scared to death, but that was before I was 19. Not anymore."



she lived. For then, anyway.

"I moved up here last September just to be in the snow. There's not much to do but ski and party," she says. "Everyone goes to a Mexican/Irish restaurant called Carlos Murphy's—when somebody scores a touchdown on *Monday Night Football*, they serve 50-cent kamikazes. The limit's five. I never know who won or what the score was, but it's good to be away from the city."

She's not a great deal taller than a ski pole. She weighs 98 pounds. Her young girl's face and fast smile draw stares whether she is at the top of a slope at Tahoe or on the streets of Los Angeles—a previous stop on her staccato agenda.

"I'm an experimenter. I can't judge anything without trying it," she asserts. "One time, my mom went on vacation, and I was about the age where I wanted to get out on my own. So I took my chance while she was gone and moved to L.A. with \$50 in my pocket. I was 19. I (text concluded on page 246)



"Most people who have to move a lot as children get terribly shy, and that's the way I was even before I started going to school. Eventually, I kind of overcame the shyness."









"I have always wanted to be a fine equestrienne. So I compete and pick up a trophy every now and then. The relationship of a girl and her horse is one of the most important elements of all. It's very special. My favorite horse is an Irish stallion, a Connemara Pony. He's really good, and we both love the action. And there's fox-hunting in San Diego, so I get to go there and put on my formal riding clothes."



"My mom is one of the people I respect the most. Her strength may be the best thing about her. She's my campaign manager—she thinks I ought to find somebody to take care of me, but she's awfully supportive of almost everything I do. When I go home to Ramona, she lets me ride my horses or sit with my dogs for hours. I'm still a good girl—a little mischievous, but innocent, happy and down to earth."



Linda Rhys Vaughan

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Linda Rhys Vaughn
 BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34
 HEIGHT: 5' 1/2" WEIGHT: 98 SIGN: Leo
 BIRTH DATE: 8-11-59 BIRTHPLACE: Grossmont, Calif
 AMBITIONS: Study hard to become an actress
and return to college.
 TURN-ONS: Wide open country, Big Dogs,
Sports Cars, Sexy lingerie, My horses.
 TURN-OFFS: Closed minds, War, People who
don't have anything nice to say.
 FAVORITE BOOKS: Anything by James Michener,
Monte d'Arthur, Mary Stewart's Merlin trilogy
 FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Faye Dunaway, Sally Field,
Harrison Ford, Dudley Moore.
 FAVORITE SPORTS: Rodeo, Polo, Fox Hunting, "Indoor Sports"
 IDEAL MAN: Intelligent, Masculine, Unselfish,
Someone who makes my knees shake!
 SECRET FANTASY: To take a midnight ride with
someone special to a secret place I know.



3 mo.
Kinda Chubby!



3yrs. dressed up
w/brother George.



16yrs. King & I
The Competitors!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You said you were a Libra on the cusp of Scorpio," the girl told the fellow, surveying him with a smile as they left a bar for his apartment, "but right now you look more like a Taurus with penis rising."

The bad news about California's Med-fly problem is, unfortunately, that when the last of the little buggers is exterminated, some 10,000,000 relatives will wing it from the Mediterranean for the funeral.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines orgy directions as balling bearings.



For some time, a loudmouthed drinker had been taunting an obviously gay fellow down the bar, who finally exploded and invited the bully to step out into the alley. Laughing, the taunter headed for the side door. Before his challenger did so, though, he asked the bartender for two ice cubes, which he popped into his mouth. "Numbing your teeth before he punches you?" the bartender inquired.

"No, my dear man," replied the gay, removing the ice to talk, "I'm going to coldcock the big bastard!"

*I refer," says a cocksman named Watt,
"To my phallus in heat as my 'hot';
And the name of the game,
I explain without shame,
Is contained in the phrase 'hot to twat.'"*

Cable television reputedly has plans for an X-rated late-night offering—to be called the *Dick Cavity Show*.

While the young man was still undressing in the motel room, his date lit up with the remark, "I always have a cigarette before sex."

"You shouldn't, you know," her bedmate-to-be warned with forced jocularity. "Those things stunt your growth."

"Don't you ever smoke?" she asked.

"No," he replied as he removed his shorts.

"So," the girl commented, lifting her gaze, "what's your excuse?"

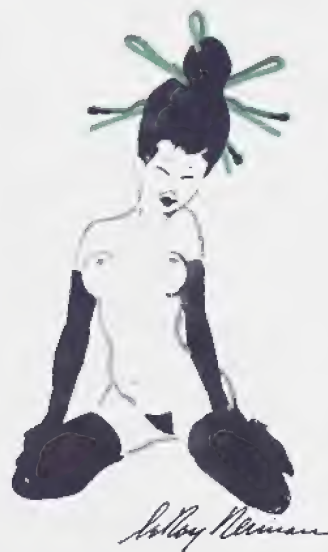
If you thought my designer-jeans commercials were suggestive," a young actress-model told her interviewer, "wait'll you see my endorsement of cherry pop!"

You most certainly kept your royal cool, Your Majesty," remarked the lady in waiting admiringly, "when that ruffian attempted to frighten you on your horse with his gunfire."

"Not to have worried," responded the queen graciously. "After all, my dear, the prince consort has been shooting blanks in our bed-chamber for years."

*In the West once, a passionate lass
Was considered a great piece of ass!
But when rustlers fled town,
She preferred to go down
As she headed them off at the pass!*

The office cocksman had just begun to lay his line on the brand-new stenographer when the veteran female employee got into the act. "I guess you haven't been appropriately introduced to Grant, have you, Kitty?" she said sweetly. "One of the monuments around here is Grant's tumescence."



An old woman in the West Virginia hills received a letter from her grandniece, who had gone off to the big city to seek her fortune. Puzzling over the writing and the contents, she reported to her husband, "Annie Mae says here that she's got herself a job in a . . . a . . . it must be in a 'message parlor.'"


"I reckon cityfolk must leave word there fer their neighbors and kinfolk—not havin' back fences," commented her husband. "Does Annie Mae say how much they pay her?"

"That's the part I just cain't take in, fer the life of me, Paw," answered his wife. "She says she gits thirty-five dollars fer a hand-delivered message and sixty dollars if she blows it to 'em!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Old salts never die—they just keep getting saltier."



THE WAR ON DRUGS: A SPECIAL REPORT

article **By Laurence Gonzales**

*behind the lines of this fiery
propaganda campaign
lies a chilling threat to us all—
even if our only addiction
is to liberty and justice*

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT



A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledge hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current, turning one even against one's will into a grimacing, screaming lunatic.

ONE WALL OF Judge Fred Biery's courtroom was fitted with picture windows, and across the plaza I could see Alamo Bail Bonds and Ace Bail Bonds and the dark, sharp-featured Indians shuffling to and fro in a Texas heat that made the whole scene shimmer as if it were painted upon the surface of a pond. On another street, a tiny tailor's shop advertised by means of a hand-lettered sign in the window: WE REWEAVE BULLET HOLES. Slumped on the bench behind me was a heavy-set pachuco with his thick brown arms crossed on his massive chest. I sensed that he wasn't the sort of

THE CASE AGAINST THE BILL OF RIGHTS

Whenever a government seeks to expand social controls beyond acceptable bounds, it must first create the illusion of a danger so grave that spectacular and unorthodox measures are seen by the middle classes as vital to their protection.

Quite apart from its stated purpose—the reduction of drug use and supply—the war on drugs has served only to perpetuate itself and to violate the fundamental liberties set out in the Bill of Rights. This is being achieved by the illusion of grave danger—in this case, the danger of marijuana. To create the required intensity of fear, the people behind the antidrug campaign have tried to convince parents that (1) their children are addicted to marijuana and (2) marijuana is far more dangerous than everyone had been led to believe—in other words, that there is new scientific evidence refuting all previously established scientific fact.

This, in effect, is the case against the Bill of Rights—and it is made through the voices and writings of a handful of “experts” willing to say just about anything to make their message convincing. Here are a few of the more prominent players in this cynical game.

HAROLD VOTH is the author of "How to Get Your Child off Marijuana," a tabloid-newspaper insert that appeared all across the state of Texas. Included in it was the Marijuana Dwarf you see below. The illustration, originally designed by the Adver-

tising Council, was used in Nixon's war on drugs and was later presented, along with Voth's lengthy text, to convince parents that their children were on drugs. As one noted psychologist said of Voth's warning signs of marijuana use by children, "Sounds like the symptoms of puberty to me."

GABRIEL NAHAS is fond of telling whomever will listen that when he was a child in Egypt, his father took him through the streets to see the wretched human refuse that hashish smoking could produce. Nahas, an otherwise well-credentialed researcher, has been involved in his own antimarijuana campaign for years. In fact, he founded his own International Medical Council on Drug Abuse, which was responsible for putting together a conference in Reims, France, where much of the mythical "new" anti-marijuana research was first put into mass circulation. He published a book based on that conference called *Marijuana—Deceptive Weed*, which was panned by the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*. Nahas threatened to sue the *Journal*, which re-reviewed it. The second reviewer also panned it. Dr. Norman Zinberg, a prominent marijuana researcher at Harvard University, called the book "meretricious trash." Nahas' comments and writings appear also in *Reader's Digest* and in a magazine called *War on Drugs*, published by radical right-wing cult leader Lyndon LaRouche (airline passengers will have seen

LaRouche's pod people stationed around major airports bearing signs with such slogans as SUPPORT NASA—SEND JANE FONDA TO THE MOON!). A Nahas quote in one publication—appearing above an advertisement for a cellulite cure—cautioned that “the upcoming generation may contain a ‘majority of misfits.’”

ROBERT L. DUPONT, former head of the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), is now in charge of the American Council on Marijuana (A.C.M.), a radical antimarijuana group. He's also on the board of directors and is the president and chief executive officer of A.C.M. Once in favor of decriminalization of marijuana, DuPont now a *(continued on page 210)*

person you would want to stare at, so I allowed myself one quick backward glance. I had the same sensation I might have had looking suddenly over a precipice. A crude blue cross was tattooed squarely between his eyes.

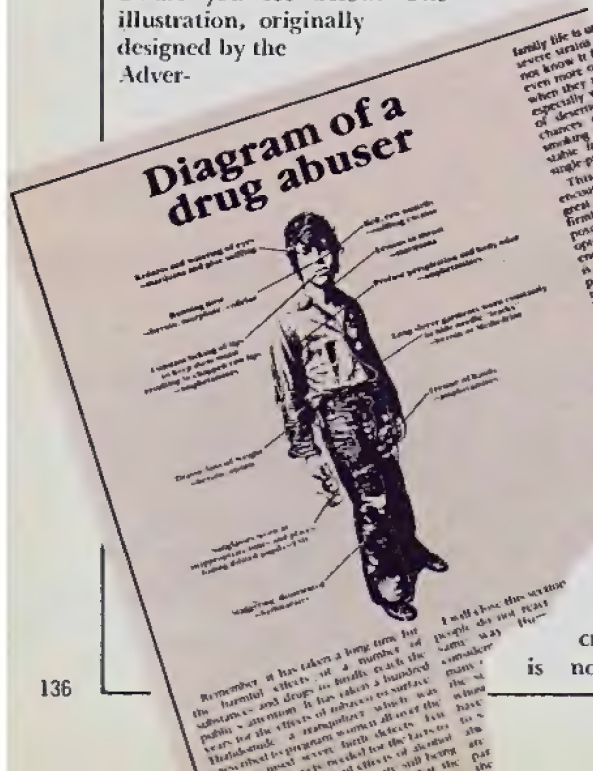
But it was nothing unusual. This was, after all, San Antonio, where even the prosecutors wore cowboy boots into court, where defense attorney Gerald Goldstein carried a copy of *Low Rider* magazine in his briefcase and where his 18-year-old client faced a prison term for possession of two marijuana cigarettes. Up on the stand, a scientist was making a convincing argument that marijuana was misclassified as a mind-killing narcotic. The skinny, diminutive defendant, wearing a wrinkled blue T-shirt, sat in dazed incomprehension, apparently more than a little disappointed to learn that the cigarettes for which he might go to jail had *not* contained a mind-killing narcotic.

Still, there was something peculiar in that courtroom—something genuinely out of place—and it was not Judge Biery's yawning at the ceiling, nor the fidgeting defendant's attempts to hide his hands in his armpits. It was not even the gentleman with the cross hammered between his eyes. It was a small group of neatly sculpted Neiman-Marcus housewives—P.T.A. ladies with \$120 hairdos and that misplaced, irritated air of Concorde passengers who have just been bumped from their flight. What were they doing in that dingy hole of justice when they could have been out examining marquetties at Sotheby Parke Bernet? Why would they come to sit in this airless room and watch the distasteful business of justice being meted out to the disaffected and disfigured?

"I worry about all those women wanting that kid to get nailed," Goldstein said. "They want to see blood."

Goldstein, who is one of the best criminal lawyers in Texas and a frequent defense counsel in major drug cases, had flown in the eminent scientist now seated on the witness stand to help demonstrate why the state's marijuana law should be overturned. In truth, however, Goldstein couldn't have chosen a worse time to test the law; that was made clear when he'd greeted the ladies in court and they'd recoiled in gaping horror, as if he'd had a sign around his neck that said, HERPES.

The women, you see, were from the Texans' War on Drugs Committee, founded in 1979 to organize antimarijuana parents' groups throughout the state. Rather quickly, the membership reached 1,000,000, which is about eight percent of the population of Texas. Convinced that their children were addicted to marijuana and that marijuana (in addition to being addictive) caused



cancer, brain damage and birth defects, these shock-troop moms were highly motivated, heavily funded and carefully organized. In their zeal, they have done more to undermine basic civil liberties than any other movement since Joe McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade.

Although Texas is an important battleground, the war on drugs is hardly a local phenomenon. The fight against marijuana is priority business in both the House and the Senate of the United States. It is the pet project of First Lady Nancy Reagan, as well as of the Attorney General, the Department of Health and Human Services (formerly HEW) and, lately, the FBI. It is also a very convenient political tool for President Reagan. With such conspicuous support, the national campaign has progressed with alarming speed: There are now more than 2000 active antimarijuana parents' groups, an average of 40 per state. (No one is even prepared to guess at the total number of members.) The target is "parents of children ages nine to 14," and the message is always the same: Your kids are on dope / Dope kills.

Prominent Austin attorney Randall Buck Wood has characterized the crusade in his state as a panic campaign. "They've taken Federal money funneled through the state and set up hearings to frighten the hell out of everybody with one horror story after another," Wood says. "They've just inflamed the community and convinced the parents that their kids were probably dopeheads."

The same can be said of the war on drugs as it is being waged at the national level. The strategy and tactics are identical. The money comes out of the same pocket—yours. And the result of creating all this panic is to erode or eliminate basic constitutional protections. Consider, for example, one law that was passed in Texas after the parents had been frightened enough to pressure the legislature into action: It makes it legal for police to break and enter in order to install wire-tapping and room-bugging devices. Due to the wording of the law, these activities can be conducted virtually without probable cause, which directly violates the Fourth Amendment guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure.

Another bill passed about the same time in reaction to pressure from the parents makes oral confessions admissible as evidence in court—in spite of Fifth Amendment guarantees against self-incrimination. Richard "Racehorse" Haynes, the noted defense attorney of *Blood and Money* fame, offers a new version of the Miranda rights to be used by police in conjunction with this law: "You have the right to remain silent as

(continued on page 158)

THE DRUG-ABUSE INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

In the early Seventies, the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse undertook the most comprehensive research survey of marijuana ever attempted. The commission ultimately found that, in the words of one of its members, "what we have done in this country is create a Drug-Abuse Industrial Complex, a new growth industry that spends more than a billion dollars a year and does not have eradication of the drug problem or even lessening it as its primary goal."

Its primary goal is self-perpetuation. It is similar to an old-fashioned church in which the preacher—through threats of hell-fire and damnation—frightens the congregation into giving him money to build bigger churches in which to frighten them with hell-fire and damnation, all the while claiming to save their souls. A perfect example of how the Drug-Abuse Industrial Complex works is the campaign conducted last year by the Texans' War on Drugs. Using Federal money, a massive propaganda battle against marijuana was organized. Parents were whipped into such a panic that they stormed the state legislature and forced lawmakers to pass five new bills. The bills, which are of little use in combating drug traffic, go a long way toward expanding police power and funding. The same vicious cycle operates on the Federal level as well.

The controlling organization—the preacher, so to speak—is a combination of the National Institute on Drug Abuse and the law-enforcement industry (primarily the Drug Enforcement Administration [DEA] in recent times). These groups provide the information and education that frighten the parents into forming groups such as the Texans' War on Drugs, which eventually put pressure on local lawmakers—and then on their representatives in the U.S. Congress. Congress reacts by supplying more funding and expanded powers to NIDA and law-enforcement agencies, which turn around and generate more fear to keep the cycle going. That is the Drug-Abuse Industrial Complex.

The movement around the

cycle generally takes several years. According to a report commissioned by NIDA, there are now, "by conservative estimate, 2000 or more of these groups," or at least 40 groups per state. Texans' War on Drugs alone had more than 1,000,000 members. The NIDA report describes how far the current cycle appears to have progressed: "They have reached or are approaching saturation levels in terms of providing information and education to parents." In other words, the movement has produced enough fear so that parents are ready to begin exerting pressure, which is why these groups can now be found at hearings in the nation's Capitol. Congress is already reacting, pushing toward completion of the cycle; there are scores of bills now coming out of the Senate and the House demanding everything from larger appropriations for the drug-abuse industry to AWAC surveillance of drug smugglers.

Most of the parents' groups seem to cut their teeth on local lawmakers. One of the easiest targets is the head shop, where something tangible—drug paraphernalia—can be found. Since about 1977, the hysteria has spread from Georgia to Florida, the District of Columbia, California, Washington state, Nebraska, Indiana and Massachusetts. Now there are national umbrella organizations to oversee the various groups; one is the National Federation of Parents (N.F.P.), with which Nancy Reagan has aligned herself and for which President Reagan has provided statements for publication. N.F.P. and others have been quite successful at generating new legislation, some of which will eventually expand the power and funding of NIDA and the law-enforcement industry.

The Drug-Abuse Industrial Complex, of course, generates no consumable product; it is a closed system, easily kept running on an inexhaustible supply of emotional energy but requiring ever-increasing supplies of Federal funding. In its final report, the commission called it "a never-ending project." —L.G.





article By DANNY GOODMAN

AFTER TAKING a few years to get off the ground, the era of plug-it-in-yourself telephone wizardry is shifting into high gear. The Federal Government opened up the phone lines for you to install your own phone back in December 1977, but now you can hook up decorator phones, answering machines, cordless telephones, automatic dialers . . . all kinds of gizmos laden with microcircuit chips, so even your fingers do less walking. There will be even more action, probably in

Left: The ne plus ultra of answering machines is ITT's voice-activated Perfect Answer 2 (top), which can play back messages to you over the phone without the use of a beeper and features a built-in telephone with memory redial, \$449.95. Below it is the Phonesitter P-90, an inexpensive answering unit that costs \$129.95, including a remote message beeper. The third machine is Phone-Mate's easy-to-use SAM Remote 960, which can record messages up to five minutes long, \$400.



HOLD THE PHONE!

from automatic dialers to answering machines, here's a seductive look at the latest in telephone technology



Above left: The large unit with the computer-readout screen is Northern Telecom's Displayphone, a combination telephone/data terminal from which you can send and receive information to and from various commercial data banks—or just call your friends and neighbors, \$2000, not including data-bank access charges. Next to it is a Computerphone with a 73-number memory and a digital clock that can display three time zones, by Zegna, \$250. **Above:** Cordless telephones have loaded and the situation is well in hand, as indicated by these three diverse units. The one up top, by ITT, includes a base station and portable phone and features call on hold, memory redial and high-low volume control—plus you can use it as an intercom, \$299.95. Just below it is the Mura 600 Cordless, a supersleek model with a range of 750 feet, \$200; and the Freedom Phone 4000, which has a range of about 1000 feet, \$399.95. **Left:** If you have a rotary-dial telephone, the Auto Dialer 20, by Buscom Systems, will convert it to push button at the flick of a wrist, plus store up to 20 numbers and dial them automatically, \$119. At \$55, the Porta-Touch 2, also by Buscom, is the portable equivalent of the Auto Dialer 20, sans memory; and those colorful telephone cords, by Curley Cords, cost only \$9.95 for a 25-foot length. (In case you're wondering, our lady in red is whispering sweet somethings into a Webcor 727 Zip phone, from Joy's Telephones, Chicago, \$59.95.)



January 1983, when the cost of leasing telephone equipment will no longer be buried within the monthly service charge. It will be even easier then to compare how much it really costs to rent versus buying a phone. If you're venturing into the plug-it-in-yourself world for the first time, here are a few things you should know that will make your transition a smooth one.

First of all, you're not obligated to buy or lease a telephone from your local phone company, whether it be a Bell company, a GTE subsidiary or another independent. A 1977 Federal Communications Commission ruling gives you the right to have a standard mini outlet in your home so you can hook up your own phone. If your place doesn't have a phone jack, the local phone company must install one. There will probably be a one-time installation charge and, perhaps, a negligible monthly charge for using the phone company's outlet and inside wiring. But with at least one jack, you can plug in a splitter (such as Telco's 2-For-1 Adapter), which enables you to hook up two pieces of gear—a phone and an answering machine, for example—without having a second jack put in.

If your home is already wired, not with mini outlets but with the older, four-pronged outlets, you're in good shape. All you need are adapters (such as Telco's Convert-A-Plug), which are readily available at phone and electronics stores.

While the phone company must do something for you, albeit with charge, you must do something for them in return. Only FCC-certified equipment should be plugged into your jack. Then you need to call your phone company and advise them of the equipment model number and Ringer Equivalency Number, or R.E.N., as stated on the unit. Different gadgets require different currents to ring their chimes. Using noncertified gear could cause problems with the local circuits. If some difficulty is traced to your illicit gadget, you'll be held responsible for repair costs. Plugging in legit gear gets you off the hook.

Next, if you're accustomed to (nay, expect) the speed of Touch-Tone push-button dialing, you may be in for a surprise on some gadgets that dial out: Push buttons do not guarantee that there's tone dialing inside the unit.

Most telephone-equipment manufacturers try to make equipment that is compatible with all local phone systems. Unfortunately, not all local systems respond to push-button tones. But all can accept what is known as pulse dialing—the click, click, click kind of dialing

found on rotary-dial phones. Some systems accept a pulse rate of 20 clicks, or pulses per second (pps), but the lowest common denominator is ten pps. So most of the push-button-type phones you see in stores electronically convert the push-button figures to ten pps. You can push the buttons as fast as you would on a Touch-Tone phone, because the phone "remembers" the order in which you've pushed the buttons while slowly pulsing out the numbers. If the number you're calling has lots of eights, nines and zeros, you can expect to wait four or five seconds before the pulses catch up.

On the other hand, if you're using a rotary-dial phone and your phone system accepts tone dialing, you can replace the handset mouthpiece with one of Buscom Systems' Soft-Touch dialers. These not only give you tone dialing with buttons on the mouthpiece but also store 20, 40 or 80 phone numbers for speed dialing.

Remember, too, that while do-it-yourself phone gadgets are easy to plug in, many are very sophisticated pieces of electronic equipment with features and conveniences not readily apparent from looking at the controls. You'll save yourself much time and trouble if you read the owner's manual first.

Now let's take a look at the latest trends and features in phone equipment.

SPACE-AGE STYLING

If a cartoon-character telephone seems a bit Mickey Mouse to you, there are still some interesting alternatives to the standard Ma Bell model. One-piece phones are the latest styling rage and each one seems to have something special going for it that the others don't.

Webcor's stand-up-style Zip phone 737 is one of many new phones that answer the question "What are those two extra push buttons [* and #] for, anyway?" Very low-power microcircuits inside the telephone (they get their juice from the phone company) remember the last number you dialed. If the line is busy or you need to call again, simply press the # button and it automatically redials the entire number for you. The 737 uses the * button as a mute switch. When you press it and hold it down, it cuts off your microphone, so you can confidentially tell an associate in the room what you really think of the guy you're talking to. You also have the option of turning off the electronic bell if you'd prefer not to be disturbed by a ringing telephone.

U.S. Tron's \$55 Melody On Hold one-piece phone does just what the name implies—it entertains your caller with the strains of an electronic *Für Elise* while you answer the doorbell or whatever. Onyx Telecommunications' Tor-

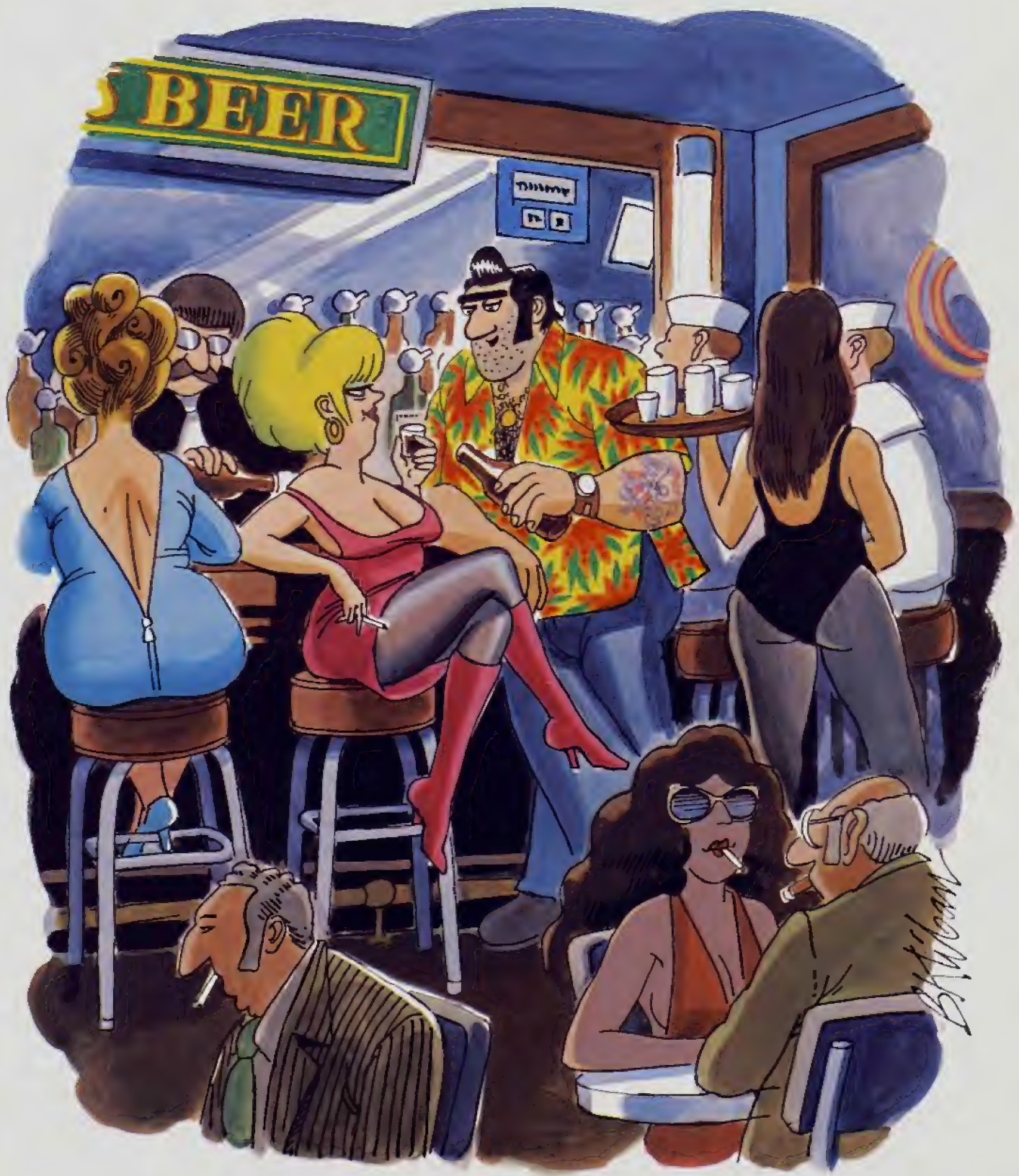
toise Phone, on the other hand, just sits there looking humpbacked until you pick it up; then the microphone flips open, putting you on the line and revealing its push-button dial.

When shopping for a new phone, try it out at the store if possible. You've grown accustomed to the feel of a home phone, and the new one may not be comfortable, especially to your ear. Crunch it between your head and shoulder for a while, or make a local call to someone who knows your voice and get a candid opinion on how you sound. Microphone elements respond differently to various voices. Also, don't buy a phone for only its looks or gimmicks. It has to be functional as well.

AUTOMATIC DIALERS

If you're good at forgetting phone numbers and losing your little black book, consider investing in an automatic dialer such as Dictograph's Phone Controller. This compact \$120 desktop device plugs in between your phone and the phone jack and takes over for your phone's rotary or tone dial. Use its flat-membrane keyboard to enter a phone number and a red digital readout lets you confirm whether you've pressed the right buttons. If correct, then press DIAL and the number zips out in either tone, ten or 20 pps (you select which by a switch on the back). In the tone-dial position, the typical seven digits are sent out in a blink. What's more, the Phone Controller remembers 30 phone numbers for one-touch dialing. Each memory stores up to 16 digits, so you can store international direct-dial numbers or extra code numbers for MCI, Sprint or other cut-rate long-distance services. Hooked up to a business line, where you need to dial 9 and wait a second for access to an outside line, you can make the 9 and the pause part of the stored number. If the number is busy, there is not only automatic redial but also a programmable redial that will automatically try the last number once every minute, as often as you tell it to. And there's a clock built in, as well as a call timer, a speaker for conference listening, a secret code to lock out anyone trying to use your phone and a battery backup for the memories if the power fails.

But if 30 memories aren't enough, you'll want to look at the Computer-phone HCT-3000, by Zegna. In one \$250 desktop package, you get a push-button telephone (ten pps converted), a green digital display, a 73-number, 14-digit memory, a digital clock that can also show the time in two other time zones, an alarm clock and a stop watch. A little card directory even pops out from under the unit to help you locate the code



"You're a real pig, Alice. . . . I like that in a woman!"

number for the call you want to make—unless you can remember all 73.

ANSWERING MACHINES

While phone answerers have been around for several years, today's machines offer more performance for the money at the inexpensive end of the spectrum and some sophisticated technology at the high end. For light-duty home use, a number of simple single-cassette models are available for less than \$100, including the Phonesitter P-50, which rings in at a mere \$79.95. Even Ma Bell is getting into the act with a simple model featuring dual cassettes (one for your outgoing message, the other for incoming calls) that leases for less than ten dollars per month.

At the high end are remote answerers that let you play back your messages by telephoning into your own machine. Three of them have very useful high-tech features we like.

Phone-Mate's SAM Remote 960 (about \$400) combines a push-button (pulse-converted) auto-redial telephone with the answerer in one intelligent desktop unit. Few things are more aggravating than playing back a series of 30-second blanks on the tape, which most other machines record when the caller hangs up without leaving a message. The 960 records only actual messages left. Plus, the caller can leave any length of message up to five minutes, unlike the fixed-length units, which allow only about 30 seconds before cutting off your long-winded caller. The SAM Remote 960 also digitally displays the number of real messages collected on your machine and comes with a pocket-sized beeper that you hold up to the mouthpiece as soon as you hear your recorded outgoing message. The machine then rewinds and plays your messages for you. Again with the beeper, you can signal your machine to save what's on the tape or rewind to start afresh.

If the SAM Remote 960 is smart, then ITT's Perfect Answer 2 remote answerer (\$449.95) is a Phi Beta Kappa. What sets this telephone/answerer combo apart from the rest is that you don't need a beeper for access to your messages from afar—just your voice. You have to match a preset coded sequence of voice and no-voice responses to the five tones it generates. Where your voice is called for, any syllable or two will do. But if you like, you can check out the reactions at crowded pay-phone stalls when you say, "Beep . . . beep, beep . . ." into the phone.

Panasonic's KX-T1530 (about \$500) is another "intelligent" answering machine that is so flexible, via remote control, that you practically never have to touch

it. It remembers which incoming messages you've already accessed with your pocket controller and plays back only the latest ones. A MEMO MESSAGE button allows your secretary to record a message for you on the incoming tape so you'll hear it the next time you call in. And if you've had a rough week and decide at the last minute to spend the next two in the Bahamas, you can call your machine from the airport and change your outgoing message accordingly.

CORDLESS PHONES

Improved range and voice quality are helping to make cordless telephones a hot item this year. They're a snap to hook up—just plug the base unit into the phone jack and the A.C. outlet and you're on the loose. You make and answer calls just like on a regular telephone. Only now, without a cord to tie you down, you don't have to drop the phone while you check out something across the room or next door. Communication is full duplex—talking and listening simultaneously, as you would expect on any regular phone. And we found the 600-700-foot range of the models we checked out to be adequate around the house or office.

ITT's Cordless Phone System PC-1800 (\$299.95) is a versatile affair, since it can be used not only as a cordless phone but also as a wireless intercom system between the hand-held unit and a standard phone plugged into the base unit. The hand-held remote unit offers push-button dialing (pulse converted) and automatic redial.

Electra packs even more technology into its Freedom Phone 4000 cordless wonder (\$399.95). The remote handset stores three outgoing phone numbers for instant dialing. And it has a hook button for activating Bell's custom-calling services (Call Waiting, three-way calling, etc.), available in many areas. You can also select push-button tone dialing if your local service is so equipped.

A new variation on the cordless theme is the Litephone office conference telephone, by Controlonics Corporation. The Litephone communicates via infrared-light energy instead of radio waves. The speaker is housed in the base unit, which plugs into the phone jack. A rechargeable wireless hand-held unit contains the push-button (pulse-converted) dial and a sensitive microphone that can pick up voices around a table without the in-a-barrel hollowness of most other speaker phones.

CAR PHONES

If you are really tied to the telephone yet always on the move, the thought of a car phone has surely crossed your mind.

The roadblock in most cities, however, is the limited number of channels available to support a very large demand. Even if you're lucky or influential enough to get a car phone, there will be times during the day when you'll have to wait half an hour for a channel.

That is going to change in dozens of metropolitan areas next year. A new system called cellular mobile telephone will let many more car phones use the same channels than ever before. An extremely sophisticated computer system (no more mobile-telephone operators) will be changing the channels you're talking on as you travel from one ten-square-mile cell to the next—only you'll never know it. In the test system we tried in the Chicago area, sponsored by Illinois Bell and AT&T, voice quality equaled that of a wire-line phone and computerized channel changing went unnoticed. The projected costs are expected to be reasonable: \$60 per month for the equipment lease, \$25 per month for 120 minutes of air time and 25 cents per minute thereafter.

OTHER FUTURE PHONES

As long as we're talking about the future, we should mention that the telephone lines are starting to carry a lot more than just voices these days. They're carrying information. With a computer terminal, you have access to mammoth data banks containing news, sports, Dow-Jones reports, consumer buying services, airline schedules and much more. Though used primarily for business applications now, these services will become more available to everyday folk with future generations of telephone terminals such as Northern Telecom's \$2000 Displayphone.

It's a regular telephone, of course, but it is also a small computer terminal that displays on its own video screen a directory of 81 stored names and phone numbers (with the help of a slide-out typewriter keyboard), keeps your appointment calendar for you and has access to such computerized data banks as CompuServe and The Source. Eventually, you'll use phones like these to buy merchandise, perform banking transactions and send or receive electronic mail.

That little phone jack in the wall is really a sort of gateway—to family, friends, just about anyone anywhere in the world. Now we have all kinds of ways to patch into that system, from a \$15 reconditioned rotary-dial telephone to a microprocessor-controlled telecommunications terminal. What's hard to believe is that the technology is only beginning to take off.





part four

MAN and WOMAN

from the frontiers of sex and science,
an unprecedented playboy series on what makes
man man and woman woman

THE SEX CHEMICALS

*could it be that your hormones determine sexual behavior even before
birth—casting your lot as male, female or something in between?*

article

By JO DURDEN-SMITH
and DIANE DE SIMONE

G

ÜNTER DÖRNER is head of The Institute for Experimental Endocrinology (hormone research) at Humboldt University in East Berlin. Since the early Sixties, he—like other scientists—has been working to find a way into the connections between motivation, brain and behavior. And like other scientists, he has concentrated on the different sexual motivation and behavior of male and female.

When the scientific community began to understand that it is the hypothalamus—an important structure in the brain—that ultimately controls the output of the hormones and the different patterns of male and female reproduction, Dörner was quick to find in the hypothalamus of rats different male and female sex centers. These centers, formed under the influence of the sex hormones at a very early stage of development, were responsible, he believed, for male and female sexual behavior. And Dörner showed that if the rats didn't get enough of their appropriate sex hormone during development, then something would go wrong with the centers and with later sexual behavior. Adult rats would behave sexually like members of the opposite sex—they would become "homosexuals."

From that, Dörner argued that sexual behavior must also be stamped by the hormones into the *human* brain while it is still developing in the womb and that primary human homosexual behavior must be the result of a sexual

stamping that has given the brain the wrong gender. He quotes a study in which male homosexuals obsessively attracted to children were "cured" by an operation on their brains' supposed *female* sex center. And he himself has performed a series of experiments that show, he believes, that both male and female homosexuality are caused by the prenatal effect on the brain of either too little or too much of the main male sex hormone—testosterone.

Last fall, Dörner attended a high-level conference of hormone and brain specialists in Cambridge, England—one of the rare occasions on which he has left his laboratory for the West. And we flew to Cambridge to meet him and to talk firsthand with this shock-haired, twinkling, forthright man who sparks controversy wherever he goes. What he told us gets right to the cutting edge of hormone research—and to the bigger subject of the differences between men and women in behavior and ability.

"You see," says Dörner, speaking fluent, accented English during our first, rushed conversation, in an empty student's room at Cambridge University, "I think people know quite well what we call the *activational* effects of the sex hormones, the way they control the reproductive cycle in women, and so on. And they know that at puberty, the sex

hormones influence hair, breast and muscle growth and attraction to the opposite sex. They know, too, what happens when various hormones are taken by athletes and transsexuals and so on. But what they *don't* know very clearly is what we call the *organizational* effects of these hormones.

"These effects are written into the organism long before puberty—in fact, at various stages of the fetus' development in the womb. And they affect not only the form and shape that the body will come to have but also the way it will respond to hormonal influences at puberty.

"They *also* affect—quite profoundly—the structure and chemistry of the brain. They lay the foundations for a range of behaviors that will characterize the organism as male or female after birth. We have found—in humans, rats, guinea pigs and other animals—that sex hormones operating on the brain during critical periods of early development can produce a variety of masculine or feminine sexual and social behaviors, *regardless* of the genetic sex.

"There's no doubt," Dörner says, "that this theory is controversial. And it's true that we don't know everything we'd like to know about these hormones. But my theory is completely consistent with what we do know from both animals and humans. We know that in fetal males, the highest level

of testosterone coincides with the period when the hypothalamus is organized to control the later expression of male sexual behavior. And it's completely consistent to believe that this stamping is affected—both here and in other parts of the brain where these hormones have been found—when the hormones are present in abnormal quantities."

Dörner is late for the conference's official banquet. "We'll talk later," he says. But we continue to talk as we hurry through a medieval quadrangle in the direction of the dining hall. Then: "Look," he says, stopping, the light catching his rimmed spectacles, "it's very, very hard to test my theory reliably in humans. For that, we would have to monitor a large number of pregnancies, constantly check hormone levels and then follow the behavior of the children born for up to 20 or 25 years. How does one do that? I don't know." He shrugs. "So, in the meantime, we just have to make do with the available evidence. From clinical patients and from animals. This evidence, which is now coming at a very fast rate from laboratories all over the world," he says before disappearing into the darkness, "supports me."

Nothing is really simple about the sex hormones. They are, in fact, among the most mysterious molecules in nature. They're produced in different quantities by both men and women—though they're only a tiny chemical step away from one another. Their levels in the body change all the time—monthly, daily, perhaps even hourly. And they act not only on the body but also on the brain. As Dörner—whom we will come back to later—says, much is known about the role they play in the body in the control of the female reproductive cycle and the maintenance of pregnancy. Much is known about the effects they have on how men and women look: Give a male-to-female transsexual estrogens (the family of sex hormones related to estradiol) and he will often grow breasts and add fat at hips and thighs; give a female-to-male transsexual androgens (the family of hormones related to testosterone) and she will often grow an enlarged clitoris and gain facial hair, a deeper voice and a masculine musculature. Those are features induced by the sex hormones—in normal males and females—at puberty.

Very little, however, has been known until recently about the way the sex hormones affect the brain—not how we look and function as men and women but who we are as different genders with different sex-typical behaviors, skills and abilities. And that is what this installment of *Man and Woman* is all about. It is a dispatch from several new fronts of science. As you have already seen, its subject matter is extremely controversial,

and it may be profoundly unsettling for both the men and the women who read it. For it suggests that men are the expendable, deviant sex and that women are genetically protected only for the purpose of motherhood. It suggests that we are much more like other animals in nature than we care to believe. And it suggests that not only is the length of our life directed in some way by the sex hormones (see box, page 238) but so—before birth—is much that is important about our personalities as men and women: our gender identity, our sexual behavior, our tastes, our special abilities and even our choice of career. It's a bumpy ride, this installment in the story of men and women. It concerns the accidents of nature and the mistakes of man: homosexuals and housewives, rats and monkeys, tomboys and jocks. And it needs a constantly changing focus. Hang on.

Focus One. At the Beginning: Nature's Point of View

Picture to yourself the minuscule cell that worked and divided to become the person you are today. It is an instant after conception, and your mother's egg has just been penetrated by one of the 350 million of your father's swimming sperm. The cell being formed now has in it two millionths of a millionth of an ounce of DNA—all the information necessary to produce a 50-trillion-cell creature with your particular nose, feet, eye color and crooked grin. This information is arranged in 46 chromosomes—23 provided by your mother's egg and 23 the gift of your father's sperm. They are now in the process of matching up into pairs.

Each of these chromosomes is a pack of genetic cards, the result of a more or less random shuffling of genes from each of your parents' matched pairs of chromosomes. And so the 50 percent you have inherited from each is organized by chance. There are, however, two exceptions to this rule. And those are two chromosomes that are relatively well protected and passed on without shuffling—the sex chromosomes. An X chromosome is automatically passed on to the original cell—and to you—by your mother's egg. And either another X or a Y is handed down to you by your father's sperm. If you are XX as you read this, you are a woman; if XY, then a man. And that's all the difference there is.

Not a lot, you might think. And genetically speaking, you would be right. What, after all, is one chromosome—the X or Y inherited from your father—against 45 others, 44 of which have been provided in equal ratio by both a male and a female, by both mother and father? Given that who we are is a complicated business, then it must be scat-

tered over those other 45 chromosomes as well.

That is the line taken, quite understandably, by a good many people. One chromosome, they say, may be responsible for the way our bodies look and function. But how on earth can it be responsible for any other claimed differences between men and women? In the toys we're supposed to want to play with? In the different abilities we're supposed to have? In the sexual roles we're called on to fill; in the sexual tastes it's considered right for us to display? We must, they say, be more *alike* at birth than *unlike*—more bisexual. It must be only after birth, they say, that sex differences are forced upon us.

A perfectly reasonable point of view on the face of it. If you shuffle traits from both parents, as nature has chosen to do, then you're bound to end up with potentially bisexual creatures. It's a problem. One that nature *herself* had to face—and to solve.

Let's personalize nature for a moment. Her problem is this. Once she's made a commitment to sex and the sexes (see *Man and Woman, Part Two: The Sexual Deal*, PLAYBOY, February), she wants to preserve it and to preserve all the advantages the new gene shuffling involves—the highly various offspring it makes possible. But at the same time, she wants to make sure that physically and behaviorally the two sexes remain distinct from each other and—very important—*attractive* to each other. She wants mating, sexual reproduction and a sexual division of labor to continue. She can't afford confused signals or a unisex.

So what can she do? Well, there are two things: She can abandon gene shuffling for a large number of the chromosomes. Or she can be more economical—she can put the X and Y chromosomes in charge of an auxiliary system that will intervene *after conception* in the way the 44 other chromosomes are expressed.

That is, in fact, what nature did. Instead of giving up any of the gene-shuffling advantages, she created, early in evolution, a mechanism that monitors the way the chromosomes' genes are expressed in the male and female body and brain. She invented a process that could reach within the same cells and switch them in either a masculine or a feminine direction. She invented the sex hormones. It is the sex hormones that are responsible for the different abilities of male and female rats. It is the sex hormones that are responsible for the different postures of male and female dogs when they urinate. And it is the sex hormones that, in humans, are responsible for differences in bones, muscles,

(continued on page 226)

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •



I PRACTICED tattooing in my grade school days in Minnesota, using classroom pen and inkwell, charging fellow students five cents an image. Years later, tattoos are much in evidence. Last year, I saw them in the Maud Adams/Bruce Dern movie, on the Rolling Stones' album *Tattoo You* and—I discovered—an Cher's shapely body. Backstage after a Las Vegas performance, I complimented Cher on a fine tattoo on her left ankle and she revealed a more personal example—a delicate tiger lily on her lower tarso. She told me she would like to have modeled for Modigliani, but, as she assumed a classical pose, I was reminded of Botticelli's elegant Venus. —L.N.

PARIS MATCH

HELAUT NEWTON



*henriette goes to france and
france goes for henriette*

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED to our Georgia peach, Henriette Allais, since we first saw her. That was in March 1980, in the centerfold of our favorite magazine. As Miss March, she conjured up visions of Scarlett O'Hara: fiery, sensuous, with more than a hint of Dixie in her



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Life as a model has been good to the former orthodontist's assistant from Georgia. Her face and figure are in demand by the world's top photographers. In the inset on the opposite page, Henriette (on the left) draws editorial duty for French Vogue.



HELMUT NEWTON



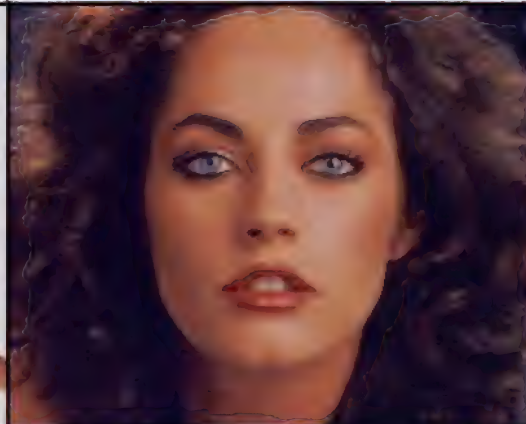
Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus has been wanting to shoot Henriette Allois ever since he saw her in our March 1980 gatefold. "We met shortly after that, and we knew that at some point the two of us should get together and take pictures," he recalls. Almost two years—during which Henriette went to France to seek fame and fortune—intervened, but she and Marcus connected at last, happily.

voice. But that was two years ago. When we saw her again recently, there were changes. The fire and sensuousness remained, but there was more strength, more self-assurance, more vision. The accent had taken on a definite foreign tone that gave a clue to her transformation. For the past year and a half, Henriette has worked, played and grown in Paris. She chucked everything for the modeling game and leaped in headfirst. Paris welcomed her with open arms. Before long, Henriette was one of the busiest models in the City of Light. That's no mean feat; the number of girls trying to make it there is legion. But if, like Henriette, you're chosen, there's nowhere to go but up. "Paris is the best place to get a good portfolio together," she declares. "The competition is very stiff. About 60 percent of the models are American girls. The French photographers like them because they are big and tall. The reason I've been so successful is that they can't categorize my look. It's so changeable. I can go from totally innocent to totally sophisticated to totally sexy." A girl who

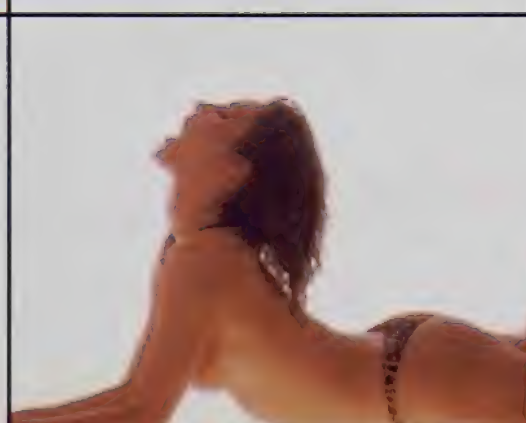
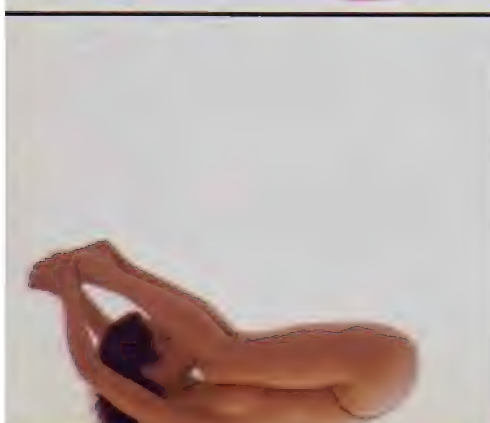
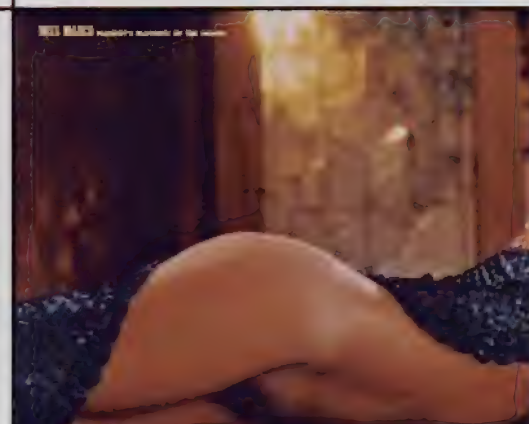
"The intensity of Henriette's eyes makes them magic," Marcus avers. At left, Henriette shifts gears for a surreal yet romantic high-fashion shot by famed photographer Helmut Newton for the French Vogue. "Newton, Francis Giacobetti, André Berg all went nuts over her," says Marcus. "That's unusual, because most photographers don't want to talk to you if you've been shot by someone else."







The figure studies on these and the preceding page by PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus underscore the wide range of effects that can be achieved by a talented lensman using the same model. Henriette clearly enjoys the challenge, adding movement and life to an essentially static medium. Near right, Henriette as we first saw her in the March 1980 centerfold. Her ambition then: to be a model.



can convey sexiness with her body is gold in Paris, whether she's on the runway or featured in product ads, fashion or creative photography. For the French audience, inhibition is out and libido is in. "I've seen some of the most beautiful and sensuous commercials ever on prime-time television," Henriette says. "If you go for an audition, it's common to be asked if you mind showing your breasts." The Gallic penchant for the erotic is quite all right with Henriette. "I don't feel at all inhibited about being sexy," she says. "There are many good photographers in the U. S., but they are limited in what they can shoot. They get locked into formulas. And, after all, it's 1982. Women have got to stop the cheesecake and start being more seductive." What's the differ-



ence? "It's mostly in the eyes," Henriette says. "For instance, I like to laugh, but not when I'm trying to seduce someone. To get the proper look, you have to use your eyes, actually talk with them." Being a sought-after model can play havoc with one's private life, but Henriette has it under



Working in front of Marcus' camera, Henriette produces shots that are unequivocally erotic. "She projects an intense sexuality when she works," the photographer notes. "Henriette is a body artist; what she does with her body in front of a camera is her art."

Hot or cold, clearly Henriette has what it takes to make one sit up and take notice. When last seen, she was off to Martinique for a little R&R; then it's back to the States for more work. Though that's hardly the term for something that gives her, and us, so much pleasure.



control. "When I left the South, I found that things were very different in the big cities, where people ask you how much money you have and what kind of car you drive. I don't care about that stuff. I could be a millionairess by now with all the offers I've gotten. People want you to go with them on their yachts or to be their mistress. I turn them down because I don't want to be held down. Even in my marriage, I don't like that. If my husband feels he has to get away, he goes, and the same for me. It took me a long time to get out of the trap of being in love with someone and thinking he had to be there all the time. You just can't own another person. It's not fair. It's not human."







"Don't worry about me. I'm a survivor!"

the optical illusion

Ribald Classic

from *Contes et Nouvelles en vers*, by Jean de la Fontaine, 1665

The master did another maid require
And found a pretty serving-girl for hire.
She pleased his eyes so happily, he thought
She might, with luck, by amorous snares be caught.
He proved correct; the wench was blithe and gay,
A buxom lass, most supple every way.

At dawn, one summer's morn, the man was led
To rise and leave his wife asleep in bed;
He stepped into the garden where he found
The servant girl collecting flowers around
To make a nosegay for his better half
(Whose birthday 'twas), set in to joke and laugh,
And, getting close, the flowers to appraise,
The servant's neckerchief he'd slyly raise.
Who, suddenly, on feeling of his hand,
Played at resistance, breathed a reprimand.
But since these liberties were nothing new,
They soon went on to other frolics, too;
She threw the nosegay at the gallant's head;
He shook them off and kissed the maid instead.
They romped and rattled, played and skipped around,
Until at last she fell upon the ground.
And he, to comfort quick and sympathize,
Sank gently down between her snowy thighs.

Unluckily, a neighbor's prying eyes
Beheld their playful pranks with much surprise.
She, from her window, could the scene o'erlook.
When soon the gallant noticed this, he shook
His head: "Alas, our frolicking is seen
By that old haggard, envious, prying quean.
But have no qualms, my dear." He chose
To run and wake his wife, who quickly rose.
He kissed her fondly, whispered his intent
And to the garden walk they straightway went.
He laid her down beneath the cherry's shade
And so the amorous scene was thus replayed,
Which highly gratified the lady fair,
Who, later, in the evening, would repair
To her good neighbor, and they'd kindly share
Whatever news or gossip filled the air.
At once that neighbor, with an air dumfounded,
Told what she'd seen that morn upon the ground.

"My poor, poor dear! My innocent! Oh, shame!"
With looks of gleeful woe cried out the dame.
"I love you much, and thus I must detail
What I have witnessed—and the scene bewail.
Will you continue to employ that trull
Who steals your love and makes your man a gull?
At once I'd kick her from the house, I say;
The strumpet should not halt another day."
The wife replied, "You surely are deceived;
A simple, virtuous wench, by all believed."
"Well, I can easily, my friend, suppose,"
Rejoined the neighbor, "whence this good word flows,
But look around you, be convinced! This morn,
From my own window (true, as I am born!),
Within your garden, I your husband spied
At frolic with the servant girl betide.
Tossing the nosegay like a pretty ball
Until their sporting ended in a fall."

"But listen," cried the wife, "and be aware
You are deceived—myself alone was there."

NEIGHBOR:

"But patience, if you please, attend, I pray:
You've no conception what I meant to say.



The playful pair was actively employed
In plucking amorous flowers—they kissed and toyed."

WIFE:

"'Twas clearly I for her whom you mistook."

NEIGHBOR:

"Until the flowers for flesh they soon forsook
And handfuls of each other took instead,
Lolling beneath your cherry tree outspread."

WIFE:

"But still, why think you, friend, it was not I?
Has not your spouse with you a right to try
What freaks he likes?"

NEIGHBOR:

"Out there, upon the ground?
My skirt hiked up, awry, my hair unbound?
You laugh——"

WIFE:

"Indeed I do, 'twas I, myself."

NEIGHBOR:

"She wore a flannel petticoat, this elf.
Be patient and remember well, I pray,
If this was worn by you or her today?
There lies the point. You must believe
Your husband did the most one could conceive."

WIFE:

"How hard of credence! 'Twas myself, I vow."

NEIGHBOR:

"Oh! That's conclusive. I'll be silent now.
Though, truly, I have always thought my eyes
Are pretty sharp, and I feel much surprise
At what you say. In fact, I could have sworn
I saw her romping thus this very morn.
Excuse the hint and do not turn her off."

WIFE:

"Why, turn her out? The very thought I scoff;
She serves me well."

NEIGHBOR:

"And very well was taught.
Forgive me, friend, for my unseemly thoughti."

—Retold by Jem Buller

WAR ON DRUGS

(continued from page 137)

"Only the loaded message came through: Pot will turn your beautiful boy into a mindless homo with breasts."

long as you can stand the pain."

Yet another new Texas law forced through the legislature by the antimarijuana hysteria requires the creation of a computer system to keep track of certain prescriptions. If, for example, your dentist gave you Percodan or Demerol for pain, your name would go into the computer as that of a potential drug abuser. Under the new wire-tapping law, that could constitute probable cause for breaking into your house or office.

Sizing up the combined impact of the War on Drugs legislation, John Duncan, executive director of the Texas Civil Liberties Union (T.C.L.U.), says, "If we're going to create a police state, why do it piecemeal? Let's just tattoo a number on everybody's arm."

The most insidious effect of this nationwide crusade, however, has nothing to do with drugs. It is by focusing on the kids-on-dope theme that the otherwise rational person is lured into an argument about the merits of marijuana. No one in his right mind thinks children should smoke marijuana or take any other drugs. But drugs are not the point. The point is that it is cynical and destructive to frighten parents half to death, then turn them loose on elected officials. The point is that dismantling the Bill of Rights is not the solution to any real or imagined drug problem.

"They have some grandiose schemes," Buck Wood says, "so we can't roll over and play dead. We got over McCarthy, but there was a lot of damage done, a lot of people hurt. I think that could happen again. Whipping the American public into a frenzy, where they're willing to suspend civil liberties—we've got serious problems."

If you live in Texas, the police can now break into your home or tap your telephone virtually at will. The same parents' groups that achieved that are in Washington, D.C., pressuring the United States Congress for equally dangerous legislation. Some bills have already passed the House or the Senate. One would allow the military to begin enforcing drug laws. In other words, no matter where you live, you should be aware of the clear and present danger: Today Texas, tomorrow the world.

The family . . . was a device by means of which everyone could be surrounded night and day by informers who knew him intimately.

Some say Texas was a proving ground for the rest of the nation; others say it was simply a textbook example of how the war on drugs must be conducted nationwide. Either way, it is instructive and awe-inspiring to see how much was accomplished there in a very short time by turning the family against itself—the same basic technique being employed on a national level.

Like many misguided social policies, the Texans' War on Drugs had its genesis in questionable political motives. When William Clements took office as governor in January of 1979, he sent a memo to all his employees. "As a matter of standard policy," it said, "we will be making a security check . . . of all personnel who have not previously been cleared." The new governor was apparently unaware that there is no such thing as a state government security check in America and hadn't been in Texas, at least, since Reconstruction ended in 1874. Clements, the first Republican governor since that time, had been Deputy Secretary of Defense under Richard Nixon, however, and his experience in that post no doubt contributed to his confusing the concepts of state police and police state.

Shortly after having been sworn in as governor, Clements began making statements about "legalizing surveillance" and about what a vital law-enforcement tool it was. Observers of his administration say Clements was upset to learn that Texas had no state secrets; it was going to require some rather canny maneuvering to justify surveillance—or wire tapping, as most people call it.

"Wire tapping has never been popular in Texas," Buck Wood says. "But it was always presented as a general wire-tap bill, and you couldn't have gotten it passed if you'd put an atomic bomb under it." Clements, in 1979, was in search of something more powerful than the A-bomb to help him legalize surveillance. What he would ultimately find was that splitting the nuclear family produced more destructive power than splitting the atom. Precisely why wire tapping was so important to Clements remains unclear, though Racehorse Haynes has explained it as a product of the governor's "police state of mind."

The governor found a kindred spirit in the military-obsessed, right-wing radical billionaire Henry Ross Perot. Perot wears no jewelry except his naval academy ring. He owns the original of

The Spirit of '76, by Tompkins Matteson. He has his offices in the headquarters of Electronic Data Systems (E.D.S.), his computer kingdom, an expensively landscaped patch of north Dallas that is decorated with a copy of the Iwo Jima statue and guarded by a private "security" army. Perot worries a lot about being assassinated.

One of Clements' first acts as governor in 1979—Executive Order number two, in fact—created the Texans' War on Drugs Committee, with Perot as chairman. To fund its activities, Clements gave the committee \$584,000 in Federal money from the now-defunct Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. With missionary zeal, the committee set out to spread the word: Your kids are on dope / Dope kills.

The centerpiece of the War on Drugs campaign—not just in Texas but nationally—was a book published by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. Now, NIDA is not some obscure fringe group; it is part of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services. It used your tax dollars to commission *Parents, Peers and Pot*, whose pseudonymous author, Marsha Manatt, presents in her first chapter a fictionalized horror story about a neighborhood plagued by pot-smoking teenagers. ("Gradually an image of an alien world within their own community began to emerge, populated by their own children.") The book describes how parents took the problem in hand by creating a mini police state: every mom a cop.

The text goes on to present as scientific fact a number of frightening effects of marijuana. It threatens mothers, for example, with the possibility that their male children will grow breasts from smoking pot. It further warns that marijuana causes abnormalities in sperm cells, sexual dysfunction and a wide variety of other reproductive-system problems. Parents are told that marijuana interferes with the body's natural immune response, making smokers more vulnerable to disease. Moreover, "permanent changes in deep-brain areas that affect emotion and behavior" have been discovered in the laboratory. All of that is couched in careful language and attended by the appropriate caveats. But following hot on the heels of the *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*-style first chapter, only the loaded message came through: Pot will turn your beautiful boy into a mindless homo with breasts.

In 1979, while this book was being distributed all across the nation, the campaign in Texas was intensified by the political ambitions of Clements and the fervor of Perot. Perot took \$16,000 of the Federal tax money and paid Baylor law school to draft a series of bills for

(continued on page 200)

PLAYBOY MUSIC '82

an appraisal of the year's music and not one word about slam dancing, margaret thatcher, the new romantics or wendy o. williams' tits



WHEN WAS the last time you bought a record that wasn't warped? And at \$8.98, too! Someday, the record biz will get its house in order. Meanwhile, the creative end of the industry has been peppy, even funny, this year. The Go-Go's and Bow Wow Wow made us wanna go back to high school just so we could drop out. The high-endurance Stones, Kinks, J. Geils Band and Hall and Oates put out extraordinary albums and shows, while The Pretenders, The Cars, Tom Petty and Stevie Nicks all helped Beethoven roll over this year. For the word on how our readers saw it, check out our Music Poll results on page 218. For the way we saw it, just turn the page.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RIESER

HIGH END SOUND



MID-LIFE RAMBLERS: SOMETIMES YOU GET WHAT YOU NEED

The Rolling Stones. An institution so familiar, so valued that it distorts our critical faculties. Nevertheless, we think the Stones gave us the best concert of the year. We think we heard world-class rock 'n' roll on *Tattoo You* and that the Stones, creeping around the age of 40 to a man, were the musical event of the year.

We also think the Stones have hit upon a great new option for financing live shows. A few years ago, Keith Richards suggested to writer George W. S. Trow that some corporation ought to underwrite a Stones tour, thereby keeping ticket prices down. No one's ever raved about Keith's business sense, but it's clear he had a point. And this year, the Stones found their corporate backer in Jovan, Inc., the young fragrance firm

that bills about \$140,000,000 annually. Jovan's president, Richard E. Meyer, told us he decided to take the Stones'

offer in a very expensive three seconds — considering that the final Jovan investment came to more than \$3,000,000.

Meyer, who grew up in the era of drugs and sex and Rolling Stones, knew at a glance that his firm's demographics and the Stones' were close.

"I don't think I have to come out with a fragrance that has a tongue on the package to see if our involvement with the Stones sells product." At the end of the tour, Meyer was able to conclude, "I think the only better value than the Stones in concert is a \$7.50 bottle of musk oil—ours."

Musk oil notwithstanding, Mick Jagger filled us in on other aspects of the tour in a conversation with writer Ben Fong-Torres, who found Jagger in his hotel room. Fong-Torres spotted a note that read: "You are in Philly . . . gargle . . . make song list . . . choose clothes . . . exercise—

CLASS MUSIC-DIGITAL TOP 10



Digital recording has sent classical-music fans into a frenzy familiar to rockers. Remember when you'd toss Pink Floyd onto the turntable, crank up the volume and see how soon you turned into Jell-O? Now that many classical records are digital, you can look for new highs and lows—the ones that were lost by conventional recording processes. Here are ten of the year's best matings of digital sound and great performance.

1. **Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"**—Staatskapelle Berlin, Otmar Suitner conducting (Denon).
2. **Bolling: Concerto for Classic Guitar and Jazz Piano**—with Angel Romero and George Shearing (Angel).
3. **Debussy: Prelude to The Afternoon of a Faun, Images**—London Symphony, André Previn conducting (Angel).
4. **Morton Gould: Latin American Symphonette and Other Works**—Gould conducts the London Symphony (Varèse Sarabande).
5. **Music of Holst, Bach, Handel**—Cleveland Symphonic Winds, Frederick Fennell conducting (Telarc).
6. **Holst: The Planets**—Scottish National

Orchestra, Sir Alexander Gibson conducting (Chandos).

7. **Janáček: Sinfonietta, Taras Bulba**—Vienna Philharmonic, Sir Charles Mackerras conducting (London).

8. **Orff: Carmina Burana and Hindemith: Symphonic Metamorphosis**—Atlanta Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, Robert Shaw conducting (Telarc).

9. **Strauss: Also sprach Zarathustra**—Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (Angel).

10. **Tchaikovsky & Dvořák: String Serenades**—Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conducting (Deutsche Grammophon).

outdoors if possible."

PLAYBOY: How do you prepare for a tour?

JAGGER: You have to exercise all the time. You make sure you eat really right. You can't talk about what you do mentally . . . you have to get really serious. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: This year, everyone seemed to be asking, "Are the Stones too old to rock?" Is this the last time around?

JAGGER: You gotta be joking! How can you expect anyone so successful at selling tickets to fucking outdoor rock-'n'-roll shows to even consider giving them up? It's absurd!

PLAYBOY: The total gross was originally planned at \$30,000,000. In the end, it exceeded \$40,000,000. Did you expect that kind of success?

JAGGER: It passed everyone's wildest dreams! Why should there be this demand for tickets? We totally underestimated. We fucked up. . . . The demand is there. It may not be there next year.

PLAYBOY: Why do you do such big outdoor shows? Is it for the money or the demand?

JAGGER: Money . . . demand. Also, we're quite good at doing them.

PLAYBOY: In concert, are you just having a good time?

JAGGER: If you get onstage, the first rule is: Don't be shy. No one wants to see a shy person. They want to see you having a good time, and why shouldn't you have a good time? You're having a great time, they're having a good time, and so you'll have a good time, even if you fuck up.

PLAYBOY: You once said you felt lucky: You could act like a child and get away with it. Have you since grown up?

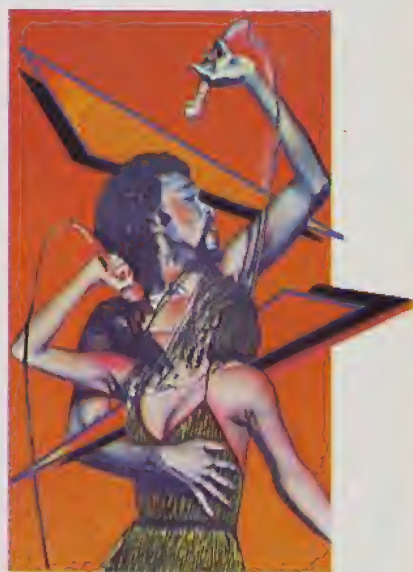
JAGGER: Being onstage, you can feel anything. You can feel 100 years old or like a child. That's what the stage is for. To act. If you want to act the fool, you can act it—at any age. You don't want to do that in your own private life; that'd be stupid. But onstage you can perfectly well act it—so long as you do it well.

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

R&B is boogieing back. After all, even Katharine Hepburn showed up at the Jacksons' most recent Madison Square Garden concert. Smokey Robinson's *Being with You* put him right back at the top, just 20 years after *Shop Around*. *Endless Love*, the Lionel Richie, Jr.-Diana Ross duet, had a seemingly endless run on the radio. Crossover history was made when Richie produced Kenny Rogers; and Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic produced Deborah Harry. David Byrne and Brian Eno got funky for their opus *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*. It seems that when disco, with its cool, emphatic march beat, finally got

stomped, its audience and artists were ready for the warm, sweet passion of what we once called soul, displayed at right in all its glory by Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson.

Watch for Elektra/Asylum, until now the official repository of mellow, to become an R&B powerhouse with The Pointer Sisters and a tie-in to the Solar label, including Shalamar, Lakeside and The Whispers. Solar producer Leon Sylvers, III, says that rock/funk will be the next wave. If you wonder what that is, check out Rick James or Prince, your basic androgynous mulatto New Waver, who performs nearly naked—Little Richard sans wardrobe.



DESPITE FIVE ZILLION LOYAL FANS, HI INFIDELITY STILL PUTS CRITICS TO SLEEP

REO Speedwagon is the kind of standard touring band that can fill a hall in Moline . . . a bit sleazy and infantile. . . .

—JOEL VANCE, *Stereo Review*

Speedwagon, Journey and Styx.

None of the three is a New York, Los Angeles or Liverpool band. Styx and REO are from Illinois; Journey, from San Francisco. Maybe

bands in the country. Somebody out there likes them.

Styx sold more than 3,000,000 albums and 1,000,000 singles last year—for the fourth year in a row. They



Critics call it schlock 'n' roll. They call it boing-boing music, referring to allegedly simple melodies. Then they play on their own joke, wondering what happened to the "r" in the middle of "boing."

But those who stay awake for it call it power rock, and the best of it is by REO

that's why they don't get no respect. (When the five members of REO went to pick up their gold record for *Hi Infidelity*, they found it inscribed, RED SPEEDWAGON.) But now, all of a sudden, even though none of them has ever been on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, they're the three top

played in front of 1,500,000 people, always without the added draw of an opening act.

Journey fans bought 4,000,000 albums and 1,200,000 concert tickets in 1981. The group earned \$38,200,000 overall.

REO, the biggest success

(concluded on page 218) 161



BILLY SHERRILL'S BRAVE NEW WAVE

Billy Sherrill has produced hits for some of the biggest names in country music. This year, he turned up recording New Wave Brit Elvis Costello, cutting some rollicking rock by Lacy J. Dalton and introducing a new all-female group called Calamity Jane. We sent Bob Allen to ask for an accounting.

PLAYBOY: We've heard of crossover, but isn't it weird for you to produce Elvis Costello?

SHERRILL: It is weird, but we just did a one-shot deal. It was one week out of his life and one week out of mine. It was an experiment that worked. We had fun, but I may never see him again. But I hope I do; he's a nice guy.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do it?

SHERRILL: He asked me. You know, he's probably more of a country fan than I am. He really loves George Jones. Me, I like to go home and listen to Johann Strauss. Anyway, we did the album. I didn't understand a lot of it because he is so radical in his phrasing; he probably knows something I don't know. But I had a ball.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he could ever be a great country singer?

SHERRILL: Anybody can have a country hit if he really nails something properly. But I don't see him as a, um, mainstream-country act.

PLAYBOY: You've produced a wide range of women singers, but Lacy J. Dalton is still quite a departure for you. Were you looking for somebody fresh?

SHERRILL: No. I was just listening to a bunch of tapes when this gutsy voice asked, "Why do I fall for those crazy blue eyes?" She made everything else I heard that day—including tapes from all our great publishers and writers in town—sound like crap.

PLAYBOY: You personally screen all your material?

SHERRILL: Every last pitiful one—and most of them are pretty bad.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you entrust that chore to someone else?

SHERRILL: It'd be like hiring a guy to make love to my wife.

PLAYBOY: Do you get bored working with the same artists year after year?

SHERRILL: Sure. And it's always the same feeling: We look at each other and you feel like you're taking your sister to the drive-in one more time.

PLAYBOY: Is that what happened with Tammy Wynette?

SHERRILL: There's no big divorce suit pending, you know. If somebody came in with a song that destroyed me and I got that old feeling again, I'd pick up the phone and call Tammy and we'd cut it.

PLAYBOY: But you continue to produce George Jones.

SHERRILL: Recording Jones is like coaching Earl Campbell: You give him the ball and you know what he's going to do with it. I bet him \$100 that *He Stopped Loving Her Today* would go number one. He thought it was too depressing, too slow and too long. Needless to say, he paid up.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that in some cases, you finish all the instrumental tracks, so that all the artist has to do is walk in and do the vocals.

SHERRILL: Sometimes you have to do that. It depends on the alcohol content in the artist's blood. A lot of times you cut records and the artist isn't even in town.

PLAYBOY: You once said you produced some of the ugliest performers in the business. Do you also seek out...

SHERRILL: Craze-o's? I don't know, and I've thought about that a lot myself. But they've all had their flings and are settling down now. Jones has straightened up, Paycheck, too.

PLAYBOY: You co-wrote Tammy Wynette's hit *Stand By Your Man*. Does it bother you that it gets played in gay bars?

SHERRILL: As long as I'm paid performance royalties, I wouldn't care if they played it in Russia.

PLAYBOY: What accounts for your fascination with strings?

SHERRILL: There's a part in *He Stopped Loving Her Today* when you realize that the guy in the song is dead and
(concluded on page 218)



Little T-and-A Award: To Pat "Lycra spandex" Benatar, who says she's tired of being characterized as a sexpot. She's working on a new, nonsexual image, and that means very little T and A.



MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR JAZZ

Finally recovered after a string of health problems, Miles Davis limped across the concert stage this year and showed himself to be the toughest jazz-blues-rock-wa-wa trumpeter around. Performing with a mostly rock group, including a conga player who wrestled his drum to the floor, Miles once again unsettled the few remaining jazz purists. But that was the last note from the purists this year. Most of the notes came from a new breed of crossover contenders who have found a

way to sneak their music onto the radio and sell some records.

Nineteen eighty-one saw lots of activity on the pop charts by artists who—rightly or wrongly, willingly or not—carried the label *jazz*: Al Jarreau, Grover Washington, Jr., Stanley Clarke and George Duke, David Sanborn, Tom Browne, Jeff Lorber, Pat Metheny, Lee Ritenour and, of course, George Benson, who started the whole movement. Most of the records have been the R&B-influenced brand of fusion that some have dubbed *jazzz*. For a change, pop critics are the ones debating the nomenclatures, while jazz writers appear ready to accept the success of Washington and Jarreau without argument.

The fusion artists—most of whom reject the word *jazz* (and why not? It's always been the kiss of death commercially)—are doing what comes naturally, as all music these days becomes increasingly eclectic. The Stones' *Tattoo You* features the great tenor-sax player Sonny Rollins—who goes uncredited in the liner notes. Just for the record, Mick says Rollins is an old favorite of Charlie Watts's. Rollins is just now coming out with his first self-produced album, called *No Problem* (Milestone). Dizzy Gillespie put in an appearance on Chaka Khan's remake of his classic *Night in Tunisia*. Duke Ellington's *Sophisticated Ladies* made it to Broadway in a razzle-dazzle, definitely show-time treatment of the music.

Bird lives on film and in print. Now, as Richard Pryor prepares for his screen role as Charlie Parker, a picture book about Bird has appeared in England; it weighs in at eight pounds and costs \$111. With money like that going for books about dead musicians, you can't blame the new breed for cashing in while they're still breathing. So what if Grover Washington's funky wail isn't Charlie Parker's—just view him as a guerrilla occupation trooper making the world safe for bebop.

PLAYBOY'S D.J. POLL

The trouble with some contests is that they're judged by amateurs. Of course, there's good reason for doing things that way; after all, it involves the same principle that made America great. On the other hand, there are plenty of good reasons for letting the pros have their say. Experience counts. With that in mind, we asked 22 of the country's best-known radio personalities for their choices of the year's best music. Part of the point was to see just how closely their personal tastes would mirror the tastes of their audiences—you. Frankly, we didn't expect such little deviation from our readers' poll results. What this means, we suppose, is that there's some kind of uniformity out there. Quality, like the color yellow, is difficult to describe but everyone knows it when he steps in it. What follows, then, are the names of the d.j.s and their choices.



Howard Hesseman (Dr. Johnny
Fever of WKRP in Cincinnati)

Tommy Edwards WLS, Chicago

Larry Lujack WLS, Chicago

Steve Dahl WLS-FM, Chicago

Garry Meier WLS-FM, Chicago

Sky Daniels WLUP, Chicago

John Fisher WMET, Chicago

Kid Leo WMMS, Cleveland

B. Mitchell Reed KLOS, Los Angeles

Jeff Gonzer KMET, Los Angeles

Jack Snyder KMET, Los Angeles

Mary Turner KMET, Los Angeles

Dan Ingram WABC, New York

Dave Herman WNEW-FM, New York

Richard Neer WNEW-FM, New York

Pat St. John WPLJ, New York

Frankie Crocker WBLS, New York

Joe Bonadonna WMMR, Philadelphia

Lisa Richards WMMR, Philadelphia

Piccozzi WYSP, Philadelphia

Jimmy Roach WDVE, Pittsburgh

Tempie Lindsey KISS, San Antonio

D.J. POLL RESULTS:

BEST ALBUM

1. Rolling Stones / *Tattoo You*
2. REO Speedwagon / *Hi Infidelity*
3. Steve Winwood / *Arc of a Diver*

BEST SINGLE

1. Rolling Stones / *Start Me Up*

2. Donnie Iris / *Ah Leah*

3. The Go-Go's / *Our Lips Are Sealed*

BEST GROUP

1. Rolling Stones
2. Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band
3. The Police

BEST MALE SINGER

1. Bruce Springsteen
2. Mick Jagger
3. Bob Seger

BEST FEMALE SINGER

1. Stevie Nicks
2. Chrissie Hynde
3. Pat Benatar

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

Most socially aware song title of the year: *Too Drunk to Fuck*, by the Dead Kennedys.

Still dead after all these years: Death was hot stuff again in the music biz this past year. Elvis' bio, Dr. Nick's trial, Colonel Parker's various lawsuits and even a recipe book that included Pepsi-Cola Salad—one of El's favorites—all made the papers in 1981. There were more current demises to mourn, such as Bob Marley's, Bob Hite's, Harry Chapin's, Mike Bloomfield's, and Furry Lewis', but the award for the year's best worst magazine-cover line goes to *Rolling Stone* for printing: "JIM MORRISON. HE'S HOT, HE'S SEXY AND HE'S DEAD."

Don't send me no doctor: Country music almost had to close up shop while Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, Jerry Lee Lewis, Merle Haggard and George Jones all reported to their hospital beds. We know for a fact that Dr. Nick was not the attending physician.

Ringo plays Bach: Beatle news. George Harrison is executive producer of *Time Bandits* and writes his autobiography. . . . Ringo stars in



Mistaken Identity: Rod Stewart and Kim Carnes appeared together on Rod's TV special, proving they're not the same person. Now we hear a new theory—they're twins separated at birth.

Caveman, marries Barbara Bach and records *Stop and Smell the Roses*. . . . Paul tries to buy back the rights to early Lennon/McCartney hits from British producer Sir Lew Grade. . . . And John continues to get tributes, from a musical about his life produced in home town Liverpool to the sales of *Double*

Fantasy to a five-city tour by the Cincinnati Pops.

Satin pols: Republican Party heavyweights honored vibist/G.O.P. backer Lionel Hampton at an all-star White House jam session. Host "Symphony Ron" Reagan inquired of the audience, "Aren't we glad we all grew up in the era of

the big bands?" The overpowering response indicated that you wouldn't find this crowd at your typical AC/DC concert. "Where the hell was Tony Bennett?" muttered a disgruntled senatorial type on his way out. Must have been a Democrat.

RETREADS

The record business has always been a ready regurgitator—and last year it outdid itself, as *Stars on 45* ascended the charts with a medley of Beatles hits. As The Beach Boys followed with a medley of their own, listeners must have thought their cultural lives were flashing past their ears. Dick Clark planned a new radio show called *Rock, Roll and Remember*. Rock-a-billy and surf music were revived. Juice Newton hit with *Angel of the Morning* and Carly Simon did an album of torch songs. Larry Graham put down his bass and sang old doo-wop ballads. At Christmas time there were no fewer than 48 "Greatest Hits" albums on the market—double the number of the previous year. And a new generation of rock fans was listening to everything it could get hold of by The Doors, The Who and The Yardbirds.

SEE ME, HEAR ME, BUY ME



Tom Snyder tried to bring music to TV but lost. NBC's *Today's* Kal Rudman tries to pick the hits. He saw success at last for Bob Seger—whose prior two albums had gone quadruple platinum. Another Rudman flash: "Songs are going back to Stephen Foster because women want the house and family." We'll take the *Solid Gold* dancers.

The real TV-music action is on pay TV. As America gets wired, cable systems are hungry for product, creating a market

for video producers. Music sells—partly because established stars come with an audience and partly because music, like porn, has a high repeatability factor. Blondie, or even a new act like The Go-Go's, can do a show, lease it to cable, sell tapes and turn a profit. Insiders think video will soon explode commercially the way stereo did in the Sixties. Ex-Monkee turned video producer Mike Nesmith sees a change in the way we view TV: "Now you can *play* your TV set."

HALL OF FAME



PETER TOWNSHEND

Peter Townshend, *The Who's* songwriter and lead guitarist, can claim part paternity for the modern musical miscellany. The creative force of arguably the most important band since the Beatles, perplexed parent of "Tommy" and progenitor of the forces of rock's violent horsepower, Townshend has contributed most of the good, bad and even ugly that characterize *The Who*. He, Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle and Keith Moon defined the past 15 years of rock 'n' roll. In his lyrics, Townshend gave us the hard, punk facts about our g-g-generation and then

turned deftly to humor, metaphor and metaphysics. From the exuberant "Live at Leeds" album through the brilliant, straightforward "Who's Next" to the unanswered question "Who Are You," they have mixed and remixed the nostalgic, angry, iconoclastic and transcendent essences of rock music, and since Moon's death in 1978, Townshend has continued to search for an identity for the band with no name. His 1980 solo work, "Empty Glass," suggests that the world's most smashing guitarist is still trying to find a chord that will express both his compassion and his rage.

PREVIOUS HALL OF FAME WINNERS:

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Duane Allman | Eric Clapton | Jimi Hendrix | Jim Morrison |
| Herb Alpert | John Coltrane | Mick Jagger | Elvis Presley |
| Louis Armstrong | Miles Davis | Elton John | Linda Ronstadt |
| Count Basie | Bob Dylan | Janis Joplin | Frank Sinatra |
| John Bonham | Duke Ellington | John Lennon | Bruce Springsteen |
| Dave Brubeck | Ella Fitzgerald | Paul McCartney | Ringo Starr |
| Ray Charles | Benny Goodman | Wes Montgomery | Stevie Wonder |
| | George Harrison | Keith Moon | |

POLL WINNERS

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

CHARLIE DANIELS BAND group

WILLIE NELSON composer/songwriter,
mole vocalist

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

ROY CLARK string instrumentalist



POP/ROCK

PAUL McCARTNEY bass

MICK FLEETWOOD drums

ROLLING STONES group

PAT BENATAR female vocalist

BILLY JOEL keyboards

CARLOS SANTANA guitar

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
mole vocalist, composer



RHYTHM-AND-BLUES



GEORGE BENSON male vocalist

COMMODORES group

DIANA ROSS female vocalist

STEVIE WONDER composer

BUDDY RICH percussion
LIONEL HAMPTON vibes

STANLEY CLARKE bass
MANHATTAN TRANSFER group

JAZZ

GEORGE BENSON guitar



CHUCK MANGIONE composer,
brass

CHICK COREA keyboards

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. woodwinds

JONI MITCHELL female vocalist

AL JARREAU male vocalist

Two pictures are worth

*Atari vs. Intellivision?
Nothing I could say would be more
persuasive than what your own
two eyes will tell you. But I can't
resist telling you more.*

— George Plimpton —



ATARI
HOME RUN™ BASEBALL

INTELLIVISION
MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL™

a thousand words.

It's obvious how much more realistic Intellivision graphics are. But take a closer look. Notice the Intellivision players. They've got arms and legs like real players do. Look at the field. It actually looks more like a real baseball field. If you compare the two games, I think you'll find that Intellivision looks a lot more like the real thing.



Atari Casino™ No dealer.



Intellivision Las Vegas Poker & Blackjack. You play cards with a shifty-eyed dealer.

More about action

You can see how much more realistic Intellivision looks. What we can't show you here is how much more realistically it moves. If you could compare the two, I think you'd see that Intellivision has smoothen and more life-like movement than Atari.



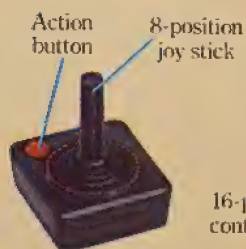
Atari Pele's Championship Soccer™ players



Intellivision NASL Soccer™* players

More about control

If you've ever played a video game, you know how important control is. And if you held these two control units in your hand, you'd know Intellivision gives you more. The Atari hand controller offers only 8 positions and one button. The Intellivision hand controller has 16 positions and 4 buttons. So Intellivision allows



ATARI JOY STICK HAND CONTROLLER



INTELLIVISION HAND CONTROLLER

you to maneuver players and objects in more directions with greater precision and accuracy. And the Intellivision controller is compatible with the entire library. With Atari, some games require the purchase of additional control units.

More about challenge

You can't see it here, but I have found that in many of the Atari programs, the game play is rather simplistic. With Intellivision, the game play is more sophisticated. And that makes Intellivision more challenging. With Intellivision PGA Golf for instance, you get nine different clubs to choose from. With Atari Golf, you have to make do with just one club. Greater attention to detail is a quality I have found in all of the Intellivision games. Making them more realistic. And more challenging.



Atari Golf



Intellivision PGA Golf™*

More about libraries

Both Intellivision and Atari have large libraries. But there really isn't any way you can tell which library is better, until you play with both. Once you compare the two systems for challenge, sophistication and continued interest, I'm confident you'll choose Intellivision. But don't just take my word for it. Visit your local dealer and decide for yourself.



MATTEL ELECTRONICS®
IntelliVision™
 Intelligent Television

For your nearest dealer call 1 (800) 323-1715
 In Illinois 1 (800) 942-8881

*Trademark used under license from designated owners.
 © Mattel, Inc. 1981. All Rights Reserved.



20 QUESTIONS: JAMES WOODS

hollywood's favorite creep sounds off on good looks, bad producers and what the catholic church taught him about sex

James Woods has made a career of playing some of the more offbeat characters in recent films. He was the sociopathic killer in "The Onion Field," the doomed German-Jewish artist in "Holocaust," the freaked-out Vietnam veteran in "Eyewitness" and will be the cult deprogrammer in the forthcoming "Captured." Some critics say Woods, 34, is the new De Niro, the new Pacino—an intense actor capable of playing an enormous variety of roles, each one of them different, each one complete. To find out more about him, we sent out interviewer Claudia Dreifus. "Jimmy Woods is fast-talking, glib and smart," Dreifus reports. "He's one man who is really clear on who he is and what he does."

1.

PLAYBOY: In most of your films, you've played either a victim, a sociopath or a loser. Does being typed in this way bother you?

WOODS: No. Has the man in the gray flannel suit ever interested anybody? There aren't very many interesting straight-down-the-line sort of people. Robert Redford is about the only one who's been able to capitalize on being Mr. Straight. But he's a much underrated actor; he does much more interesting things than he's given credit for. Look at *Ordinary People*. His characters are the most disoriented bunch of people I've ever seen. When I began trying to get into movies and television, I used to bitch and moan that conventionally good-looking guys had everything going for them. If we all went for a *Rockford Files* part, one of them would most likely get it because he looked like Robert Wagner and I didn't. But some of these guys who got the parts and who were also my friends would say to me, "Jimmy, eventually you'll end up getting the De Niro parts and we never will." They knew that it wouldn't be very interesting to watch an Arrow-shirt man in *Raging Bull*.

2.

PLAYBOY: Of all the sociopaths and misfits you've played, which one taught you the most?

WOODS: The cop killer I played in *The Onion Field*. I was really horrified to find out he had no sense of right or wrong.

When I first began the movie, I thought, I'll find some way to make this guy real sensitive and have him exonerate himself in a grander human or spiritual or moral universe. That way, he'll turn out not to have been such a horrible human being. When we finished shooting, what I had done felt very cold and disgusting, and I realized that there is a kind of person who is truly sociopathic. I had to come to grips with that: to find out what it's like not to think about whether other people lived or died—so long as they served my purposes. It's quite chilling to know that I could—that we all could, under the right circumstances—operate on that level.

3.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there always a sense of the outlaw in your work?

WOODS: Maybe there's something to that. Nietzsche had a theory that the law was invented by the weak to keep the strong at bay. I'd like to amend that a bit. I think that maybe the outlaw was invented by the slightly more sensitive people to keep the weight of the so-called Beautiful People at bay long enough to keep themselves breathing in their own world. I've always felt that outcasts have a certain purity that other people don't. Outcasts don't have to live up to any standards—they define their own.

4.

PLAYBOY: You played Karl Weiss, the neurotic and doomed artist in *Holocaust*. How would you feel if you were hit by a truck tomorrow and *Holocaust* were the thing that you were most remembered for?

WOODS: I feel OK about *Holocaust*. But I wouldn't want it to be the epitaph on my tombstone. While we were shooting it, Meryl Streep and I concluded that we were committing the second greatest crime of the 20th Century: We were convinced we would probably all go to hell for doing this piece of shit and besmirching the memory of millions of victims of the Holocaust. As it turned out, we were unfair to the program and to ourselves; that series meant a lot to people. I felt good about what I did. I liked showing a supposedly weak man who, in fact, was just a sensitive man—and who fought back in his own way and who was willing to give his life for what he be-

lieved in. I like to show people who go beyond their capabilities and become heroic in some small way. I want everybody who sits in the audience to think: You know, at one point in my life, I'll do some small gesture like that and it will make me just a little bit better than I thought I was.

5.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you think producers see in you?

WOODS: Producers don't see anything in me. Producers hate me, OK? Producers are assholes. How's that for a quote? They're schmucks; they're deal makers. They know all the tricks of the trade but they don't know the trade itself. Producers know how to steal money and they know how to put together packages. So what relevance would someone like me have in their lives? They don't give a shit about the kind of thing that I do. My only stock in trade—my one strong suit, in all objective modesty—is that I feel I'm one of the most talented people of my generation in film. I may not be the most charismatic. I may not be the most successful. I'm not a pretty boy. When they want one of those, they call Richard Gere. But if the role requires that the actor be great or it's going to be a disastrous picture, they call me. As for most producers, they're liars and thieves. They have no value in life. They don't believe in anything.

6.

PLAYBOY: As an actor, who's your competition? Do you think you're up there with guys like Robert De Niro?

WOODS: From a business point of view, I've lost parts to John Hurt and Treat Williams and others. I would like to hear my name and De Niro's mentioned in the same sentence more often than not. Whether, in fact, that becomes true will depend on the future. But if I don't end up deserving that honor in the eyes of the world, tough shit for the eyes of the world, because that's where I think I belong.

7.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people thought you'd get an Oscar for your performance in *The Onion Field*, but you weren't even nominated. Why not, do you suppose?

WOODS: I don't seem to get awards. The

year before *The Onion Field*, I was in *Holocaust*. Everyone said I would get an Emmy for that. There were 16 Emmy nominations for *Holocaust*. All the principals—except me. But the day I didn't get nominated for *Onion Field* was also the day I really fell in love with Katherine Greko, who later became my wife—so it didn't matter. Who gives a fuck about the Academy Award?

I mean, who's in the Academy anyway? The Joey Bishops of this world. The Academy is not made up of people who go to see *The Onion Field*. It's made up of people who watch *The Dinah Shore Show*. It would have pissed me off if Coppola and those guys were making the decision. But if the Swifty Lazars or whoever else is a member of the Academy doesn't think I deserve an award, well, I think it's something like a tone-deaf schmuck's telling Jascha Heifetz, "You know, I don't really like your music too much."

8.

PLAYBOY: But deep down, wouldn't you really like to win an Oscar?

WOODS: Sure. Of course I want it. Do you know what it does for your salary when you win an Academy Award? It quadruples it. And I want them to pay me a lot of money. I want to bleed them where they live.

9.

PLAYBOY: And what would you do with really big money once you were making it?

WOODS: I don't know; I don't have that much need for money. With the money I made from my last picture, I bought my mother a condominium. If I got too much more, I'd probably just buy a lot of drugs and stop doing interviews and just settle down and destroy myself. The point is this: Why should I let the producers of this world drive around in a Rolls-Royce, and not me?

10.

PLAYBOY: What makes you merit that Rolls so much more than they?

WOODS: It's not *me* that counts. What's important is what the *artist* contributes to the film. Me, I can stand on a street corner and entertain and people will throw coins. Producers can make deals. Period. Anybody can do what they do. But not everybody can create a vision of humanity, in an offbeat way, that will enlighten people's souls. An actor, at his best, does that.

11.

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid growing up in Rhode Island, did you think you were good-looking?

WOODS: No. What was considered good-looking in those days were all those fucking little walking surfboards and Barbie dolls. By those standards, I felt hideously ugly. It didn't threaten me, though. I thought, Well, I'm real intelligent. I have wit. I have some standards I believe in. I never said, "I'm not good-looking. Therefore, I am a loser." Now I must say, in all honesty, I did envy the guys who looked more like the ideal. I thought, Boy, those guys have it great. Those guys never have a problem. If they have a pimple, it's always under their arm or somewhere like that.

12.

PLAYBOY: So how did you become an actor? In those days, only guys who looked like Tab Hunter thought of becoming actors.

WOODS: Becoming an actor was the *one* fantasy I never had as a kid. Basically, I wondered if someday I was going to go off and become a senior vice-president at Union Carbide and have an extra car in the garage. And I did go that route for a while. I went to MIT on full scholarship. My father, who died when I was 12, had always wanted me to go to MIT. He'd wanted to go there himself. But he couldn't—so it was his dream for me to go. My dad was in the Service. He had a rough life. He wanted something better for me.

13.

PLAYBOY: Then how did acting come to you, if you were going to go off and become a corporation man?

WOODS: It came out of the clear blue. A friend of mine asked me to help out in a high school play for a drama competition and, in fact, I won an award for my work in that piece. Later, at MIT, I went to the Dramashop a lot. I liked acting. Besides, the Dramashop was the only place at MIT where there was any pussy. MIT had very few women and all of them made Golda Meir look like Marilyn Monroe. The Dramashop was the one little oasis in the middle of a completely cock-ridden desert.

14.

PLAYBOY: Why did you quit MIT in your senior year?

WOODS: I was majoring in political science during the war in Vietnam. Many of my professors had research and consulting contracts with the Defense Department. Around school, you'd hear a lot of talk about "war being an extension of diplomacy." I was high on the dean's list, but everything bothered me. I didn't want to graduate and go to work for the fucking State Department or the CIA to do graphics on how to promote more

megadeaths in Vietnam. So I talked with a friend, Tom Cole, and I said to him, "My father always wanted me to graduate from MIT, but I think I want to quit." And he said, "If I could be your surrogate father for a moment, I would tell you, for him, that it's all right. I'm sure he'd be happy if you did what you really want to do with your life." Then I called my mother and asked her, "Does this break your heart?" She said, "I think you should do what you want to do and I'll help you in any way I can." Ten years later, she told me that she almost died inside, but she never let me know.

15.

PLAYBOY: Who are your heroes?

WOODS: Joe Wambaugh. He has real integrity. Also, I admired John Lennon. I don't think that man ever did anything he really didn't want to do, and that impresses me. I read his *Playboy* interview and a lot of it was not my cup of tea, but I loved that he didn't apologize for anything. He seemed like a man who had a lot of hard times and no regrets.

My mother is one of the most heroic people I know. She grew up on welfare. But she started a private school for children in Providence. The school could have made a profit, but instead, she gave away 20 percent of the places to poor kids, black kids. Once, her accountant asked her why she did it, and she said: "Because one day, I saw a bus go by and it said, PROJECT HEAD START, and I thought, Why should those kids be stigmatized like that? So I followed that bus to where the kids lived and when they got off, I asked their parents, 'Would you like to send your children to a private school?'" My mother remembered what it was like to be the poorest kid in town and to feel bad because of it.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you like most about women?

WOODS: Well, I used to be accused by my old girlfriend of hating women. But, then, she hated me. I hate what women let society make them become. I hate people who think honor is a kid's game—and I think a lot of women have been taught, "All's fair in love and war." I love strong women. I love women who don't take shit. My wife is like that. Me, I'm a great manipulator, but I didn't realize it until I met her and she pointed it out. She just won't let me manipulate her.

17.

PLAYBOY: Is your marriage monogamous?

WOODS: Yeah. And it's no problem. Nobody excites me as much as Katherine

does. No one ever will. A lot of guys think that when they have a problem with their marriage, the answer is to go out and fuck some bimbo. When Kathy and I have a fight about something, I'll call up one of my male friends and maybe we'll fly to Vegas for a day of gambling. Sticking my dick into some random woman is not going to solve whatever problem I'm having with Kathy. We've put mechanical sex high up on the altar of 20th Century America and it isn't very interesting.

18.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've hit it big in movies, do lots of women come on to you?

WOODS: Actually, nobody hits on me since I've gotten married. A friend of mine said that's because ever since I met Kathy, I haven't been giving off the scent. And I'm not catching it, either. Which is fine with me. I wasn't all that happy with what was called the sexual revolution. When I was single and living out in Malibu, I went through a phase when fucking different women all the time seemed like a good way of getting a quick fix on feeling intimate and not alone. One day, I woke up and wanted more in life. When Kathy and I first got serious, we'd walk up the streets of Beverly Hills and we'd see all these chippies lacquered up for the kill. Being with someone I truly loved and was committed to, I thought, Man, I wasn't trying to get *them*. They were trying to get *me*. And I let them have me too easily.

19.

PLAYBOY: When you were single, did you have an easy time with women?

WOODS: Nothing was easy. *Nothing*. But I was smart enough to know that if a girl didn't look at me twice before my last picture came out and three weeks later she had a lip lock on my zipper, this had nothing to do with me as a person.

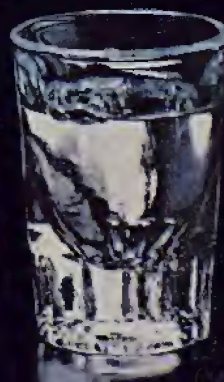
20.

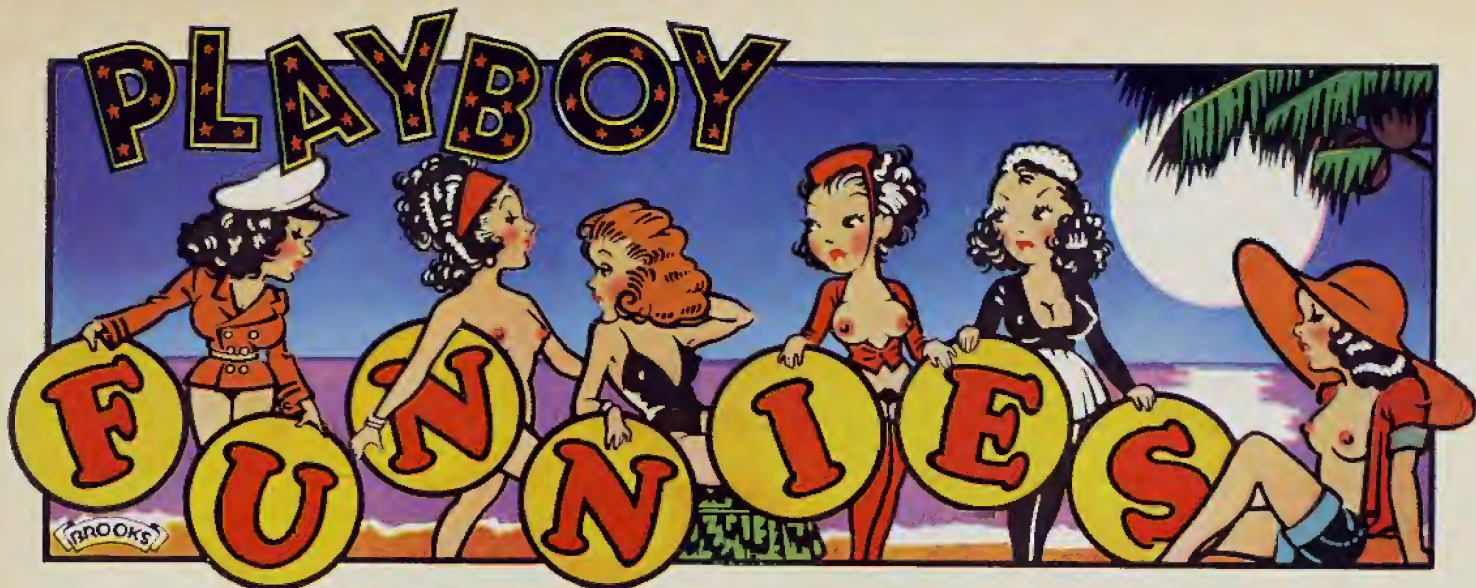
PLAYBOY: You grew up Catholic. What effect did that have on you?

WOODS: I wasn't forced to go to church or anything, but I did go. And I learned a lot from it. Nothing ever made sex as good as the Catholic Church did. When you're Catholic, it's literally a sin to think about eating a little pussy or something like that. So you might as well go out and eat it if you're going to go to hell for thinking about it. You think, Well, I can't help thinking about it, so fuck it. I'm going straight to hell and I might as well go out there and lick that chick and call it a day.



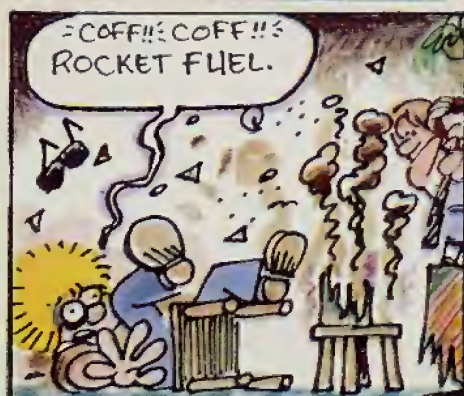
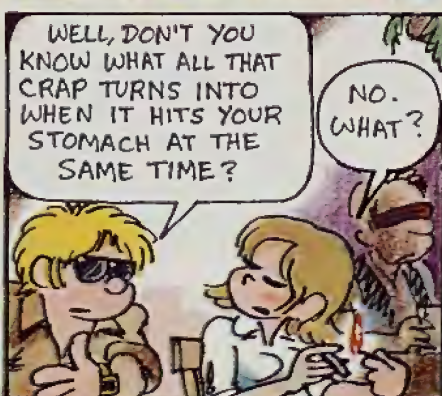
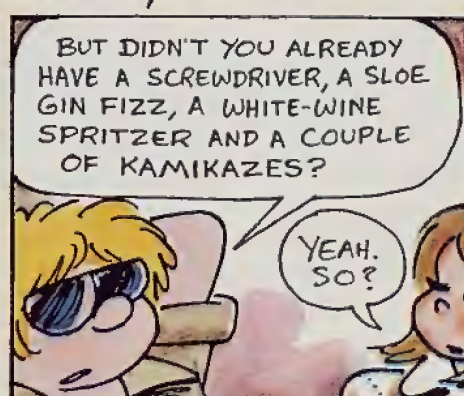
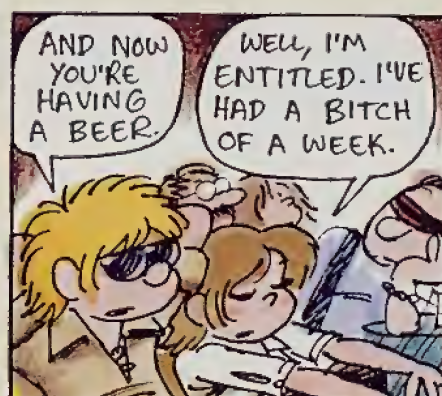
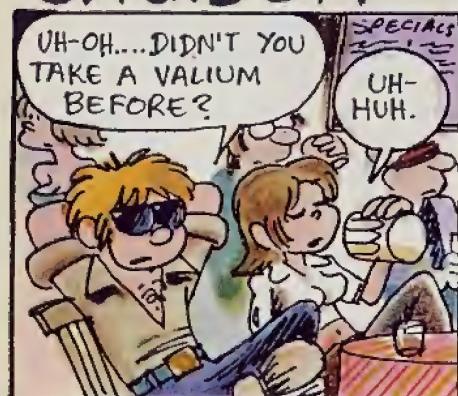
Steel has a clean, polished peppermint taste. Smoother and less syrupy than you'd expect from a shot of schnapps. So after a hard day's work, pour yourself some Steel. The 85 Proof Schnapps.





CRUISER

christopher Browne



annie & albert

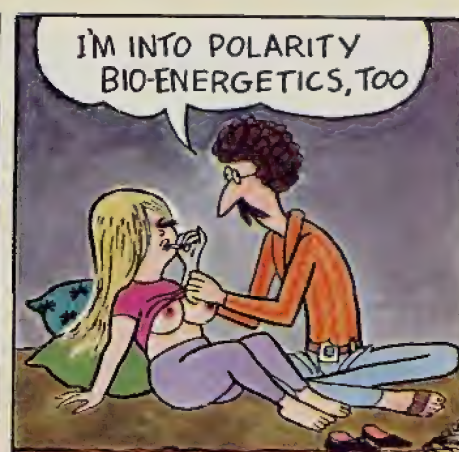
by J. Michael Leonard





HOLISTIC HARRY

by J. Delmar

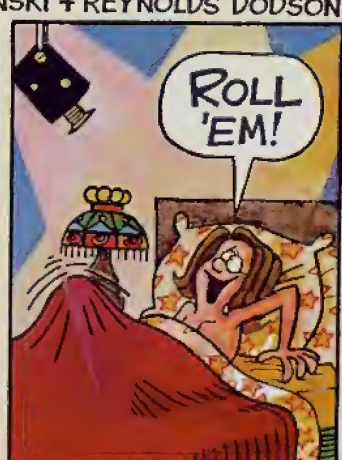


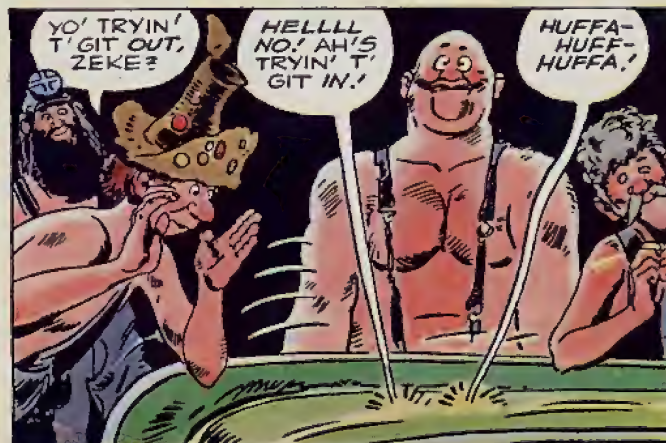
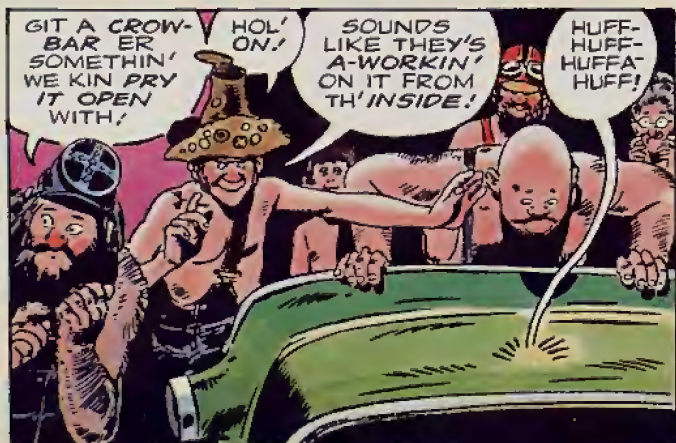
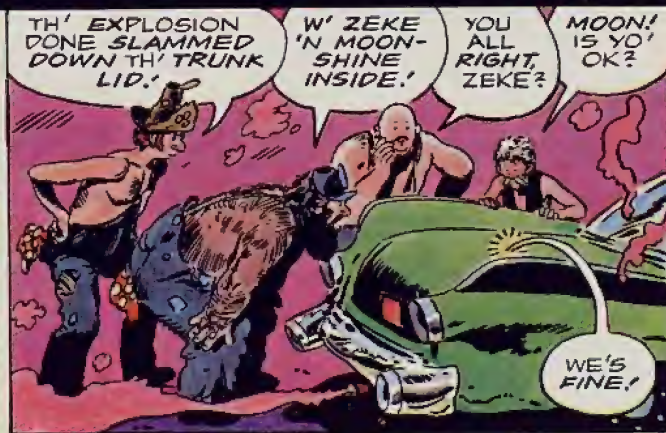
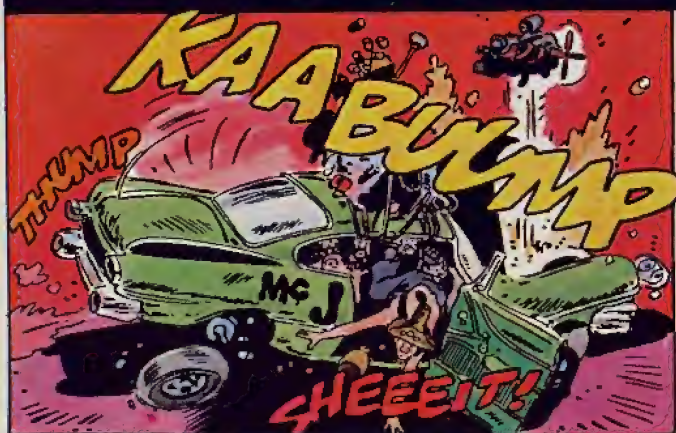
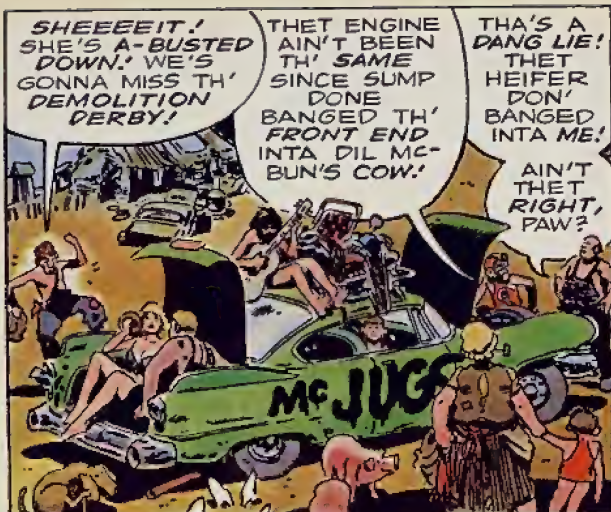
SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON





PERSONAL BEST

(continued from page 104)

"The color of his dump was caca dauphin, and that's why we have khakis to this day. I'm serious."

even to be photographed.

PLAYBOY: Then why have you turned to directing films with *Personal Best*? Directing will mean the loss of anonymity, won't it?

TOWNE: Oh, God, tell me about it. How would you like six guys with walkie-talkies following you in to take a dump and saying, "Do you have a minute?" When I was in basic training in the Army, with those open heads, I couldn't take a dump for eight days. Finally, I learned to do it, but it was a very severe invasion of my privacy. Directing opens you up. You've got 200 people staring at everything. You feel like some idiotic king. They used to watch Louis XIV wake up in the morning, then they used to watch him take a dump, then they used to applaud at the dump. They watched every fucking thing the guy did. The color of his dump was caca dauphin, so the courtiers wore it, and that's why we have khakis to this day. I'm serious. That's where it comes from. Everybody in the Army is wearing the dauphin's dump.

PLAYBOY: But back to directing—

TOWNE: What an invasion. You have two choices in that situation. You either just fucking cover up or figure, "What the fuck—it's the job," and you expose yourself. But to be fair, it's only to 200 idiots, not to the whole world. But that's bad enough. Directing is submitting yourself to the indignity of thinking out loud—to save time. The great thing

about [director of photography] Michael Chapman and about this crew is that they gave me the greatest privilege of all—they allowed me to make a fool of myself. They allowed me to think and feel out loud. They were very kind and patient and charitable. I think that the working relationship that we obtained on the set, even under the most arduous situations, was remarkably loose. No below-the-line crew that I have ever been involved with ever felt more actively involved in every choice that was made. In fact, the joke got to be, "It's a classless society."

You always think they're [the crew] a bunch of fucking gorillas, and it's the girls against the boys. They think the actors and director and writer are a bunch of sissies. When you put in the effort in writing and directing and everything else, you feel dread at having to be beaten up by the tougher guys in the schoolyard. But that simply did not happen on this film.

PLAYBOY: What drew you to the subject of women athletes in the first place?

TOWNE: I'd been meeting them at UCLA and swimming with them and working out. Prior to going into the pool one day—and there's an echo of this scene in the script—I was sitting down at UCLA and looking at this exercise machine with four standards, and this person sits down next to me and starts warming up with 140 pounds, like nothing at all. And I say, Fuck, this guy

is really strong. And I look out the corner of my eye, and that guy gets up and gets out of her sweats and it's very much a girl. Oh, my fucking Christ. That was probably the beginning of *Personal Best*, the seed of it. Then I got to know this girl who was the top pentathlete, Jane Frederick, and she introduced me to other people, and one day I said, Jesus, I think I'll write a script. I wrote *Personal Best* very quickly.

PLAYBOY: With the intention of directing it? Had you been dissatisfied with the way any of your other films had been handled?

TOWNE: A script is a little bit like a golf course. A real good script is, let's say, a par 72. Most directors are shooting in the 90s, a few shoot in the 80s, and if you're great, you get close to a scratch golfer. Your imagination is always going to be superior to the execution, no matter how great the script is.

PLAYBOY: What did you shoot on *Personal Best*?

TOWNE: I shot everything but myself.

PLAYBOY: I mean, how close did you get to what you wanted to do?

TOWNE: I don't get tired looking at the movie. So I suppose that whatever else is true, that must have been what I wanted to see at some level, or I'd get tired and irritated by it. And I find that I don't. I enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Had you spent a lot of time watching directors work over the years?

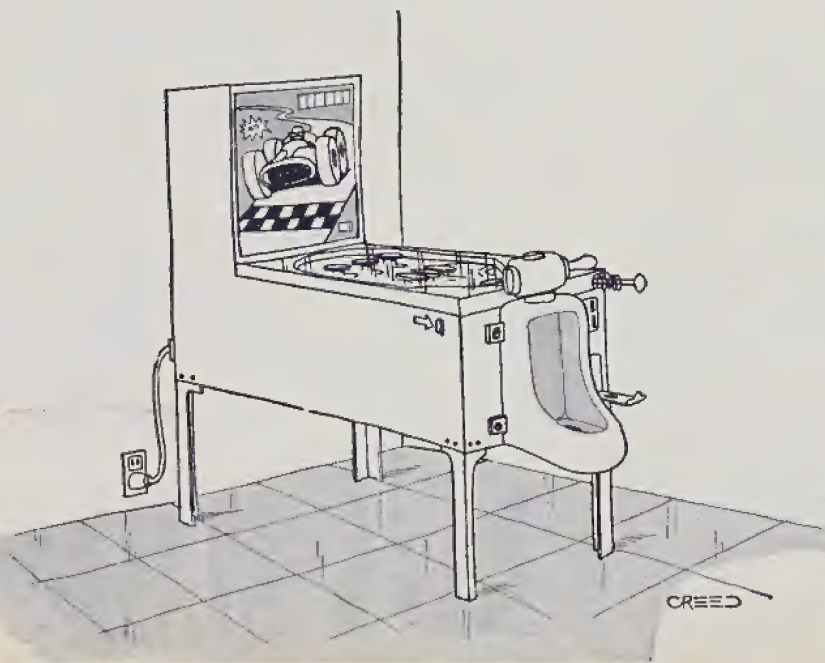
TOWNE: I've been on sets more than anybody I've heard of. I worked every day on the set of *Shampoo*. But you really don't pick up that much. I mean, what happens when you're on a set? As a writer, it's easy. Not everybody is asking you everything in the world at a certain moment in time, so you're fairly free to sidle up to somebody and ask questions without having that incessant bombardment of logistical and creative considerations. Directing is like trying to think in a hurricane.

I think the greatest asset I had—and one that is not generally known—was that I had studied acting for about seven years. All of my friends are actors. It was really the best training I had as a writer, but I think it was useful to me as a director, too.

I knew I would not be uncomfortable with the actors. I knew that I would work well with actors who like to improvise, as, indeed, all these actors [Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Jim Moody and Patrice Donnelly] did. I felt very much at ease, and that was probably the most important thing.

PLAYBOY: Can you talk a little about how you work with actors?

TOWNE: I always said—and meant it—if it comes to violating the scene or violating yourself, violate the scene. For example, in the script, there was a very crude line that a huge male shot-putter was going to deliver: "Hey, girls, come



New Merit Research Released:

"Extra Taste"

Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers report taste bonus at low tar.

The most rigorous MERIT research to date has just been completed.

Result: MERIT smokers confirm taste a major factor in completing their successful switch from higher tar cigarettes.

MERIT Takes Taste Honors.

Nationwide survey reveals over 90% of MERIT smokers are *glad they switched* from higher tar cigarettes. In fact, 94%

don't even miss their former brands.

Further Evidence: 9 out of 10 former higher tar smokers report MERIT an *easy switch*, that they *didn't give up taste* in switching, and that MERIT is the *best-tasting low tar* they've ever tried.

Year after year, in study after study, MERIT remains unbeaten. The proven taste alternative to higher tar smoking—is MERIT.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1981

Reg: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—Men: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar'81

MERIT

Kings & 100's

over and sit on my face. I wanna see how much you weigh." At least it was friendly. Well, the guy who played the shot-putter, Al Feuerbach, could say that about as well as Pat Nixon could say it. It was simply not in him. But Al said, "I can say it. I'll act." So I said, "Don't act. Let's talk about it." So I took him aside. "What would you really say to those girls?" I asked him. "I'm a sensitive giant," he said. "I don't think of girls that way." "Really?" I said. "How do you think of them?" He said, "I think of them as conversationalists." So I said, "Why don't we play the scene that way?" So I rewrote the scene with these two great-looking girls running toward two shot-putters, and one of them says to Al Feuerbach, "We should say something to them." Then Al says, "I don't talk to people I don't know," and then he goes into the same rap he gave me. I had another camera on these two girls, focusing on their crotches, getting bigger and bigger as they got closer and closer until it was just an eye close-up of two great-looking pussies. They run by and I have Al say, "I must say, they look like two great conversationalists."

With every actor, you're different. I have a very personal relationship with every actor, and I think that what you have to do is make actors vulnerable—and it's why some directors are seen as being sadistic. It's usually a process of tearing down. You can appeal to certain personal things in people, if you know them, without a direct, frontal assault. I guess what I tried to do was say, "Don't be ashamed of anything. Whatever you're giving, as long as you feel it, I will like it."

I think it is the task of a director to allow an actor to show you his fear, his loathing, his disgust and to love him for showing it to you. That allows you to get something different from him. It creates a moment unexpected. You permit an actor to act the way you permit a woman to come. You don't make it a big deal. You allow. You create a very passive climate to allow it. I think directing is a woman's game, a curiously passive process. You sit there as you watch the actors, and you feel, then you tell yourself what you feel and then you tell the actors. You watch and encourage. I find it, ideally, more maternal than paternal. Make me come, make me feel good. *Ain't* I going to be in love with you after this?

PLAYBOY: Was it your intention to make an erotic movie?

TOWNE: First, you don't know what your intention is, exactly. You have a sort of general idea, but it's like a dream. Your intention is clear, I think, only after you dream the dream. It was, in part, a dream I wanted to have. I love the way women move, in or out of Adidas shoes. I just fucking love the way they iron clothes, I love the way they put on their little mascara or whatever the fuck it is.

I just love the way they do just about anything that is trivial and not so trivial. I guess the movie has in it everything I was ever demented about in women, which is just about everything. And I think if you're a writer, in both a general and a specific way, you tend to identify with women.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

TOWNE: Well, I think partially because women tend to have more power and more acumen than they're generally credited with. The same with being a screenwriter. Everybody concedes you're important, but the political leverage has never been consonant with the contribution. I've always felt that about women. Myself, I like to think that I'm very conventional about women. I mean, the idea of being a feminist or any of that shit is loathsome. I've met a lot of dumb male jocks, but I don't think I've ever met a dumb lady athlete who was really successful. Men have cultural antecedents dating back to Waterloo, to Trafalgar Square and to the playing fields of Eton. "Win one for the Gipper." Women, on the other hand, have no cultural antecedents. They've got to think it through all by themselves. In fact, they're encouraged not to compete with men, with one another. Some years ago, when thematic apperception tests were done on women and men, they would ask the men who had just passed the bar at Harvard, *summa cum laude*, what they planned to do. They said things like "Apprentice myself to Felix Frankfurter" and so on. A surprising number of women, however, would say something like, "I'm going to throw myself off the top of the Empire State Building." They don't know how to cope with success. They have to think it through at each step. Lady athletes are attempting to do it. That's an interesting problem all by itself.

PLAYBOY: What is *Personal Best* about, to you?

TOWNE: It's always dangerous to say what a film is about. Going beyond women, three things are involved in the film for me: purity, pleasure, pain. Pain is a teacher, and if you look at an athlete under great stress, you never know whether he's in exquisite pleasure or great pain, whether she's about to come or to have a child.

PLAYBOY: Why did you take on the roles of both director and producer in your first film?

TOWNE: Because I couldn't get anybody else to do it. I asked everybody I knew who was any good at it. I asked Bob Evans, Frank Yablans, Larry Gordon, Stanley Jaffe, David Puttnam, my mother. But they were all busy. They all had commitments. A good producer is hard to find.

PLAYBOY: Would you have preferred to have a producer?

TOWNE: Are you kidding? Yeah. I begged, I pleaded, I wept. One thing I learned as producer was that it's important to hire everybody on the movie personally and, whenever possible, to talk about money with them face to face. Agents usually do it, but I think it's an abrogation of responsibility, because if you let them do it, chances are that the time and the acrimony involved are going to affect what's on the screen. I think the creative people should take on more of the financial responsibility; that is, be willing to endure the embarrassment of talking to one another about money. This is what I feel I'm worth, this is what I feel you're worth, etc. Once you've done that with a man and gotten past it, there's a bond already there. Hey, he says, he thought enough about this to talk with me directly. I think it enriches the creative part. In the 19th Century, people would tell one another about their salaries but they wouldn't tell you about their operations. Today, though, they'll tell you about premature ejaculation or anything else about the body, no matter how physically intimate, but they won't talk about money. That's a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Much has been made of the fact that *Personal Best* portrays a very open lesbian relationship. While you were filming, Billie Jean King was sued by her lesbian lover for palimony. Do you worry that the public will think you're taking advantage of that situation?

TOWNE: I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Do you care?

TOWNE: My only care about it would be in the additional unhappiness, anxiety, attention that it might bring to Billie Jean King. That would be painful. I happen to know her; not well, but we have had a kind of funny nonrelationship over the years. We've run into each other at odd times and places. She's got a very wicked, mischievous smile. Whatever else is true of her adventures in life, I just find her very feminine and very sexy.

PLAYBOY: You've already taken a lot of heat for including the lesbian relationship in the film. Are you concerned that the backlash will spill over and hurt the film's chances at the box office?

TOWNE: The fact is, I admire these ladies. I admire no people more. I consider no people that I've ever known less corrupt. More pure, more about doing what they're about. There's a certain sense in which the lesbianism is necessary to demonstrate that virtue has always been associated with chastity. Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy could both drill oil wells and both fuck Myrna Loy, and they could have that implicit homosexual relationship that you see in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, but there's never been any confusion that drilling oil wells



Because you enjoy going first class.

In Venice or at home, life's more satisfying when you're enjoying the best. That's Passport. Enjoyed worldwide because it's made of Scotland's finest whiskies. Ask for Passport—go first class.

Passport Scotch.

in the ground gave them their identities. Well, in *Personal Best*, jumping over sticks and pits of sand gives these ladies their identities. It's about the purity of that, their commitment to excellence. And it's also necessary to say they also fuck each other once in a while. So fucking what? We don't judge men that way. We don't remember that Lawrence was a fruit; we remember that he helped free Arabia. What men do is more important than whom they fuck. Women, too.

If the picture doesn't demonstrate that, then it will have been my failing. But I have to believe that audiences are fair-minded. And if they see that what's involved is friendship, loyalty, a commitment to excellence and an abiding love beyond any kind of sexual weirdness, I have to believe they'll respond.

PLAYBOY: In certain circles in Hollywood, *Personal Best* was controversial for different reasons. You and David Geffen, your executive producer, had a feud about business and he literally pulled the plug—shut down production of your movie for several months—while you reached a new agreement. How did that experience affect you?

TOWNE: Regardless of any argument over the respective merits of my nonconfrontation with David and the sort of standoff that resulted, it raises a very serious issue: Those of us who make movies are less adept at helping one another than those on the other side are at helping one another. Businessmen and executives are more organized. Part of it is because *we*, the moviemakers, are to some extent natural-born anarchists. And we're all isolated in our own world, and each movie is its own world. Also, we are hired to go mad. That's what our job is. "Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to fulfill a dream." Well, anybody who takes that job on is a nut and belongs in Camarillo. And we are hired to do it in a disciplined and systematic manner over anywhere from 60 to 100 days with men and material amounting to tons of God

knows what, \$5,000,000 to \$50,000,000 and 200 people, many of whom want to be out playing golf and not dealing with you. And all in the service of creating a fantasy. So you're a nut to begin with. All of us who do this are off with our own little armies, fighting or tilting at our own little windmills. And so by definition, we are unable at any given moment to form a cohesive unit to attack our attackers. Which isn't good even for them. I mean, they need opposition. We're natural adversaries, the money men and we. And we should be. PLAYBOY: But don't you both need each other?

TOWNE: I'm saying that we both need each other. These executives *count* for a living. For them, it's a matter of *more*, and for us, it's generally a matter of *better*. And more is usually more powerful than better. They seek power through numbers, and we seek it through beauty. And you know, just by definition, it's not going to be a fair fight. We're usually going to lose. I don't say always—don't kid yourself. There's real power in beauty—whether it's Gandhi standing his ground, Ruffian racing down the backstretch or Gene Kelly smiling—these things that remind us of the joy and sanctity and fragility of life have power in them. But there has to be a greater degree of organization among us than the system or our temperaments currently permit. Unless artists distribute their own films, they will forever be in this position. We have a natural inclination to have somebody else be daddy. We want to be the rebellious kids. And I understand that only too well. But somebody among us has to be willing to be a daddy for a time to protect the rest of us. I mean, we all have to be one another's collective daddy and collectively distribute our films to cut the cost of making them and be responsible for how they're made. Or else we will continue to be victimized, rightly and wrongly, by the system. These executives tend to bet forever on the grocer

and not on the farmer. And I personally consider that a very foolish bet. If I'm hungry, I'm going to want to know another farmer, me, before I'm going to want to know another grocer—David, for example. Because the day I decide not to sell him my produce, then whoever wants to eat had better come to me. It all comes down to distributing your own movie—and making your money on the product and not on the manufacturing of the product.

As far as talking about David or any other money men is concerned, there's another element involved, and that is that these guys have a natural edge because they're mad at you all the time. The minute they give you the money, they're mad at you. It's a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk sort of thing—they give you a cow, you give them a hill of beans. They give you \$10,000,000 and you give them a few reels of film. They just can't get over the fact that they're bad businessmen, that they made this shitty deal with you. They know it's the deal they made, but they still can't get over it because they're pretending that they're good businessmen. And you, on the other hand, simply know what the deal is. You want to play with your mud pies. But they're trying to pretend like it's a good business deal. It isn't. Movies are a shitty business. If you want to be a good businessman, you should work in real estate or at the Chase Manhattan Bank but not with movies.

PLAYBOY: And no one knows a good business deal until the picture's released, right?

TOWNE: Just statistically, one movie in God knows how many makes money. What kind of business is that? At some level, all these guys want is to fuck Raquel Welch, or what they take to be the glamorous equivalent. When they're saying, "Upsidedownsideinsideoutside," all it really comes down to is they're trying to pretend it's a decent business so they can go out and fuck Raquel Welch or whomever. Maybe for some executive it's Robert Redford. They want to rub up against that glamor, but they want to pretend it's business. It's a profoundly hypocritical position they're in. And I assure you that as much as I'm not immune to wanting to fuck Raquel Welch or, if not Raquel Welch, my glamorous equivalent of Raquel Welch, I guarantee you that when push comes to shove, if it comes to mixing that fucking reel the way I want it or fucking Raquel Welch cubed, I'm going to want to mix that reel before anything in the world because I love that more than anything in the world. In any case, my motives are less mixed than theirs and less hypocritical. And that's true of most people who care about what they're doing.

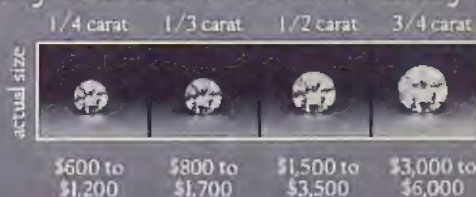


"He rammed me intentionally, officer, because he disagrees with my bumper sticker!"

"2 months' salary showed the future Mrs. Smith
what the future will be like."



You can't look at Jane and tell me she's not worth 2 months' salary. I mean just look at her. So I wanted to get her a diamond engagement ring that said exactly that, 'Just look.' I'd found out that a good spending guideline today is about 2 months' salary. That got me the biggest and best diamond I could afford, without breaking my budget. Now the only thing that other men ask her is, 'When's the wedding day?'



Prices shown are based on retail quotations and may vary. Send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know...About Diamonds." Just mail \$1.00 to Diamond Information Center, Dept. DPS, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10105.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

PERSONAL MARIEL (continued from page 109)

"Never mind the Hemingway name; Mariel remains as ingenuous as a woman nearly six feet tall can be."

metropolis of Ketchum (population: 2200) with her family (father, Jack; mother, Puck; sisters, Muffet and Margaux), Mariel seems small-town from her love of the outdoors and the simple life to her high, girlish voice, which makes her sound much younger than her 20 years. Never mind the Hemingway name (grandpa Ernest died before she was born), the Oscar nomination for *Manhattan* or the pictures of her partying with sister Margaux at Studio 54: Mariel remains as ingenuous as a woman nearly six feet tall can be. As a New York reporter once discovered, she's so sweet that she was even reluctant to speak ill of a fictional character in one of her movies.

Of course, critics have pointed out that it's just that quality that has made Mariel successful as an actress. That, of course, and luck. It was Mariel's older sister Margaux, a jet-set fashion model, who wanted the career in movies. When Margaux finally landed the role that was supposed to make her a star, she used her influence to get Mariel a small,

if appropriately cast, part as her younger sister. The film was *Lipstick*, a schlocky look at rape, and both the picture and Margaux got bad reviews. But most critics found a bright spot in Mariel, then 15. "I couldn't get over how good she was in that movie," recalled Towne. "And I thought it took a great deal of something to be good in *that* movie."

A TV movie called *I Want to Keep My Baby* followed, but it was her role as Tracy, the sexually precocious 17-year-old who falls in love with 42-year-old Woody Allen in *Manhattan*, that created the Mariel mystique. Besides her Oscar nomination, she created a sensation at Cannes (first by getting sick during the screening of her movie, then by being one of the *paparazzi's* favorite subjects) and found herself sought after by all sorts of trendy types who'd never set foot in Idaho. It was a life she liked, but only in a limited way.

"Most of my friends aren't in the film industry," she explained. "I don't go on dates that much—they make me very

nervous. And I don't go to parties or anything like that. I'm not real social."

While she'd bask in the limelight occasionally in New York or Los Angeles, she spent most of her time with her family ("My best friends," she calls them), riding, hiking, camping and waiting—for a good script.

The phone call from Robert Towne ended that. Mariel began her training while she was still at home—first by running, then by pumping iron and learning to master the high jump, long jump and shot-put. Towne lined up a coach in Los Angeles, who made her work four to five hours a day. "I did all the workouts the other athletes he coached did, only at a lower level, not so intense," she said. "I wanted every muscle group to show, so it was a lot of hard work. But I did become bigger and more muscular."

The training continued not only during filming but during some lengthy breaks as well. *Personal Best* was shut down once by last year's actors' strike and again, later, when a business feud erupted between Towne and the film's executive producer, David Geffen. "I just kept on training," Mariel shrugged. "We all knew at some point it was going to be finished." Once the strike was settled and Geffen and Towne had signed new contracts, Mariel was back on location working, although, she admitted, "it was

MOVING? U-HAUL®

EVERYTHING FOR MOVING

Wherever you're going, whatever you're moving, U-HAUL has everything you need. Trucks, trailers, packing boxes, hand trucks, furniture pads, hitches, tow bars. Everything from self-storage rooms to packing and loading help.

TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

The rental fleet designed specifically for household moving. For the care

and protection of your personal possessions, U-HAUL moves families, not freight.

SAVINGS IN MONEY, TIME AND WORRY

U-HAUL will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.*

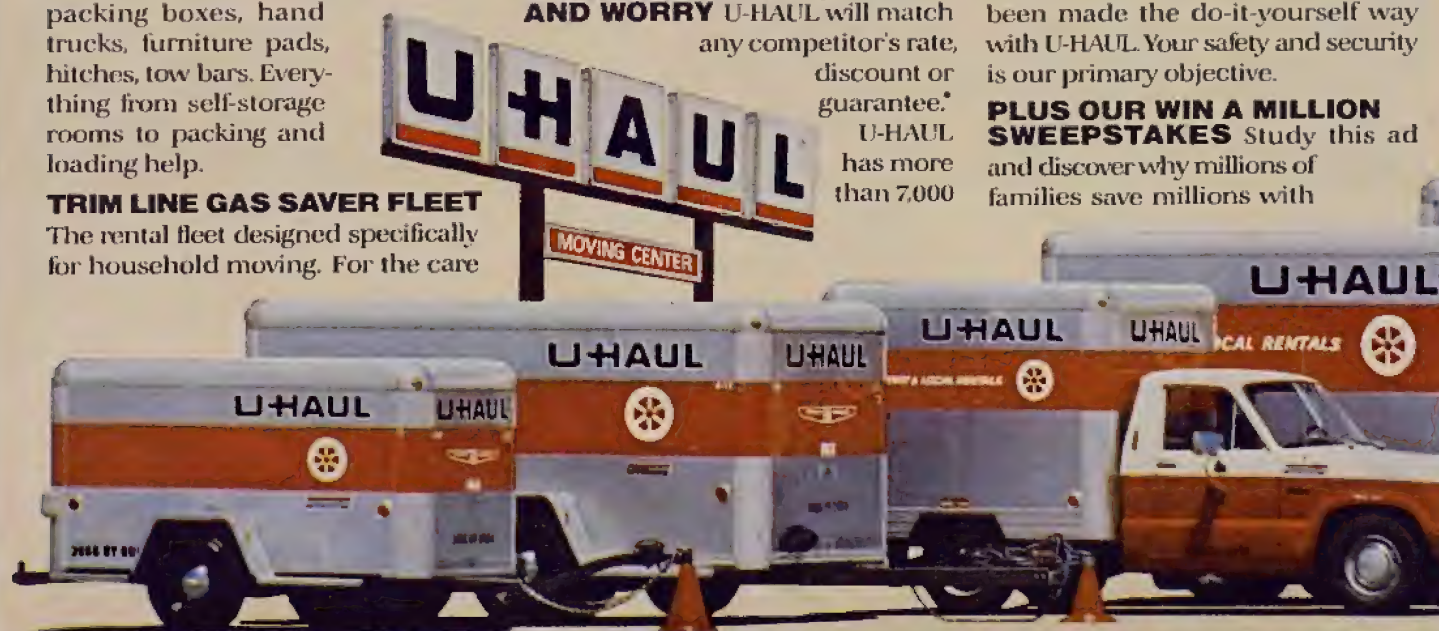
U-HAUL has more than 7,000

Moving Centers and Dealers ready to support your move.

SAFETY AND SECURITY

Over 70 million family moves have been made the do-it-yourself way with U-HAUL. Your safety and security is our primary objective.

PLUS OUR WIN A MILLION SWEEPSTAKES Study this ad and discover why millions of families save millions with



hard to get my rhythm back."

While Mariel was fine tuning her athletic ability, most of her co-stars were nervously learning how to act. Towne chose to cast real athletes rather than actors in nearly every role—including the pivotal part of Mariel's lover, who was played by Patrice Donnelly, a member of the U.S. Olympic team in 1976. The supporting-cast list reads like a program for a stellar track-and-field event: Jane Frederick, two-time Olympian pentathlete and current U.S. heptathlon champion, and such American record holders as Deby LaPlante (100-meter hurdles), Jodi Anderson (long jump), Pam Spencer (high jump) and Maren Seidler (shot-put).

"It was my belief that rather than try to get athletic actors, I'd use real athletes, because athletes are performers, too," explained Towne. "They perform in front of crowds, they get psyched up to do things and they repeat, repeat, repeat, the way an actor has to repeat. Sixty percent of their performance as actors was already covered, because 60 percent of the performance was athletics. You were placing them in a steam room, a workout room, on the track—things with which they were so familiar that they'd fall right into it and start being themselves despite themselves. They couldn't help giving real behavior."

"I really enjoyed working with the athletes," said Mariel. "It turned out to be a swap, because they helped me get out there and make a fool of myself running and jumping. It was great."

Having a group of nonactors forced Towne to take some rather unusual steps. For the scenes in which Mariel and Patrice spend an evening getting stoned, then arm wrestle and later end up in bed, Towne outfitted both actresses with tiny earphones so that he could talk to them while filming was actually taking place.

"I find that distracting actors under certain deeply embarrassing conditions actually improves concentration," maintained Towne. "It was a way of shutting out the world."

"It tended to bother me a bit," confessed Mariel. "It was great for the arm-wrestling scene because it gives you the feeling of being away, which was good, since we were supposed to be high. But you were listening to something in your ear and saying your lines. Overall, I didn't like it so much."

But that was the only part of filming the lesbian love scenes that seems to have bothered Mariel. "It never seemed like a strange thing to me. It seemed like friendship," she said. "Patrice and I were good enough friends that we didn't feel weird about it or anything. It turned out OK."

As soon as *Personal Best* wrapped, Mariel was back in Idaho and the great outdoors, immediately dropping her intensive training regimen. "I still ski and run," she said, "but I don't do any of the track-and-field workouts and I don't do as much weight training as I used to. I'm not in an athlete's shape and I'm not as big as I was, but I'm definitely keeping in shape."

This time, her stay with her family will be shorter. In a rather unusual—for her—move, Mariel set her sights on a new part and proceeded to fight for it rather than wait for opportunity to come knocking in Ketchum. Her goal: the lead role in *Star 80*, director Bob (All That Jazz) Fosse's impressionistic biography of the late Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, which starts filming in May. It's a part she wants very much.

"When I heard Bob was doing it, I got in contact with him and kept badgering him to read me for the part of Dorothy. He finally did, after quite a while. Then I read again. It wasn't so easy."

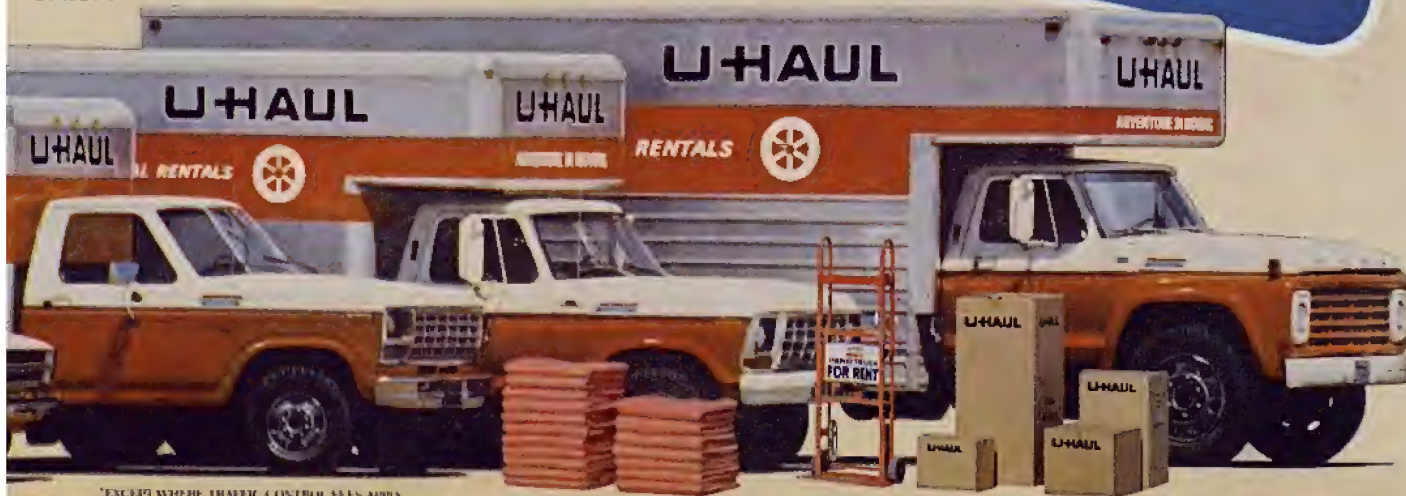
"It was unusual for me to really fight to get a part," she smiled, still waiting for the official word. "But it was very exciting. And it was a good thing for me to have to do."



HAS IT ALL!

U-HAUL products and services. And you could win \$50,000 a year for 20 years in the U-HAUL "Win A Million" Sweepstakes. Official Entry Forms, rules and full details are available only at U-HAUL Moving Centers and participating Dealers. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest U-HAUL location.

No purchase or rental required. Sweepstakes open to licensed drivers 18 years and over residing in the 48 conterminous United States. Limit one Entry Form per family per visit per week. Void wherever prohibited by law. Sweepstakes ends April 30, 1982. The odds of winning will depend upon the number of entries received. Only residents of Ohio and Wisconsin may receive an Entry Form and details by submitting a separate self-addressed stamped envelope to: U-HAUL Ohio/Wisconsin Entry Forms, P.O. Box 21503, Phoenix, Arizona 85036. Requests must be received by March 31, 1982. Limit one request per envelope.



*EXCEPT WHERE INDICATED, U-HAUL CONTROL FEES APPLY

You never forget
your first Girl.



SUNSHINE BOY

(continued from page 119)

"Don't pinch-hit for Valenzuela, Tommy. Stay with him. I have spoken."

What chance did Joltin' George Steinbrenner and the Bronx Yankees really have?

It may be more practical to remain on the planet. The Lasorda I knew earlier was variously eager, uproarious, agitated, combative and even somewhat somber but always charged with extravagant vitality. He appeared first in the early Fifties, a smallish, left-handed pitcher who wanted to make the Dodgers as passionately as college kids wanted to make Marilyn Monroe.

There was no fake cool to Lasorda, no affected nonchalance. He loved to pitch, and damn it, he wanted to pitch in the majors. He was a pitcher named desire: you had to root for him. He had drive and intelligence, but he lacked what his forebears called *fortuna*, *imperatrix mundi*—roughly, "good luck"—and an overpowering fast ball. He vanished into the minors with precious little trace, only a footnote to the boys of summer.

But he materialized again early in the Seventies, somewhat stouter, still boyish, still open, as an ultimate third-base coach. He sparkled so at third that NBC once wired him into a nationally televised game.

Lasorda to Cincinnati star Pete Rose: "Hey, Pete. Every year, the Dodgers vote for the handsomest guy on the other clubs. We just voted on the Reds."

Rose: "How did I do?"

Lasorda: "You finished second handsomest."

Rose: "Thanks."

Lasorda: "The 24 other guys finished tied for first."

But Tommy wasn't in baseball for coaching or for laughs. He had been denied his dream of starring for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Now he wanted to manage the Dodgers in L.A.

It was late one July night in 1976 and Lasorda was sipping soda water in a press room. "How many more years do you think Alston will want it?" he said of then-manager Walter Alston, a strong man devoid of color.

"He doesn't tell me," I said. "But what else is he going to do with his summers? Shoot pool in Darrtown, Ohio?"

"Damn," Lasorda said. "He could keep the job forever. Even if he quits, I got no guarantee that I replace him."

"You can always manage some other team. Doesn't Seattle want you?"

"I'm not allowed to say. Anyway, I don't want to manage some other team."

"Why?" I said. "Why does it have to be the Dodgers?"

"Cut my veins," Lasorda said, "and I bleed Dodger blue."

I thought he was kidding. The hand



"And remember—neatness, accuracy and originality count!"

holding the glass of soda shook with intensity. He was serious.

In 1977, after 29 years in the Dodger organization, he finally got what baseball people call the big club. That spring, his joy made a raucous song.

"Hey, we got some team. Take Lee Lacy here. Lee's momma told him to make money, but Momma never told him to spend it. That's why Lee has the first dime he ever made. There's Steve Garvey. Mr. America. Mr. Clean. When Steve goes to an X-rated movie, he puts on sunglasses. I got a couple pinch hitters, Manny Mota and Vic Davalillo, they gotta be 50 years old each. Do you know why?"

"Why?"

"I collect antiques."

Unlike football, generally a grim and self-important sport, baseball allows for a certain humor. But there is a wavering line that a man crosses at some peril. If you are too funny—and on a good day, Lasorda can stand off Rickles—you pay a price.

Casey Stengel was so great a comic that almost until his 60th year, few took him seriously as a baseball tactician. In Stengel's triumphant years with the Yankees, he retained his wit, but the old man raged when anyone suggested that he was then, or ever had been, a clown. "You're fulla shit," Stengel would cry, in a ranting fury that fed itself, "and I'll tell ya why. . . ."

Lasorda has suffered similarly, without souring. Listening to his routines—Steve Garvey says he has heard the old ones in three languages—you can forget or, worse, not notice the remarkable intelligence at Lasorda's core. His memory is eidetic, roughly phenomenal. He can recite the names of every Dodger's wife and children and he can tell you how the weather was on August 8, 1966, when he was managing Ogden in the Pioneer League. He recalls games, individual performances, good pitches and bad with absolutely specific detail. This gives him a gray-celled memory bank that is the indispensable basis for tactical and strategic decisions.

Although he cut short his education as a high school senior to pitch professionally, he is fluent in Spanish and Italian as well as English. He faults himself for not having acquired French while playing for Montreal. He has taken self-taught courses in the game, the psychology of athletes, public speaking, media relations and, most recently, in the craft of selling tickets. Wherever Lasorda speaks—and he is gaining on William Jennings Bryan as the most available orator in U.S. history—he plugs the Dodgers. Ask for an autograph and this is what you get:

YOU AND THE DODGERS ARE BOTH
GREAT!!!

Funny? Not really; nor is it supposed to be. The four highest attendance figures in the annals of baseball have been posted by the Los Angeles Dodgers. These cover Lasorda's first four years of managing. The record, slightly more than 3,300,000, is about 600,000 more admissions than any team but the Dodgers has ever drawn.

The name of one of our national games is plug. Write a book in the woods and a year later you find yourself smiling at a TV hostess in Omaha, plugging. ("No, Lucinda. The sexual aspects of the novel are not autobiographical. I made them up.") Want to run for alderman, sell unisex underwear, market a straight-line-tracking turntable? Plug, brother. Plug, sister. Plug.

Lasorda, the Ph.D. in self-education, has grasped this so clearly that he has expanded, indeed redefined, the baseball manager's job. Now, as always, you have to win or come close. A dreary team always loses games and money. But you also want to sell tickets. The owner of a prospering club tends to be congenial.

Before Lasorda, basic and even advanced managers worked hard from March to October, then took the winter off, like water skiers in Maine. Not Tom. Allowing for Thanksgiving and Christmas with his wife and two children, he manages the Dodgers and makes speeches about the Dodgers 363 days a year. His line about bleeding Dodger blue is so well-known in the Los Angeles basin that the official ball-club bumper sticker no longer mentions the team by name. Instead, it reads simply: THINK BLUE.

The components of victory, that prerequisite to baseball salesmanship, are reasonably complex and generally misunderstood. A manager runs a game. He picks the starting pitcher and replaces him with a reliever. He mixes steals and bunts and pick-offs into each night's order of battle and he had better ignore the risk of being booed. ("A manager who worries about boos from the stands ends up sitting there himself," Lasorda says.)

In running a game, you constantly balance equations. In a given moment, the percentages say bunt. But this particular hitter last bunted successfully for the Little League Aces back in Joplin. A man on the bench can bunt, but if you use him to pinch-hit, you hurt your defense. In short, you have to know not only percentages but also patterns and personnel. Ergo, the importance of a manager with a memory bank for a mind.

The Yankees, with their rotating managers and hurricane front office, provided a classic example of mismanagement as they lost the world series. Batting third, a critical spot in the order, Dave Winfield began overswinging, simply swinging too hard. (He would get one hit in 22 turns at bat.) As Winfield

flailed, Yankee management kept him at number three. In time, this gave the Dodger pitchers a breather before the harder job of facing Reggie Jackson. In time, too, Winfield disassembled and fell down making a throw. Clearly, he was in the grip of terror. This was the first world series he had known.

Winfield should have been dropped from third to eighth, above the pitcher, possibly with some avuncular stroking of his ego. But to drop a superstar to eighth requires a manager more sure of himself and his status and more certain of his ballplayers than seems possible in the stormy climate of Yankee Stadium.

All right. You know your percentages and your people and you're keeping your boss happy by selling tickets from a soapbox at Hollywood and Vine. Now you have to create a clubhouse environment. With their private jet, a magnificent training base at Vero Beach, Florida, and large, supportive home crowds, the Dodgers offer the best of major-league worlds. Lasorda, who doesn't believe in understatement, constantly reminds the players of their advantages and demands that they in turn LOVE THE DODGERS, even as he. Behind closed doors he practices mass hypnosis, and with a single exception, it has worked. The exception, right-hander Don Sutton, says, "I didn't love the Dodgers. I just worked for them." Sutton is now pitching for Houston.

"I'm not bragging," Lasorda says, "when I tell you I'm a helluva motivator of ballplayers. I found out one day when I was managing Spokane and we were playing in Tucson with a left-hander, Bobby O'Brien, pitching for us. Bases loaded. Two out in the ninth. Three and two. I went to the mound.

"Bobby, imagine that after you throw this pitch, the heavens open and The Big Dodger in the Sky grabs you up. I want you to throw this pitch as though it's the last pitch you'll ever throw on earth."

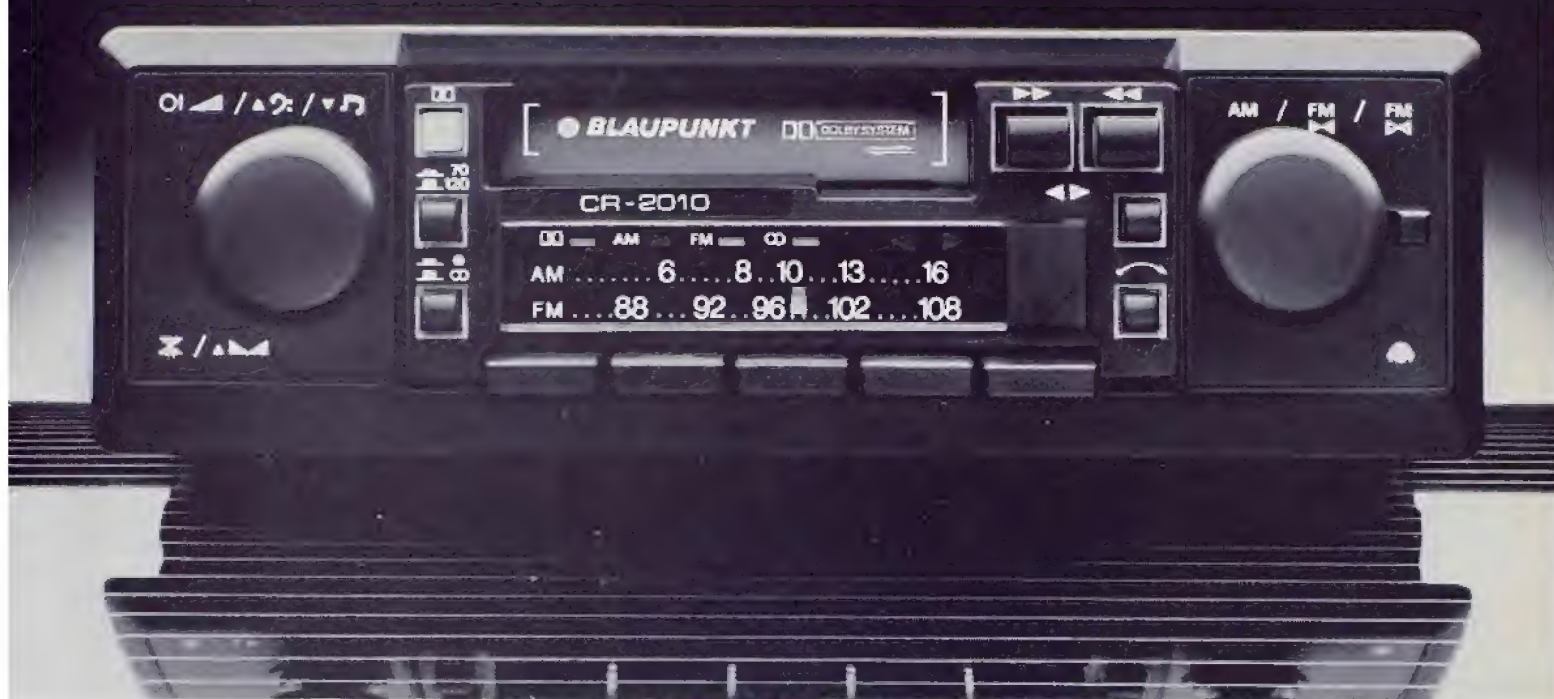
As Lasorda returned to the dugout, a line drive rocketed between his outfielders. Spokane was beaten. "Bobby, Bobby," he said. "What happened?"

"Skipper," O'Brien said, "you got me so scared of dying, I couldn't concentrate on the pitch."

A pause for emphasis. "Right then," Lasorda says, "I knew I could motivate."

All these skills were commanded into the rousing ball games last October. Lasorda went with a starting rotation of three pitchers, not four or five. He relied heavily on a grumbling veteran catcher named Steve Yeager, over a more gifted 22-year-old named Mike Scioscia. Yeager responded with the best clutch play of his life. And when trouble came, Tommy the Motivator was ready.

The Dodgers lost their first two playoff games in Houston, scoring one run



The Blaupunkt CR-2010. Richer, purer sound than you ever thought possible in a moving vehicle.

Autosound is only as good as the equipment it passes through. Which means that, in the case of the Blaupunkt CR-2010, the sound is exceptional.

The CR-2010 coddles and shapes highs and lows into a sound as full-bodied, as richly-textured, as anything you'll hear from a home stereo.

4 Channel Amplifier

Blaupunkt increased the conventional two channels to four, each with a maximum output of 7.5 watts. Even when hooked up to a front

and richness while holding its delicate balance through the magic of a built-in front-to-rear fader.

Holds Signal Longer

Drive away from the signal source of your favorite stereo station and what happens? Reception breaks up into a barrage of crackles and hisses. Not with the CR-2010. Thanks to the "Soft MPX" feature your Blaupunkt automatically shifts reception from stereo to mono before the hissing sets in.

Higher Volume without Distortion

The CR-2010 has a pre-amp output jack that lets you bypass the built-in amp and plug directly into a high power amplifier. Yet the boost in volume doesn't come at the expense of distorted sound. And at lower volume the clarity is actually enhanced.

Of course, you get Dolby Noise Reduction—but for FM reception

as well as tape. A Sendust Alloy tape head reproduces a fuller range of recorded frequencies.

Hear the Full Blaupunkt Line

The CR-2010 retails for only \$396.00** and is the latest in a full line of Blaupunkt AM/FM stereo cassette radios priced from \$290.00**

CR-2010 Features

- 4 channel (4 x 7.5W)
- Autoreverse Cassette
- Sendust Alloy Tape Head
- Auto Hi-Cut Filter
- Soft Mute
- Soft MPX
- Night Illuminated Controls
- Dolby Noise Reduction Circuit

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



The essential controls are fully illuminated. end, two-speaker system, the CR-2010's crisp reproduction will surprise you. Add two rear speakers and the home stereo effect is complete—sound that surges to new heights of clarity

Blaupunkts can be installed in virtually any car, import or domestic. For more information, write: Robert Bosch Sales Corporation 2800 South 25th Avenue Broadview, IL 60153 Robert Bosch Canada, Ltd. 6811 Century Avenue Mississauga, Ontario L5N 1R1

**Suggested U.S. retail prices. The Blue Dot and Blaupunkt are registered trademarks of Blaupunkt Werke GmbH

BLAUPUNKT

©1982 Robert Bosch Sales Corporation

LOOK GOOD TO YOURSELF, AND YOU LOOK GOOD TO EVERYONE.



NOW IN AMERICA: THE HIGH-QUALITY HAIR TECHNIQUE UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

When you look the best you possibly can, you feel it. Confidence. Satisfaction. And the people around you respond to this. That's no secret—you like to see others looking good, and they like to see you looking good.



But is your hairline detracting from your best image?

If so, you at last have a safe, unnoticeable way to change it—the Aderans System—with no surgery, implants, weaving, or fusion. No pain, rejection, infection, bad hair matches, or insecurity.

Superb Aderans craftsmanship creates an ultrathin “artificial

skin” imbedded with human hair masterfully matched to your own. And the patented attachment technique is quick, unnoticeable, and secure. You can swim, be active in any sports, shower, shampoo, and even sleep in complete comfort and confidence.

The Aderans 5-Step System is another unique quality feature. A gradual approach, it lets you add hair step by step, over many months, so that in effect you regain hair slowly, the same way you lost it. No sudden quick change, no “cold plunge” embarrassment.

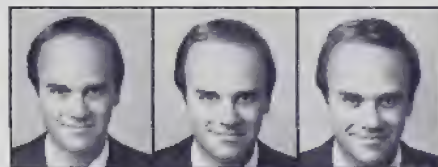
The Aderans service starts on your first free consultation with a skilled, company-trained stylist/technician, and it continues on through periodic maintenance, styling, and cutting of your own hair—all in complete privacy.

Call Aderans now. Make an appointment at our salon or, if you prefer, have absolutely free con-

sultation at your own residence. Learn how Aderans will help you look your very best.

Aderans is at 193 N. Robertson Blvd. (1 block north of Wilshire at Clifton Way), Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Open daily from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Phone: (213) 855-1981



ADERANS

LOOK GOOD TO YOURSELF...
TO EVERYONE.

The background of the advertisement features a majestic mountain range with snow-capped peaks and rugged, rocky slopes. In the foreground, a large, dark bottle of Presidente Brandy is shown, its label partially visible. The bottle's body is a deep red color, and the label has a white band with gold and red text. The overall composition suggests a high-altitude, pristine environment for the brandy's production.

What separates Presidente from other brandies? 7,000 feet.

Presidente's unique aging process begins at 7,000 feet, on a cool plateau of the Sierra Madre Mountains. There, while still in white oak barrels, the century old Solera method ages Presidente Brandy to the peak of perfection. The result is a brandy rich in character, mellow in taste.

Pedro Domecq

There's only one Presidente.

IMPORTED

PRESIDENTE
BRANDY

© 1981 • 80 PROOF BRANDY • IMPORTED BY DREYFUS, ASHBY & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

REACH FOR REGAL



Kyle Rote, Jr.: I demand great looks from my footwear. And Regal shoes have all the fashion I could want. Plus, Regal's easy on your feet, and easy on your wallet, too. My dad feels the same way.

Joe The Bartender: The customer's always right. Reach For Regal.

Kyle Rote: Quality, character, craftsmanship. I've always tried to make them part of my life and work. And that goes for my footwear, too. I want a shoe I can feel comfortable with. That's why I always go for the easy-wearing feeling of Regal. We're sold on Regal. You will be, too.

© Brown Shoe Company, 8300 Maryland Avenue, P.O. Box 354, St. Louis, MO 63186, a member of Brown Group, Inc.



REGAL®

in 19 innings. Back in Los Angeles, Lasorda orated. "I believe you're a team of destiny," he said. "You've given me a lifetime of thrills in just one year. Remember, it's not always the strongest man who wins the fight, the fastest man who wins the race, the best team that wins the game. It's the one that wants it most. I believe in you. I believe you want it. I hope each of you believes you do. Because if you believe as strongly as I..."

The clubhouse grew loud with shouts of "Let's go get 'em!" The Dodgers won three straight.

In the next round, the team fell behind Montreal, 2-1. The Dodgers are sun-tanned Southern Californians. How could they come back in the cold of Canada? Lasorda chose a lighter theme. "Hey, how can we have trouble up here when we got a penguin [Ron Cey] playing third? Besides, weather's a factor only if it snows on our side of the field and not on theirs." The Dodgers won two straight.

At last, the Yankees. In 1977 and 1978, Yankee teams snatched the world series from Lasorda's Dodgers. And the Dodgers went down whimpering. The New York fans were rude. The New York sportswriters were sarcastic. The Bronx itself was ominous. How you gonna win when you're up against all that and Reggie Jackson?

Again, the Dodgers started in reverse and lost the first two games. There followed a day of workouts in Dodger Stadium that ended on a note of metaphysics. When the drills were done and everyone was gone, Tommy Villante of the commissioner's office asked Lasorda to sit with him in the empty stands.

"I want you to imagine it's the ninth inning tomorrow and the Yankees are getting to Valenzuela in a close game. You're a fan, not the manager. What are you shouting?"

Lasorda transformed himself from manager into fan. He stood in the deserted ball park and bellowed toward the barren dugout: "Lasorda! Hey, Lasorda! Leave him in. The kid's been great for you all year, Lasorda. Leave him in!" In that moment, passion transported him into the future.

The next day, in game three of the series, the Yankees were pounding Valenzuela, who staggered into the ninth inning with a one-run lead. In the dugout, Lasorda remembered that he had played this scene the night before. Don't fight the tarot cards. Mysticism lives. He stayed with Valenzuela. The Dodgers did not lose another game.

That story is weird, oddly chilling and true. "But suppose, Tom," I said, "the fan in the empty ball park had been wrong."

"Look, I had doubts. I can't show them. It would get the whole team

doubting. But I figured, This is the year of Fernando, and if we have to lose, I want to lose with him. The way he was struggling was a symbol of this ball club's struggle to survive."

Someday, an M.B.A. from Harvard will mate with a computer scientist from Stanford and their offspring will make a high-technology study of major-league managing. They will consider 1000 baseball men and 100,000 games and learn things nobody yet knows. They will issue a 600-page report called "Elements of Managing, as Told to Fortran."

But nowhere will they touch the mystery of why a chubby 54-year-old manager who has never before won a world series elects to stay with a chubby 20-year-old pitcher who has never before seen a world series. There is, however, a nontechnological term for that. The word is magic.

Our ride from the pretend mobile-home park to Burbank Airport is quintessential California. The car I've rented comes with a tachometer and an automatic transmission. The tachometer gives

you rpms, so you can shift or double clutch smoothly, and the automatic transmission means that you can't shift at all.

"We gotta make time," Lasorda says. "Budweiser distributors are meeting at the Fairmont Hotel. Ed McMahon is flying up with us. Bob Hope's in San Francisco already. For this talk, I get a fee."

He sets off in his Plymouth Reliant driving hard and I push the rented turkey to keep up with him. My tachometer works fine, but the engine begins to whine as though in an advanced stage of labor.

Burbank Airport. Lasorda tries the main entrance. No Learjet. Another entrance. There is nothing like a Lear. Frustrated, he drives faster and faster in a wild, aimless rectangle, circumnavigating Burbank Airport three times. The rented car stops whining and begins to scream. Even the tachometer shudders.

At length, a local Spanish-speaking grocer helps us out. McMahon and a gray-haired pilot are waiting and they lead us to the airplane, which looks about the size of an economy tube of



"Hey, baby! . . . You're lookin' good!"

tooth paste. (But at least the pilot has gray hair.)

The seats are deep, plush leather and the Learjet comes equipped with a small saloon and a refrigerator. Our take-off defines the word *accelerate*. Soon, digital readouts say we are flying at 32,000 feet at 469 knots. In this toothpaste tube (but the pilot has gray hair).

I ask Lasorda when his dream to pitch for the Brooklyn Dodgers was finally killed.

"You may remember the game, Walter Alston suspends Don Newcombe for refusing to throw batting practice. Who gets Newcombe's start?"

"Not Ed McMahon."

"Right. It's me. I go against the Cardinals. I walk a guy. A pitch gets away from Campanella. I walk another guy. Want the name? Bill Virdon. Another pitch gets away. I'm working on a hitter. This name is Musial. A third pitch gets away. The man on third comes roaring home. No way he's gonna score without cutting me in half. He hits me like a truck. Pretty rugged country ballplayer named Wally Moon."

"I strike out Musial. I strike out Rip Repulski. I get out the inning and they notice in the dugout my uniform is getting red around one knee. I gotta make this club. Getting hurt is a mark against you as bad as losing. They got a doctor near the dugout. Name? Herbert Fette. He looks at the knee and says, 'Son, if you try to pitch on that, you may never pitch again. You've been spiked so badly, every tendon and ligament is exposed.'"

"The hell with that. I gotta pitch. I gotta make the club. Next inning, I start toward the mound but two other ballplayers who heard the doctor grab me by the throat and hold me back. By the throat! That's how I get taken out. Want the date? May 5, 1955."

"Then the front office sends me back to the minors. Before I leave, I go in to appeal to Buzzie Bavasi, the general manager, and he says, 'Put yourself in my chair; who would you send out?' I tell him there's another left-hander on this team and he can't throw a goddamn strike. Bavasi says, 'Maybe, but the other left-hander's been paid a bonus to sign and the rule is that a bonus guy has to stick with the big club for two years or else you lose him.'"

"Want the name of the bonus guy who couldn't throw a strike? Sandy Koufax."

"It hurt ten times worse than the spiking, being shipped out. But I say now that it took the greatest left-hander in history to get me off the Dodger squad." Lasorda smiles with neither mirth nor self-pity and I remember the Langston Hughes poem that begins, "What happens to a dream deferred?" Which of us in our most secret heart ever gets over the old dreams or our old loves? Nobody. Nobody who is honest.

"Carson's a little upset at Howard Cosell," McMahon says.

"Why's that?" Lasorda says, in an instant change of mood and tone.

"They showed a close-up of Carson at the series," McMahon says, "and Cosell remarked that he was aging gracefully."

Hope does a full hour—songs, dances, even a Polish joke—for the beer distributors at the Fairmont Hotel. McMahon does a funny 15 minutes. Lasorda talks motivation. "Everybody in the United States, including the President, has times when he needs to be motivated." Then he tells one of his special Dodger stories.

When his life ends, Lasorda has often said, he wants this inscription on his tombstone: DODGER STADIUM WAS HIS ADDRESS AND EVERY BALL PARK HIS HOME. After the late Walter O'Malley, that most formidable of baseball barons, heard this, he arranged for a ceremonial press conference. He presented Lasorda with a replica of a tombstone complete with the inscription and a drop of imitation blood dyed—surprise!—Dodger blue.

"I'm honored, Mr. O'Malley, to have served the Dodgers, and I want to go on serving them after I die."

"Now, Tommy, how can you do that?"

"Hang a Dodger schedule on my stone. Then, when people visit their loved ones in the cemetery, they'll say, 'Let's go over to Lasorda's grave and see if the Dodgers are playing at home today.'"

In Chicago, he introduces me to Rickles.

"Kahn," Rickles says. "That was Cohen, wasn't it? Cohen and you changed it, right?"

"Far as I know, it's always been Kahn."

"Hey," Rickles says. "Don't be ashamed of what you are. Look at Lasorda here. He still misses Mussolini."

Lasorda works skillfully as master of ceremonies at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, where six athletes, including Mario Andretti, are being inducted into the Italian American Sports Hall of Fame. Rickles tells the dinner guests, in a Godfather voice, that it is too late to escape—Federal marshals have the building surrounded. Norm Crosby says beauty is skin deep but ugliness runs clear to the bone. Andy Granatelli, introducing Andretti, speaks at length. When Lasorda recaptures the microphone, he says, "I'm glad Andy finished because I'm due at spring training in four months."

At a party later, Granatelli seems ruffled, and it's not just his tuxedo. "Come on, Andy," Lasorda says. "Anyway, I got something to ask. How does it feel to have millions and millions of dollars?"

Granatelli sits up straight. "Seriously?"

"Very seriously."

"It feels very, very good."

Lasorda will gross perhaps \$175,000 managing and speaking in 1982, which surpasses the poverty level but approaches neither millions nor even the shimmering figures Valenzuela will make this year. Lasorda is curious about great wealth but does not lust for it.

"Look," he says as the party swirls around us, "when I was a scout making \$5500, I was happy. Managing in the minors, \$6000 up to maybe \$9000, I was happy. Now I make good money and I'm happy, but I was happy then. I've lived in the same house, a tract house in Fullerton, for 21 years. I've got a great wife, Jo, and she isn't any more materialistic than I am."

"Because we didn't need a fancy house, we could buy what we wanted outright. When we were raising the kids—well, what's more important, money or love? Money wasn't the tough thing. The tough thing was having no guarantees that I'd ever move up in the Dodger organization. I once asked Pee Wee Reese where he'd have rated me, among the 25 Dodger ballplayers in 1955, as a prospect to manage the big club. Pee Wee said 24, and that was only because one guy, Sandy Amoros, didn't speak English."

The reward he values more than cash is recognition. After all those decades of obscurity, he loves the fame that he has earned. And—this even now is sinking in—he is delighted that everyone who watched the world series knows at last what a wonderful manager he is.

Someone introduces me to a tall blonde named Helen, who says that she is a sabra.

"Tommy," I say, "here we are at an Italian-American sports party, and guess where this delicious blonde was born."

"Where?"

"Israel."

Lasorda beams. "You found each other," he says.

Five Lasorda brothers survived through the Depression to manhood in the blue-collar community of Norristown, Pennsylvania. Four—Eddie, Harry, Morris and Joe—run a restaurant called Marchwood Tavern in Exton, some 20 minutes from their birthplace. Place mats at Marchwood Tavern show a left-handed pitcher throwing, under a logo that says, EASTERN HOME OF THE L.A. DODGERS. At 54, Tom is the second oldest.

All the brothers idolized their father. Sabattino Lasorda emigrated from Abruzzi, a hilly province 80 miles east of Rome, and married Carmella, 15 years his junior, so that, he told the boys, "when I retire, she can go to work." Both Lasorda's parents are now dead.

In the U.S., Sabattino became Sam, and Sam Lasorda drove a truck out of a gravel pit five or six days a week. He played the concertina, sang, made up stories around the potbellied stove,



© 1994 H. H. ROOFS & ROOFING SYSTEMS, A HILLTOP IMPORTERS LTD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TRADEMARKS OF HILLTOP IMPORTERS LTD. ARE USED HEREIN.

preached education and practiced discipline. Minor infractions were punished with a strap. Once, when Tom kept the family car out until 2:30 A.M., he was beaten with a wooden clothes hanger.

All the boys talk reverently about their merry, stern old man. "After I was pitching professional," Tom says, "when- ever I saw Dad, I gave him a kiss. I don't go for that stuff that it's weak for men to show affection. When cancer killed Dad, you know how glad I was for all the times I'd let him know I loved him? Maybe the greatest day in my life came when he was gone and I went back to his home town, Tollo, in Abruzzi. They had a big sign in Italian that said, WELCOME TO THE SON OF SABATTINO LASORDA. I cried."

The other brothers remember Tommy as argumentative, funny and a fighter. "He could fight good," says Harry Lasorda, who is 52, "and he'd take on anyone who hassled him, no matter how big. And he had one helluva curve ball." Harry drives me to the old neighborhood, past Holy Saviour School, which Tommy abandoned for Norristown High because Holy Saviour didn't have a ball team. He shows me fields and streets where the Lasorda boys scrapped and played in front of stone buildings with brick fronts. He takes me to the Santa Secouri Maria Social Club, where Italian-Americans still gather and beer is 30

cents a glass. There is a *boccie* court outside, card tables within and a sign above the bar that warns, NO PROFANITY. It is a long way from the world of Rickles and Hope.

We drive to 713 Walnut, in Norristown, where the Lasorda boys grew up. The brick-fronted house is gone because families who lived there later let the building go so badly that it was condemned. What was once 713 Walnut is now an empty lot. All that remains to mark an extraordinary immigrant truck driver named Sabattino Lasorda is a gnarled sycamore he planted long ago.

Out of Norristown, Tom pitched from 1945 through 1960. He had some great minor-league years but never won a game for the Brooklyn Dodgers. They sent him to Kansas City in 1956, and he never won a game there, either. His lifetime major-league record is 0 and 4.

He worked his way back into the Dodger organization and won 18 games for their Montreal farm in 1958, a season when the L.A. Dodgers finished seventh. Two years later, when he was 33, they told him to stop pitching. The era of career minor leaguers was winding down.

He moved to California and put in five years as a Dodger scout. He managed Ogden, Utah, to three straight pennants and was promoted to Spokane. He won the pennant there in 1970 by 26 games, moved up to Albuquerque and won a

pennant there as well. Then came four years as a third-base coach. The real job, managing the big club, didn't come until he was 49, and it was a month after his 54th birthday before he won the series. He sure as hell put in his time.

What makes Tommy run? Like so many other children of immigrants, he is foursquare in fundamental values. He says his wife, Jo, and the Dodgers are his two great, enduring loves. He drinks a little wine and not much more. No serious drinker could survive his schedule. He is no stranger to depression but has an enduring, ecumenical religious faith and an optimistic, cheerful view of humanity. He is your basic upwardly mobile second-generation American, who knew early and profoundly that he did not want to spend his life driving trucks out of Pennsylvania gravel pits.

He cares passionately for people and is generally sensitive and unpretentious. He answers any phone that rings in the Dodger offices, talking baseball with callers and never identifying himself unless asked. When a poor Mexican family recognized him near the ball park, he signed autographs and discussed this season's prospects in Spanish for five minutes.

He loves shooting baskets in Vero Beach and pitching in an annual game there that matches old-time ballplayers against young, aggressive media men. "*¡Adios!*" he bellows when he throws the curve. (You don't learn how to hit Lasorda's breaking ball at Columbia Journalism.) At length, he is one of the world's good fellows. Busy by choice. Driven by a Depression boyhood. Naïve and wise and boyish all at once. The headline that should have been written after the 1981 world series would read: "NICE GUY FINISHES FIRST."

"You know," Lasorda says on one of our plane rides, "when I took over from Alston, they asked if I was worried about filling the shoes of a guy who'd managed the Dodgers for 23 years. I told them no, but I was worried about the guy who someday was gonna have to fill mine. You like that?"

"Brash," I say, "and pure Lasorda."

"Now," Tom says, "I'm beginning to believe it."

We split in Chicago. He is going west to speak to Air Force generals and cadets and I am heading east, toward Norristown. As we say goodbye, he thanks me for traveling with him and touches a few memories we share. I feel a surge of admiration: for his vibrant spirit, for his poise, his lack of *hubris*, his baseball knowledge and, certainly not least of all, his incredible salesmanship.

Hell, I think, my old friend Tom Lasorda could sell the Democratic Party platform to Ronald Reagan. Provided that it was printed in Dodger blue.



"Uncle Sam does not try to 'screw' people, as you put it, and you will pay dearly for saying that."

IT WAS A GREAT GAME, BUT IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME.



Right now you are wishing you didn't eat so many hot dogs and drink that last can of beer. But you're home now.

And right there, between the cotton balls and the bandages, you find your Alka-Seltzer®.

As you listen to the familiar fizz of those

relief-laden tablets, you smile through your discomfort.

You know that for upset stomach with headache, *nothing works better, nothing is more soothing than Alka-Seltzer.*

No wonder it's America's Home Remedy.



ALKA-SELTZER®. AMERICA'S HOME REMEDY.

Read and follow label directions. ©1981 Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Consumer Products Division

MILES

ONE FOR THE ROAD

(continued from page 110)

with it. "The next question we'd ask them," he said, "was even more revealing. We'd ask them: If you were the only one who *knew* that the world was about to end, would you tell anyone else? The mystics almost always said that they would tell, to give people time to prepare their souls; at the very least, they would tell those people they loved the most. Some of the loophole seekers said that they would tell, give everyone a chance to find their own loopholes; some said that they wouldn't tell, that their own chances for survival would be better if they didn't have to contend with a world-wide panic; and some said that they'd just tell a small circle of friends. Almost all of the sensualists said that they would *not* tell, that it was kinder if everyone else—and particularly their loved ones—could enjoy their last hours without knowing the shadow that was hanging over them—though at least one sensualist said that the only sensuous pleasure he would get out of the whole thing would be the fun of telling everyone else the bad news..."

Moving with exaggerated care, he polished off his drink and set it carefully back on the water ring it had made on the bartop. He turned to face me again. "Would you tell anyone, if you knew?"

I thought about it. "If I did, would there be anything anybody could do to

stop it from happening?"

"Nothing at all."

"Any way that anybody could escape from it?"

"Not unless they can figure out a way to get clean off the planet in about five hours' time."

"In that case," I said, fingering my chin, "in that case, I don't think I would say anything."

"Good," the man said. "Then I won't, either."

He got up off the stool and strode out of the place, leaving his \$500 watch on the bar.

The bartender drifted over to see if he could con me into a refill. "Who was that weirdo?" I said.

"Jeez," the bartender said, "I thought you knew him. That was Dr. Norman Fine, from over at the institute."

Then I remembered where I'd seen that young-old face: It had been staring at me out of a recent *Time* cover, accompanying an article that hailed Norman Fine as one of the finest experimental physicists in the world.

It's been about an hour now, and I keep looking at Dr. Fine's watch, toying with it, pushing it around on top of the bar with my finger. It's a damned expensive watch, and I keep thinking that soon he'll notice that it's gone, that he'll certainly come back into the bar for it in a moment or two.

But I'm starting to get worried.



"Don't wrap it. I'm in a hurry."

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

(continued from page 112)

slightly manic tone. "The fact is, Margaret, I've always found you incredibly attractive, incredibly sexual. I quite frankly didn't think it was appropriate to even *have* such thoughts, much less to voice them, and I swear I never intended to, but every time you've been in our house and we've been physically close to each other, it's been all I could do to restrain myself from taking you in my arms."

"I know," she said quietly.

"What?" he said.

"I could tell how you felt about me," she said softly. "I'm afraid you weren't as discreet as you thought you were."

He fought the impulse to burst out laughing, deciding it would be a tactical error.

"You don't think that *Cathy* . . . ?" he began.

"Oh, no. No, no, I don't think Cathy noticed," she said. "I don't think Cathy would even *dream* that you—or any man of hers, for that matter—would so much as *look* at me, but I could certainly tell that you were interested."

"I see. And . . . how do you feel about that?" he asked cautiously.

She shrugged. "You're not the *first* of Cathy's men who's wanted to sleep with me," she said.

"I'm not?"

She shook her head. "Naturally, I feel some ambivalence about it," she said. "Cathy is, after all, one of my three closest friends. I wouldn't do anything to hurt her. And yet. . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Well, I knew what you were going to say to me today. And I guess I was pretty ambivalent about it—that's why I was so late. I left the office three times. I almost didn't come at all. I was going to telephone you at the restaurant and tell you I wasn't coming, that I didn't think it was right. But then I thought, What if that wasn't what you wanted to talk to me about, you know? I would have looked like an ass. Tell me, why did you finally call me *now*? After all these years of lusting for me in silence?"

"Um, well, because of a couple of things, I guess. First of all, I've discovered that Cathy is . . . I've discovered that Cathy is having a little . . . fling herself."

"What is this—evening the score? *She's* sleeping around, so you're going to do it, too, to retaliate?"

"No, no, no, nothing like that. Of course not. No, no. It's just that. . ."

"It wouldn't be so hard to understand if that were it," she said.

"It wouldn't?" he said. "Oh, well, I mean, I suppose there must be an *element* of that in this, you know, but



O.J. DINGO

He's a Dingo man down to his feet. And when he starts walkin', people start talkin'. Because he walks in the fast lane, and he's all legs. There's a Dingo[®] boot to fit the way you dress, the way you live. So follow O.J.'s lead, and get in step. With Dingo.

dingo[®]

it's certainly not the most important one."

"It isn't?"

"No. Of course not."

"Then what is?"

"The most important one is how I feel about *you*. This incredible attraction that I feel for you. How do *you* feel about *me*?"

She smiled again. "I find you a . . . reasonably attractive man," she said.

He snorted with laughter. "Jesus Christ," he said. "After all that, the most you can say is, 'I find you a reasonably attractive man'?"

Color came into her cheeks. "All

right," she said, "I fantasize about you a lot."

"You do? That's better. Tell me what you fantasize."

"Oh, I fantasize about a lot of things."

"C'mon," he said. "You can do better than that. What are you fantasizing right now? Right this second?"

Her face got redder. She started to say something so quietly that he could hardly hear her.

"What's that?" he said. "I can't hear you."

"I *said*," she said, "I am fantasizing that you are going to slide under the table right now as we're talking. pull

down my panties, bury your face in my pussy and lick me till I scream."

There was an immediate crash behind them. Lance looked around to see the waiter retrieving a tray that had once held several drinks. Lance was aware that the people at the tables on all sides of him had stopped talking and were pretending relentless interest in their silverware and ashtrays. He felt his penis begin to get hard.

"I'm sorry," she said, flustered. "I guess I shouldn't have been quite that honest."

"No, no," he said, "I really admire an honest answer."

The waiter was still picking up pieces of glass and ice cubes, hoping that there would be more.

"You haven't said how you feel about what I just told you," she said.

He checked the people at the adjacent tables and waited till his gaze forced them to resume their conversations. Then he turned back to the waiter, who was mopping up liquid as slowly as possible.

"How's about I just mail you a transcript of our conversation?" Lance said pleasantly. The waiter got very huffy and stood up.

"I'm sure I have better things to do than to eavesdrop on your asinine sexual conversations," he said and flounced away.

Lance leaned across the table toward Margaret. He was now aware of her perfume. She had never before, to his knowledge, used perfume.

"Can we go back to your apartment right now so I can do what you were fantasizing?" he said hoarsely.

Margaret looked away. Her breathing was beginning to be labored. She hadn't needed rouge after all.

"I don't know what I want to do," she whispered.

"You don't?" He was incredulous.

"I mean, I *do* know what I want to do. I just don't know if I *can*."

"Because of Cathy?"

"Because of Cathy. I don't know if I can do this to her. I *love* Cathy."

"You love Cathy? How about *me*? I don't love Cathy? I *worship* Cathy, for God's sake! Cathy's a goddamn *saint*, that's what she is."

"You're telling me? Cathy was my roommate, Lance."

"Your *roommate*? She's my *wife*, for Christ's sake! Margaret, I think we should leave here. I think we should go back to your apartment."

"I don't know if I can do that, Lance. I need time to think."

"OK, we'll walk there—you can think on the way."

"I need more time than that."

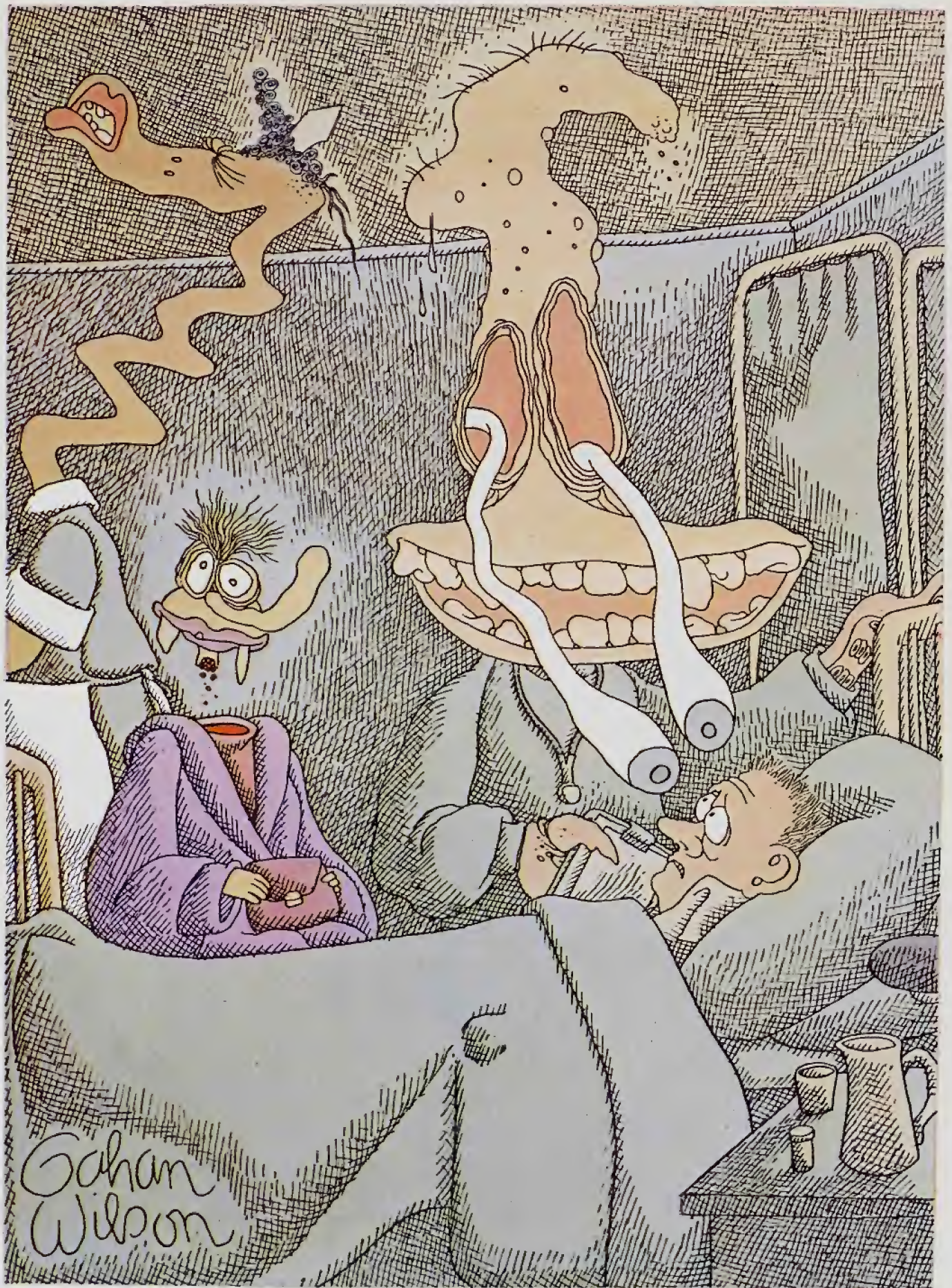
"How much more?"

"I don't know. A few days. Maybe a week or so."

"Can't you think any faster than that?"



FOR A FREE RECIPE BOOKLET, WRITE HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS, P.O. BOX 2235, FARMINGTON HILLS, MICH. 48018
© 1981 PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS, 60 PROOF, HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



"Now, those pills you just took may produce some visual side effects."

"Please, Lance. You have to let me get accustomed to the idea. It's going to take time. I'll let you know as soon as I've thought it through."

She got up.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"I'm very conflicted. I have to leave."

"But we haven't even ordered yet."

"I couldn't eat anything now, anyway. I'm too upset."

He got up and followed her to the door of the restaurant. Every head in the place charted their progress from table to door.

"When shall I call you? Is tonight too soon?" he said.

"Yes. Don't call for several days. Don't call me for a week."

"A week? I can't wait a whole week."

"Please, Lance. Wait a week. Promise me you'll wait a week."

The waiter, suddenly fearing that Lance was attempting to leave without paying, raced up to the door, waving the check.

"Just a moment!" he yelled. "Just a moment there, fellow!"

"A week, then," said Lance. "No later."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said the waiter unpleasantly, reaching the door and barring Lance's passage with his outstretched arm. Lance turned to face him, incredulous.

"If you don't drop your arm this instant," said Lance, "I'm going to stick my fingers up your nose and rip it off your face."

By the time Lance reached home, he had almost recovered from the drinks at Maxwell's Plum. He let himself into the apartment and went to the bathroom to change.

"Honey, that you?" called Cathy from another room.

"No, it's the cat burglar," he said, swiftly removing his tie and jacket to avoid answering questions about where he'd been. Cathy came into the bathroom just as he was slipping into a denim workshirt. She grabbed him from behind and kissed the back of his neck.

"You're pretty cute for a cat burglar," she said, hugging him hard. "You want to fool around a little before my husband gets home?"

Lance winced, was about to make a bitter retort but stopped in the nick of time. Cathy turned his face around and kissed him on the mouth.

"Hey," she said. "Where've you been?"

"Out shopping," he said. "I had to get a couple things from the hardware store."

"Then why is there vodka on your breath?" she said.

"Vodka? On my breath?" he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I smell vodka on your breath," she said.

He realized that Wolfschmidt had sold him out.

"Vodka," he said inanely, "has no taste. You can't smell it on somebody's breath."

There might have been one or two acceptable replies to the question she'd posed. This had not been one of them. The smile and the playfulness slowly dissolved.

"Where have you been?" she said.

"To the hardware store," he said. "I told you."

"They serve vodka now at the hardware store?"

"As a matter of fact, smartass, today they did. It just so happens that today was the Midtown Hardware store's twenty-fifth anniversary in business, and they were serving vodka and white wine and little canapés with red caviar and sour cream. I thought you'd be pissed at me for drinking on a day when I had work to do, but I may as well confess, since you've got the nose of a bloodhound. I admit it, Officer Lerner—I've been drinking."

He chuckled and tried to hug her, but she couldn't be jollied back into her playful mood. He knew he had made a big mistake.

Soon he would make one about 80 times worse.

True to his word, Lance waited an entire week, till June 14, before seeking out another pay phone and calling Margaret. In the intervening seven days, his apathy toward Margaret had reversed itself and hardened into a fine obsession. He replayed the fantasy she had described in the restaurant with endless variations. It was all he could think about.

He made love to Cathy and imagined she was her plain-looking friend. He had endless visions of Margaret—of her pulling down her panties under the table in the restaurant and his going down on her, of her slipping under the table to go down on *him*, and so on. The concept of making love to someone as beautiful as Cathy and having fantasies about someone as plain-looking as Margaret was ludicrous, though not, he suspected, at all unusual. Wasn't it George Burns who said that even if you were married to Marilyn Monroe you would still be out trying to pick up pigs?

By the seventh day following Lance's lunch with Margaret, he could stand it no more. He went out into the street and, after losing six dimes in the first two pay phones, finally reached her.

"Have you decided?" he said.

"Who is this?" said Margaret.

"Oh, I'm sorry. It's Lance."

"Oh, Lance. I didn't recognize your

voice. You're back in the Holland Tunnel, I see."

"Ha-ha. Look, you've had a week now. What did you decide?"

"Well, I don't know yet. I need a little more time."

"More time? How much more time?"

"Another week."

"Another week! I can't wait another week. Why can't you decide now? When can I see you?"

"I don't know, I don't know. OK, a week from today. Next Thursday."

"Thursday? The twenty-first? That's my birthday."

"So? How are you planning to celebrate it?" she said. "Is Cathy taking you to dinner or what?"

"I guess so. I don't know. It's my fortieth birthday. But I guess I can meet you before dinner for a drink. A drink and . . . whatever else you decide to do. OK, then, Thursday it is. What time Thursday?"

"Five thirty. At my place."

He chuckled.

"At your place, eh? Then I won't ask what you're planning to give me for my birthday."

Thursday, June 21. The first day of summer. Lance's 40th birthday. He studies his barely noticeable bald spot in two strategically placed mirrors in the bathroom and makes a mental note to consult a dermatologist about it—right after he consults a nutritionist about a more healthful diet and a program of vitamins and right after he renews his lapsed membership in the health club where he used to swim laps.

On the morning of his 40th birthday, he actually breaks down and reminds Cathy it's his birthday. Actually has to *remind* her. He inquires what she would like to do for dinner. She says it's up to him. Up to *him*. On his 40th birthday.

He is now doubly justified in fucking her best friend. It is only fitting that he will be doing it today. It is now 4:30. Feeling sorry for himself, he pours two quickie drinks and downs them before he leaves the house. He tells Cathy he is going to Bloomingdale's and Hamacher Schlemmer to buy himself some birthday presents and will be back at eight o'clock to take her to dinner.

He leaves the apartment and walks slowly uptown to Margaret's. He stops at a bar and has another drink. He tries to picture what he will be doing with Margaret only an hour from now. He tries to picture Margaret naked. The nonsense Margaret without her clothes. Without her horn-rimmed glasses. Without her dry accountant's manner. What will she feel like naked? What will she smell like? What will her dry accountant's body taste like when he begins to devour it with tongue and teeth? What

noises will she make, if any, in the throes of orgasm?

He arrives at her apartment. He looks at his watch: 5:25. He is five minutes early. He goes on up, anyway. Heart hammering in his chest. Pulse pounding in his pants. This will be his first woman other than Cathy in more than seven years. Will it be heaven? Will he even be able to get it up?

He rings the doorbell. She buzzes him in. He takes the elevator up. He pauses briefly before her closed door. Is this really what he wants to do? Fuck his wife's best friend on his 40th birthday? It is. His wife has given him no choice. He knocks.

It takes at least three minutes for her to come to the door.

"Who is it?" she says.

"Who do you think?" he says.

The door is unlocked. It swings inward. It is dark inside. She has drawn the blinds and drapes. He slips into her apartment. He reaches out for her, touches her shoulder. She pulls away, giggling. He thinks he smells bourbon on her breath—so she has had to sneak a couple of drinks for courage, too!

"Come here," he whispers.

"Not yet," she says, her voice retreating.

"Where are you going?" he says.

"To get something. Make yourself comfortable."

A door at the other end of the room opens, then clicks shut.

He sighs, sits down. He imagines her in her bedroom, pulling her dress over her head, stripping down to bra and panties or a flimsy negligee. The image is too much for him. He feels his penis begin to stiffen. The room is warm. He slips out of his jacket. Takes off his tie. He carefully removes his boots and socks and tiptoes across the living room to her bedroom door. He starts to knock, stops, has a better idea. He slips out of his shirt, slacks and undershorts. Stark naked, his now-hard-as-a-rock penis preceding him, he raps at her bedroom door.

"Here I come, ready or not!" he calls.

"Come on in," says Margaret in a strange, high, possibly ambivalent voice.

He turns the knob and walks into the darkened bedroom.

Blinding lights. And 40 people yell: "Surprise!"

In a perfect world, it would never have happened. In a perfect world, Margaret would not have perversely neglected to warn him in case Lance might at the last moment decide to do something spontaneous like this. In a perfect world, he would have entered the bedroom *before* taking off all of his clothing.

In a perfect world, he might have realized somewhat before the lights were

switched on that what he had mistaken for the evidence of an affair between Cathy and Les had been merely the clandestine arrangements for a mammoth surprise party.

Now time has stopped dead, and he stands staring into the faces of his wife and his best friend, who are holding a long, rectangular mocha cake with 40 lighted candles on it, flanked by Margaret and Cheryl and 36 other utterly paralyzed people who are all desperately wishing to be somewhere else.

There is total silence. No one so much as draws a breath. Forty mouths are open, afflicted with instant lockjaw. Eighty eyes bulge forward, staring at his nakedness, at his rapidly deflating erection. Eighty lungs are holding in their already used-up oxygen pending potential deliverance by means of the next words out of Lance's lips.

"I can explain this," he begins, wildly ransacking his mind for anything—anything at all in the memory core—that will get him out of this. "This isn't what it seems," he babbles, but by now those in the room have already sensed, as fans in the stands whose team is losing the championship game by a single point watch the basketball leave the hands of the team's star center and hear the final gun go off and know even though it has not even reached the zenith of its trajectory through the air that the ball will never in a million billion

trillion years go through that hoop but will bounce impotently off the rim and the game and the championship. If not their very lives, are lost, lost, lost, and their prayers have once more gone unanswered by an indifferent god.

The next five minutes would be among the worst ever experienced by any person in the room who had not been in a major war. If a passing vendor had suddenly appeared with a tray of cyanide pellets and single-edge razor blades, he would have sold out his entire stock in 20 seconds.

"As you may or may not be aware," Lance continued, "Margaret's apartment happens to have a fairly heavy infestation of cockroaches. The instant I entered the living room, a roach dropped off the ceiling and fell into the space between my shirt collar and the back of my neck. . . ."

Both Cathy and Margaret had burst into tears. Everybody else, heads averted and mumbling unintelligible phrases, was pleading pressing engagements upstate and making for the door.

"As I happen to have an almost pathological aversion to cockroaches," Lance continued, his tone now approaching hysteria, "I immediately began pulling off articles of my clothing in a vain attempt to. . . ."

It was hopeless. Nobody was even listening to him anymore.





Breezin™ Bikinis
14932½ N. Florida Avenue
Tampa, Fla. 33612
Phone (813) 962-4977

The most Tan-Tilizing suits under the sun! Beautiful hand knit swimwear that is as unique as you are, fits your body naturally. (made of 100% cool pre-shrunk cotton. Bottoms lined.) Now available in His & Hers matched sets. So **ORDER NOW**, for yourself, and your special one. (Take advantage of our special price when you order both His & Hers: Deduct \$5.00 from total).

☐ Style #A (Ladies hand knit bikini) \$20.00
*Colors: ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Sand ☐ Green
☐ Black ☐ White ☐ Yellow ☐ Peach ☐ Fuchsia
2nd Color Choice _____ 3rd Color Choice _____
*Size: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large
A-B cup B-cup C-cup
34-35 Hip 36-Hip 37-38 Hip
(Ladies mixed sizes add \$5.00).

☐ Style #B (Mens hand knit brief) \$15.00
*Colors: ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Sand ☐ Green
☐ Black ☐ White
2nd Color Choice _____ 3rd Color Choice _____
*Size: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large
29-31 32-34 34-36

Please add \$1.75 handling first item; \$1.00 each additional item. (Fla. Residents add 4% sales tax) Canada add 20.0% for currency exchange.

— Allow 4-6 weeks Delivery when paid by check.
* Please double check your order for any mistakes before mailing.

☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ CK ☐ MO

Total Amt enclosed \$ _____
Acct# _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Signature _____

100% guaranteed quality, return within 10 days if not satisfied. Send \$2.00 for brochure.

WAR ON DRUGS

(continued from page 158)

the upcoming 67th legislative session. Not surprisingly, the flagship bill was Clements' own wire-tapping law.

Meanwhile, fear was a wedge being driven between parent and child. Literature from Texans' War on Drugs told them, "If your child denies using marijuana but your suspicions tell you otherwise, then you face the next very difficult step. You simply must invade his privacy and carry out a thorough search of his living space and other areas, and do it more than once." That particular bit of advice was endorsed by the governor himself, as if to encourage legalized surveillance at every level.

The power released by striking directly at the family bonds was indeed impressive; in a single day, Texans' War on Drugs acquired a legion of new recruits when Texas P.T.A. president Connie Miller turned over her 700,000 troops to Perot.

Perot's committee engineered a 12-page tabloid supplement that appeared one October Sunday in 1980 in newspapers all across Texas. Stamped with the state seal and endorsed by a letter from Clements, it was an expensive and professionally produced piece of work entitled "How to Get Your Child off Marijuana." Aimed at mothers who were both afraid for their children and innocent of any scientific knowledge about drugs, the tabloid would have been funny had it not been so cruel in effect and cynical in conception.

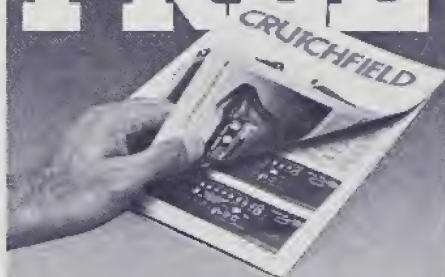
"It was a joke in the legislature," Buck Wood recalls. "People carried copies of it around to show one another for a big laugh."

But while lawmakers were snickering behind their hands, Perot invited their wives to Austin's most fashionable hotel, the Driskill, where he wine and dined them and captured their imagination with titillating stories. This time, Perot himself was picking up the tab for the lobbying effort, supplying their favorite drug of abuse, alcohol.

When the package of proposed laws Perot had paid Baylor to write finally landed before the lawmakers in early 1981, shock ran through the capitol. The laws were blatantly unconstitutional, and a number of legislators said so; they soon found themselves deluged with mail from parents who'd been told that they were in cahoots with dope pushers. The message was clear: To oppose the Texans' War on Drugs would be political suicide.

In an episode now referred to as The Bong Show, mothers stormed the legislature, armed with satchels of drug paraphernalia supplied by Perot's committee. You are either for our children, lawmakers were told, or for the dope pushers. When the wreckage was cleared

FREE



CATALOG!

Before you buy a car stereo, portable stereo, personal computer, home stereo, telephone, or telephone answering device, you need enough accurate information to make an intelligent buying decision.

Get all the information you need by reading the *CRUTCHFIELD Catalog*. Easy to read articles and in-depth product comparison charts make it simple for you to buy sophisticated electronic equipment at low discount prices!

Order your FREE copy today at no obligation!



Select the ideal stereo system for your car.



Learn all about the new cordless telephones.



Find out why Crutchfield offers the finest value in personal computers.



Discover the ease of remote controlled home stereo systems.

Call or write now for your **FREE** catalog!

Use the coupon below or call toll free

800-446-1640

In Virginia call toll free 800-552-3961

- ☐ Send me your FREE catalog by Third Class Mail
☐ Rush me your FREE catalog! I'm enclosing \$1 for First Class Mail

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

CRUTCHFIELD

1 Crutchfield Park, Charlottesville, VA 22906
Department E



**Wet
your whistle
but don't
drown it.**

Don't drink too much of a good thing.
The Distilled Spirits Council of the United States.

1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

How To Make Women Notice You!



Now, any man can attract beautiful women with the amazing bestseller, **INNER LOOKS**. You will learn: Ten simple ways to increase your "erotic visibility" • Words that make you better looking • Tripling your self-confidence when meeting new women • How to look taller and leaner • Ways to dress sexier • Arousing women with your eyes • Unleashing the "conceited" narcissistic side of your personality (not doing this is what keeps most men so plain and ordinary-looking) • and so much more!

No, you don't have to be born with that special ability to turn a girl's head. **INNER LOOKS** can show you how to get it in two weeks or less ... **guaranteed!** So order your copy today!

INNER LOOKS costs far less than a new haircut, yet you'll find it so much more of a help in attracting the kind of sexy, beautiful women everybody notices!

How To Talk To Women!

Do you get tongue-tied around attractive women ... Worry you're not good looking enough?

Well, Eric Weber, world famous author of **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS**, is here to help with an amazing 90 minute cassette of his highly acclaimed New York City course, "**HOW TO MEET NEW WOMEN**." You will learn: • How to "break the ice" with women • How to make a woman feel warm and loving toward you. • Why the most Beautiful Women are often the easiest to meet • Turning rejection into romance • Conversation openers that don't sound corny or foolish • and much, much more!

Thousands of men have already paid \$25 to attend Eric Weber's seminars. Now for only \$12.95, you can have the best of his teachings on cassette to play before a big date or party for that extra bit of confidence. So order right now. Within days you'll be the kind of guy who can charm any woman he wants without even trying.

Now On Cassette!



Mail to: **SYMPHONY PRESS, INC.**, Dept. PB-DA, P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, N.J. 07670. MC and VISA accepted. Cardholders may also order by phone. Call toll free anytime: **800-631-2560**. Allow 1-3 weeks.

☐ **INNER LOOKS** (\$10.95 plus \$2.00 shipping).

☐ **HOW TO MEET NEW WOMEN** Cassette (\$12.95 plus \$2.00 shipping).

☐ **SPECIAL OFFER!** The book and the cassette for only \$22.90 plus \$2.00 shipping ... a savings of \$3.00!

Name _____

Street _____

City, State, Zip _____

from the capitol, some legislators didn't know what had hit them. Lynn Nabers, head of the House Criminal Jurisprudence Committee, says, "I've never seen anything as organized, in depth and scope, and covering this much area ... in this short a time."

Or, as Gerald Goldstein puts it, "It was like being on an airplane that crashed with no survivors."

The most immediate victims—the mothers of Texas, the very ground troops of the war—were left believing they'd done something to save their children, when actually the only measurable effect had been to expand police powers beyond acceptable bounds.

One day, not long after the great siege of the legislature, John Duncan and I went up to the Texas state capitol building. There must have been ten 18-wheeler tractor trailers parked in front of the main entrance, with electrical cable snaking among them, black and thick as a man's wrist. Duncan and I had been discussing one of the new drug laws, under which an attorney whose client is convicted of trafficking can be imprisoned for 99 years and fined \$1,000,000 for accepting tainted money as a fee. It is a bizarre statute that forces a suspected drug pusher either to incriminate himself or to be denied counsel, which violates the Fifth or the Sixth Amendment, depending upon which option the suspect chooses. As we passed among the towering trailers, I asked Duncan what all the trucks might mean, parked so audaciously at the front door of Justice.

"It's *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*," he said. "They're filming it here." As we entered the great rotunda of the state capitol, which was laced across with a chaos of cable and hung with lights and reflectors, Duncan stopped in the center of the 12-foot seal inlaid in the floor, defaced now with silver gaffer's tape. He gestured in a great arc around us. "*This*," he announced, "is the best little whorehouse in Texas."

The story really began in the middle Sixties, the period of the great purges in which the original leaders of the Revolution were wiped out once and for all.

It was in the middle Sixties that middle-class Americans began openly using drugs on a large scale for the first time. It was also in the middle Sixties that the first earnest attempts got under way to create and use the fear of drugs to justify profound expansion of police power and social controls.

The foundations for this fear had been laid as early as the Twenties, when outrageous stories about a new drug called diacetylmorphine, or heroin, were being bandied about in the popular

Lose 4-8 Lbs. in 1 HOUR!

With the Space Suit Slenderizing System

As documented by U.S. government expert

A leading physician, who serves as an expert for the U.S. government, recently demonstrated how the Space Suit Slenderizing System can help you lose weight, keep most of it off and lose more—as much as you want. In fact, he said, some people can temporarily lose even more than 4-8 lbs. in one hour.

The Space Suit Slenderizing System is a new way to temporarily or permanently lose weight and keep it off. It's up to you. Even though diet and exercise play a key role in any medically sound reducing program, it is the addition of the Space Suit Slenderizer that helps you to lose as much as 4-8 lbs. in the first hour and subsequently change bad eating patterns, while the System lets you take off as much weight as you want and keep it off!

Slim and trim your whole body!

Just take that first step into the Space Suit Slenderizer. It's a glittering, 2-piece suit made of thermally superactive material that you can use like a Turkish bath or costly Finnish sauna. Just start the easy exercise program and the heat builds up.

Here's what a few of **over 153,000** users say.

You may not lose as much, but each statement is signed, sworn, and notarized!

"I lost 45 pounds, 8" from my waist, 7" from my hips, and 7" from my thighs, and no hunger on the diet." —Kathryn Rusyniak, Brentwood, Ca.

"I couldn't believe it! I lost 5 pounds just cleaning my bedroom while wearing Space Suit!" —Barbara Gronke, Hot Springs, Ark.

"I lost: buttocks, 3"; waist, 3"; hips, 2". I've lost 22 pounds! I am very satisfied, and so is my husband!" —Kathleen Ryerson, Hudson Falls, N.Y.

You burn up pockets of excess fat and flab while eliminating pounds of fluid—as much as 4-8 lbs. of fat and fluid in the first hour, as you get conditioned! Believe it or not, when you follow directions, you will not only keep most of that weight off, you will lose even more weight—As much as you want for as long as you like!

Take it anywhere!

You can carry Space Suit in your handbag, briefcase, lunch box, or jacket pocket. It's so comfortable, you can put it on while gardening, shopping, jogging, doing housework, or even watching TV. And, it's washable, too. Use it to exercise, to stay conscientious, and to reinforce your Slenderizing activities. The Space Suit Slenderizing System gives you better results than any diet, exercise program, or reducing aid alone. You can use it to lose weight fast whenever you like, and keep it off as long as you like.

You risk nothing!

Use it at our risk for 30 full days. If you're not satisfied, for any reason, simply send it back for a prompt refund. But don't wait. Send us your order, today!

Note: As with any weight loss product, follow directions and consult physician if you have any existing ailment.

© 1981 The Body Shoppe Inc.



Thousands sold at \$12.99 now only

\$7.99

The Body Shoppe, Inc., Dept. CMK209, 20 Medford Ave., Patchogue, N.Y. 11772

I have enclosed my check or money order for \$7.99 plus \$2 p&h (total: \$9.99 N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax).

Please rush my Space Suit Slenderizing System now. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I'll return it within 30 days for a prompt refund of my purchase price, no questions asked.

Indicate waist size: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

(N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax)

Zip _____



**INTRODUCING CONDOMS THAT LET YOU FEEL
GOOD BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER.**

Lifestyles condoms have gone further than any other condoms to let you feel good *during* sex.

And we have designed Lifestyles to give you a choice as well.

Stimula® was the first textured condom in America. Nurda® is the nation's thinnest condom. And Conture® pioneered the form-fitting shape. Each one is sensitively designed to enhance pleasure. Instead of inhibiting it.

Just as important, Lifestyles also let you feel good before and after. They're strong and safe. So you can feel relaxed and confident.

But best of all, Lifestyles reflect *your* lifestyle. And when you feel good about your condom, you feel good about yourself.

LIFESTYLES™



press. (It was said, for example, that heroin addiction spread from one person to the next faster than anthrax and that Western civilization was on the point of collapse as a result.) But Nelson Rockefeller began the first true war on drugs when he created panic about heroin addicts in his successful 1966 campaign for re-election as governor of New York. By skillful use of propaganda and manipulation of the press, Rockefeller was able to convince voters that nearly all crime in New York was committed by junkies. Armed with fictional statistics and unencumbered by facts, he achieved radical alterations in social controls (addicts could be detained for up to five years without trial under one new Rockefeller law).

When Nixon came to power in 1968, he had two overriding priorities. One was to make good his campaign promise to reduce crime in the United States, so that he could be re-elected; the other was to establish a Federal agency under direct White House control that could

be used to spy upon and neutralize his enemies. (His Deputy Secretary of Defense, William Clements, would share his concern a decade later and borrow from Nixon's bag of tricks.)

Nixon hadn't been President for long when his Attorney General, John Mitchell, pointed out to him that the Federal Government has no jurisdiction over robbery, rape, mugging and murder, except in the District of Columbia itself. It was this problem—the inability to reduce crime—coupled with the desire for a national police force he could control that led Nixon to a war on drugs. Since the Federal Government was empowered to combat drug traffic, it would be a simple matter to blame all crime on drugs—as Rockefeller had—and then attack that problem to give the appearance of fighting crime. Furthermore, if sufficient fear could be generated, the Administration could justify extraordinary expansions of police powers.

In his book *Agency of Fear*, Edward

Jay Epstein succinctly sums up the strategy that guided the first nationwide war on drugs—the model used later by Clements and Perot and now by President Reagan:

If Americans could be persuaded that their lives and the lives of their children were being threatened by a rampant epidemic of narcotics addiction, Nixon's advisors presumed they would not object to . . . no-knock warrants, pretrial detention, wire taps and unorthodox strike forces. . . . To achieve this state of fear required transforming a relatively small heroin-addiction problem . . . into a plague that threatened all. This in turn required the artful use of the media to propagate a simple but terrifying set of stereotypes about drug addiction. . . .

The cynicism of Nixon's war on drugs was scarcely believable. In a puzzling effort to address a problem it had taken such care to inflate, the Administration resorted to distributing an equally addictive form of synthetic heroin, called methadone. By 1973, the United States was subsidizing the distribution of 7,500,000 doses a year of this drug. In 1974, death by methadone overdose far surpassed death by heroin overdose as the new drug menace.

The public, however, was kept largely innocent of these machinations, and by 1973, Nixon had consolidated his national police force under the name Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), which incorporated scores of warriors from other bureaucracies. He was very close to achieving what amounted, in Epstein's words, to "an American *coup d'état*." The reason he failed was the Watergate scandal, during which all the bureaucrats Nixon had estranged in his wild scramble for power turned on him. In the purges that followed, the war on drugs was set back about five years and the DEA was forced to maintain a very low profile to give public temper a chance to cool.

After Nixon resigned, there followed a gradual acceptance of marijuana in America—to the point where it became a nonissue. There were 26,000,000 people who used it regularly and no one much cared. By 1978, in fact, ten states had decriminalized possession of small amounts of grass. But that summer, two events made it possible to bring back the war on drugs—to allow the troops that had been driven into the hills to come down and form columns and raise some dust upon the great central plains.

The first event occurred on July 19, 1978, when *The Washington Post* carried this headline: "CARTER AIDE SIGNED FAKE QUAAALUDE PRESCRIPTION." The aide was Peter Bourne, the White House drug advisor. The very next day, Jack



"Well, Senator, you're just going to have to choose:
the N.R.A. or me."

Pioneer LaserDisc

IF YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT PICTURE AND SOUND, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

Today, there are all sorts of video systems to choose from. So the choice would seem to be confusing. Until you consider the quality of picture and sound. Then, all at once, your choice becomes abundantly clear: Pioneer LaserDisc.

WHY IT'S BETTER.

The reason is simple. The LaserDisc, the sight-and-sound record, is read not by a video head, and not by a needle, but by a laser beam. And therein lies the difference.

HOW MUCH BETTER.

The LaserDisc system offers *picture resolution* that's better than normal home-TV reception has ever been. And actually 40% better than home VCR. In fact, the laser picture is the equal to what you'd see if your TV were in the TV studio itself.

Laser sound is exceptional in itself. Both audio channels are completely separate from each other. So it delivers stereo in its purest sense.

And because nothing touches the LaserDisc but a beam of light, there's nothing to distort or wear out. The picture and sound qualities of LaserDisc, with normal use, never deteriorate. Ever.

WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE, HOW YOU WANT TO SEE IT.

Movies from major motion picture studios are now on LaserDisc. There are rock and folk concerts, opera, NFL football, cooking, even discs created especially for children.

And because of Pioneer's built-in microcomputer, you can skip to your favorite scene in a movie or song in a concert at will.

LET US CHANGE THE WAY YOU SEE THINGS.

The wonder of this new technology can only be appreciated in person.

Call us at 800-621-5199* and we'll give you the name of the Pioneer Video Showcase Dealer nearest you to arrange a free demonstration. And while you're there, he'll show you the Pioneer 50" Projection Television. An idea as big in its own way as LaserDisc itself.

* (In Illinois 800-972-5855)

© 1982 Pioneer Video, Inc. All rights reserved.

PIONEER®
The Best in Sight.

Liza in Concert†

The Pioneer 50" Projection TV.

*The Pioneer
LaserDisc Player.*



*The LaserVision mark verifies compatibility with other laser optical products bearing the mark.

Anderson reported that Bourne had sampled cocaine at a party. (Bourne denied the allegation.) Although Carter had previously informed Congress that he favored decriminalizing marijuana, the Bourne affair tied his hands concerning drug policy until re-election (which, of course, was never forthcoming).

The second event was The Symposium on Marijuana, funded by NIDA and organized by Gabriel Nahas (see box, page 136), a well-known antimarijuana crusader. Held in Reims, France, in July 1978, the conference did for marijuana what Rockefeller and Nixon had done for heroin. Only the name of the men-

ace had changed.

Although little in the way of supportable evidence was presented in Reims, this fact never came across in the tidal wave of publicity that followed. One week after the symposium, *The Washington Post* published a lengthy article by Peggy Mann describing the proceedings. Despite her complete lack of scientific qualifications, Mann billed as new and definitive the Reims symposium findings. Among them were claims that marijuana caused brain damage, birth defects and cancer—claims that have since become standard in the new war on drugs.

Shortly after Reims, Nixon's old DEA administrator, Peter Bensinger, rose to the surface like a body that had been improperly weighted. He spoke of the "real perils of marijuana smoking." DEA's public-relations arm also swung into action to distribute the "evidence" and newspapers happily published it. The bad news about pot appeared in *McCall's*, *Mademoiselle*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Seventeen*, *National Enquirer*, *The Reader's Digest* and on television. The refutations appeared in scientific journals the public never saw.

Flying the kids-on-dope banner, the war on drugs had become a juggernaut by the end of 1978: It drew blind devotion and crushed people beneath it. With President Carter's hands tied, there was no effective opposition. The press now had to go to the man who replaced Bourne at the White House, Lee Dogoloff, for any information about Carter's drug policy. Since there was no drug policy left, Dogoloff talked a lot about a group of parents in DeKalb, Georgia, who were so upset about two drug-related murders and the existence of paraphernalia shops in their community that they banded together to do something about it. So the press wrote about the parents in Georgia, and pretty soon there were other groups of parents following their lead.

Where no parents' groups existed, NIDA provided how-to assistance and served a vital function as a "networking" center for all the little organizations. If the individual community groups were the rays of hope in the midnight horror of kids on dope, then NIDA was going to be the dark projector at the center of the planetarium giving their light focus and meaning. And NIDA had the wherewithal to make this happen: Between 1979 and 1980, the budget of its Prevention Branch (which creates, coordinates and supports parents' groups) rocketed from \$6,000,000 to \$13,000,000.

This period of time coincided with the Texans' War on Drugs, which based the local hysteria it created on the same "scientific information" presented in Reims. The Texans' War on Drugs, then, in a very real sense, formed a bridge between Nixon's war on drugs and the new national campaign. Nixon's first attempt to set up his own White House police agency was funded by the same agency (Law Enforcement Administration Agency) that provided the \$584,000 grant Perot used in Texas. The man who allowed Perot to have this money was Nixon's Deputy Secretary of Defense, William Clements. Nixon's number-two man in the FBI, Jim Adams, was brought to Texas by Clements to head the Department of Public Safety—the very agency designated to receive the newly created wire-tapping authority. The real difference between the Texans' War on



Italy's masterpiece.
A delightful liqueur
created from wild
hazelnuts, herbs
& berries.

Ah, Frangelico™

Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc.

New York, N.Y. • 56 proof



*"How do you know you don't like lime-and-pecan
yogurt if you've never tried it?"*

Drugs and Nixon's war on drugs is that there has not yet been a Watergate to bring Clements and Perot down. Nor any to stop Reagan from succeeding where Nixon failed.

Having crossed the bridge between the two drug wars, the present Administration has learned from Nixon's failure. In addition to being more sophisticated than earlier efforts, this new crusade is based on broad public support generated by masterful use of propaganda. This support is vital, for it guarantees that abuses of power will be tolerated. Nixon, though ultimately stopped by Watergate, also failed to create the requisite level of hysteria—he generated fear, but not enough and not close enough to home. The threat of heroin was too remote for most voting parents, who could readily see that their children didn't have needle marks running up and down their arms. Without mass-scale fear, there was no mass support, so the deadly antics of Nixon's DEA caused nothing but public outrage. By contrast, the antimarijuana campaign now under way has succeeded in convincing parents that their children are on dope. And parents concerned for the welfare of their children will do *anything* they believe might help.

Unfortunately, most people aren't aware that when they suspend the constitutional rights of suspected criminals,

they suspend their own constitutional rights as well.

To know and not to know, to be conscious of complete truthfulness while telling carefully constructed lies . . . that was the ultimate subtlety: consciously to induce unconsciousness, and then, once again, to become unconscious of the act of hypnosis you had just performed.

This year, the Congress of the United States is beginning to resemble in a peculiar and discomfiting way the Texas legislature of last year. While in 1980-81 there were moms and experts crawling all over Texas lawmakers screaming *brain damage* and *birth defects*, something of uncanny similarity seems to be happening now at the Federal level. In both the Senate and the House, there are already scores of bills that threaten to dismember the Constitution in the name of saving the nation's children from marijuana. As in Texas, the moms are the ground troops. Their titular leader in the national war is the President's wife, Nancy Reagan.

Much of the legislation currently under consideration in Washington was inspired by the recommendations contained in a report issued last August by the Attorney General's Task Force on

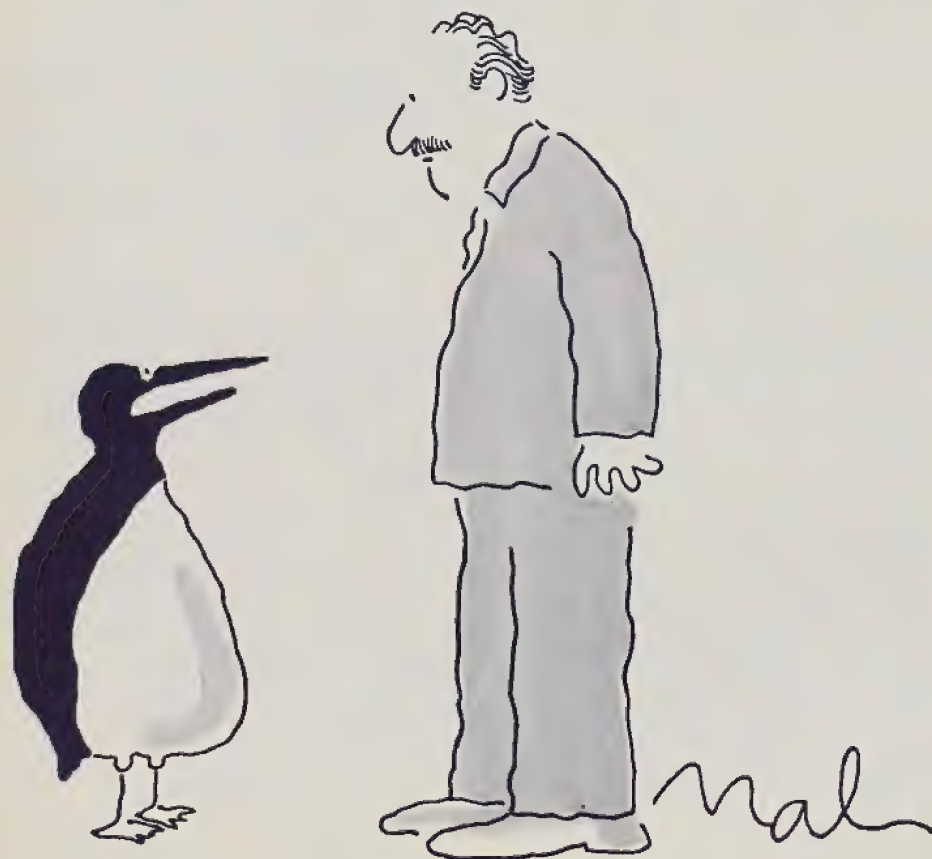
Violent Crime. Following the time-honored gambit of declaring a drug epidemic and then blaming violent crime on it, the report attacked the inhibiting effects upon law enforcement of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth and 14th Amendments to the Constitution, as well as the exclusionary rule, the Tax Reform Act, the writ of habeas corpus, the Freedom of Information Act and the *Posse Comitatus* Act—all of which the task force proposed to alter in the name of full-scale war on drugs.

Out of 64 recommendations concerning "violent crime" in the report, 32 involved references to drugs or narcotics. One of them called for using the military to enforce domestic law. This would violate the *Posse Comitatus* Act of 1878, which was designed to prevent abuses of military power and even the mere appearance of a police state. T.C.L.U.'s John Duncan explains it this way: "That runs against every precept of civil liberties we have. We have never given the military any police authority other than in an emergency in a very restricted geographical area. Because by putting the military in charge, you suspend the Bill of Rights and all its protections."

The task force called for other radical alterations in the basic protections from Government enjoyed by Americans. In doing so, it made generous use of the kids-on-dope call to arms. That, of course, is the genius of the war on drugs: the extent to which its unsupported and inflated discourse has managed to deflect public attention from the real effect of the campaign—to undermine civil liberties. The kids-on-dope idea is brilliant precisely because it makes it impossible for anyone opposing the crusade to sound reasonable; at the same time, it confounds to the maximum degree any attempts to think clearly on the matter of drugs and appropriate social controls. The loaded language of the task-force report makes it impossible to keep your eye on the ball. Kids on dope is *not* the issue. The children are being used as a weapon.

As in Texas and in Nixon's war on drugs, once the hysteria is created, a great deal can be accomplished that would be impossible if one had to deal with people who hadn't been relieved of their ability to reason. Under the guise of combating drugs and crime, for example, Nixon used the staggering power of the IRS "net-worth audit" as a weapon against his political enemies. The net-worth audit, simply put, makes it possible for the IRS to seize everything you own, even if you've committed no crime. The Attorney General's Task Force now recommends doing away with the Tax Reform Act, which was passed in response to Nixon's abuses of the IRS.

The task force also recommends doing away with the exclusionary rule,



"I moved to L.A. because they don't have any singles bars in Antarctica!"

NEWEST RELEASE!

U.S. GOV'T REPORT



**CARLTON
IS LOWEST.**



**Box-
less than
0.01 mg. tar,
0.002 mg.
nicotine.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

BILL OF RIGHTS

(continued from page 136)

vociferous proponent of scare literature, frequently predicting—with no scientific basis—that when the real hazards of marijuana smoking are discovered, “we will see horrendous results.” A.C.M. also publishes the work of Gabriel Nahas. Harold Voth is on A.C.M.’s scientific-advisory board.

CARLTON TURNER ran NIDA’s pot farm at the University of Mississippi from 1971 until the time he became Ronald Reagan’s chief drug advisor. Turner is the author of three often-repeated marijuana-scare statements: THC lingers in the brain cells; there are more than 400 chemicals in marijuana; and marijuana today is seven to ten times as potent as it was a decade ago. He is on the scientific-advisory board of A.C.M. and is a frequent contributor to the antimarijuana literature. He also writes for *Drug Enforcement*, the Justice Department’s magazine.

LEE DOGOLOFF, a high-ranking official at A.C.M., was the successor to Peter Bourne, President Carter’s chief drug advisor. Dogoloff has no scientific background and has been on the NIDA and White House payrolls in various capacities over the years. A telling moment in Dogoloff’s career in the drug-abuse industry came in 1978, when a report by HEW’s inspector general identified him as having helped a small circle of friends to benefit financially from “cronyism” and “loose management practices” at NIDA. The report, which disclosed millions of dollars’ worth of undocumented salaries, illegal bonuses and questionable fringe benefits to relatives and associates of NIDA officials, prompted Robert DuPont’s resignation as head of the drug agency.

ROBERT HEATH is perhaps the only true superstar of the war-on-drug experts. A NIDA-funded researcher from Tulane University, he first achieved notoriety in 1954, when he announced that he had discovered the cause of schizophrenia—a chemical called taraxein. When this proved to be an untenable position, Heath and a psychiatrist named Russel Monroe turned to the mental patients at Charity Hospital in Louisiana—a captive audience, so to speak—for their experiments. One 27-year-old woman, whose husband had had her committed to Charity for “spells,” was given electroshock therapy, sodium amobarbital, subcoma insulin therapy and other treatments, including implantation of electrodes in her brain. Monroe commented:

“She put on her clothes without aid and then attempted to escape from the hospital. Apprehended . . . she expressed intense anger, resentment and negativism. . . . Restraint was necessary.” The doctors subsequently treated her with LSD and mescaline, which she liked no better. Heath became an advocate of psychosurgery.

Continuing his deep-brain-probe techniques, Heath implanted a group of monkeys with various devices and force-fed them marijuana smoke in enormous doses. According to *Hospital Physician* magazine, he administered doses “equivalent to 63 cigarettes per day for humans.” By the use of a machine that would have pleased Torquemada, the monkeys were forced to take “the entire dose of smoke in a five-minute period.”

Speaking of Heath’s work, Dr. J. Thomas Ungerleider of the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute says, “It is not very highly thought of. . . . Julius Axelrod, the Nobel Prize winner, criticized him publicly, which is almost unheard of in the scientific community. He criticized Heath for using those kinds of dosages and extrapolating from monkeys into human beings. What Heath did was strap monkeys down, and every time the monkey wanted air, he got marijuana. It was just a barbaric procedure. . . . And some of his monkeys died. Even the control monkeys died, monkeys that didn’t get marijuana.”

Heath is given to making statements such as “People might drink rather heavily for 25 to 30 years and never get into serious trouble as far as alterations in the brain are concerned. But with marijuana, it seems as though you have to use it only for a relatively short time in moderate to heavy use before persistent behavior effects, along with other evidence of brain damage, begin to develop.”

Says Dr. Ungerleider: “I believe Dr. Heath testified before the legislature that [marijuana smokers] should go to jail. And this research may indicate maybe monkeys should go to jail; I don’t know.”

“I would like to emphasize the position taken by the California Medical Association that the major harm from marijuana is the harm of going to jail. . . . When they . . . ranked the drugs of abuse, [the association put] marijuana . . . at the bottom both physiologically and psychologically. [They] ascribed the great hazard of marijuana use in terms of jail. If you are caught, [marijuana] can be hazardous to your health.”

—L. G.

the only protection U.S. citizens have against violations of the Fourth Amendment. Perhaps the single most important constitutional guarantee, the Fourth Amendment ensures the right of privacy and forbids unreasonable searches and seizures. This means that the police can’t simply bust into your house and ransack the place—as Nixon’s private police did on several infamous occasions. The exclusionary rule prevents evidence obtained during an illegal search from being used in court. Seymour Wishman, author of *Confessions of a Criminal Lawyer*, says the Supreme Court “knew that there was no other way to prevent police from becoming bands of marauding hoodlums.”

Now the task force has asked that the exclusionary rule be modified to let evidence stand in court as long as the officers act “in good faith,” even when they “unwittingly blunder” in deciding what constitutes probable cause. An example of how the police actually make such delicate judgments is illuminating. When called upon to explain in court his probable cause for making a search and seizure at a Florida airport, DEA agent Paul J. Markonni said, “We do see some real—I hesitate to use the word—slime balls, you know, some real dirt bags, that obviously could not afford, unless they were doing something, to fly first class.”

The Slime Ball/Dirt Bag Test, as it has come to be called by defense attorneys, is only one of many factors that may arouse suspicion in the minds of police. One woman, for example, was arrested because she appeared “extremely calm.” Others are routinely searched and their property seized for appearing nervous, for using a pay phone immediately after deplaning, or for taking public transportation away from an airport. The Attorney General’s Task Force is arguing that cases such as these should not be thrown out, as long as any criterion such as the Slime Ball/Dirt Bag Test is administered in good faith. As with many of the task-force recommendations, this would have no effect on crime—fewer than two percent of criminal cases lose evidence due to the exclusionary rule; even fewer are thrown out of court altogether.

In a broader political context, it’s not surprising that such recommendations were made by Ronald Reagan’s Justice Department. The President signaled his position on constitutional rights last April when he pardoned FBI agents who had violated Fourth Amendment rights of Weather Underground members. More recently, he has given the CIA illegal and unprecedented domestic powers. Reagan apparently shares Governor Clements’ publicly stated view that criminals have no constitutional rights.

Dismantling the Tax Reform Act and the Fourth Amendment are merely two

Beneath every stylish man, there's a Dexter.

In these handsome, handsewn
casuals, you can be comfortable with-
out relaxing your standards of style
or quality. They're handsewn to
look better, fit better and last longer.
With a flexible sole for more comfort.

In short, a fine American-made
shoe with your kind of style. At your
kind of price.

Because that's Dexter's style.



Dexter
Shoemakers to America



examples in a sweeping attack on civil liberties by the Reagan Administration. And a frightened American public, spurred on by the ghoulish eidolon of kids on dope and unable to foresee the consequences, is bringing pressure to bear on lawmakers in Washington to do something.

They could be made to accept the most flagrant violations of reality, because they never fully grasped the enormity of what was demanded of them. . . . They simply swallowed everything, and what they swallowed did them no harm, because it left no residue behind, just as a grain of corn will pass undigested through the body of a bird.

A short Senate-subway ride from the Capitol, in the Dirksen Senate Office Building, Senator Gordon Humphrey was holding a hearing last fall on the health effects of marijuana on kids. As chairman of a subcommittee on alcoholism and drug abuse, Humphrey had a bill before the Senate that would give \$15,000,000, through NIDA, to antimarijuana parents' groups and other drug-abuse programs.

The Senator sat behind a vast, semi-circular wooden bench, presiding over the hearing. As in the Texas state capitol, thick black cable snaked this way and that and banks of searing television lights set the room ablaze. Above, dramatic as a firmament of snow, the ceiling was decorated with bas-relief signs of the zodiac, each one struck as sharp as the image on a newly minted coin. Before the bench, sitting at long wooden tables, were those offering testimony. The rest of the great room was crowded with spectators in rows of chairs, and there was an unnerving familiarity about the ranks of women sitting mannequin straight, watching with that eager, almost sexually whetted zeal. They might have been viewing pornography in order to outlaw it.

A woman named Carol Grace Smith was testifying that marijuana causes fetal deaths, stillbirths, interference with placental functioning, permanent infertility. She spoke quickly, almost breathlessly, but in bursts of adrenaline it became clear that, although little scientific evidence existed to support her predictions, something dire was *about to happen*. As she spoke of these grisly matters, a treacherous ebb and flow of energy could be

felt among the neatly sculpted women in the audience, and I suddenly realized why they seemed so familiar. They could have been clones of the Texas mothers I had seen in Judge Biery's San Antonio courtroom. Only this wasn't some obscure and backward outpost of frontier justice, it was the United States Senate; and the people listening and *believing* weren't pachucos with crosses tattooed between their eyes, either. They were doctors, lawyers, *Senators*.

The program had begun with NIDA director William Pollin and two of his deputies. (NIDA, remember, would administer Senator Humphrey's \$15,000,000 in grant money.) The single organization with the power to come shrieking to the rescue of the beguiled Senator was doing worse than nothing—it was promoting the deception. In fact, the program was so loaded with NIDA speakers that no other point of view was presented.

There came then before the Senator a pediatrician named Donald MacDonald, who described the hordes of children he'd seen with vague symptoms that every doctor should learn to recognize as those of marijuana poisoning: dress habits change, grades slip, disaster follows. *Déjà vu*: The Sunday supplement of the *Texans' War on Drugs* had warned parents to watch for just such symptoms of marijuana toxicity. Now MacDonald was telling Humphrey that the leading cause of death among high school students was suicide. "A lot of our kids," he said, "are not going to make it."

No one leaped to his feet to scream in outrage. A ragged ribbon of lightning didn't uncoil from the zodiac ceiling to strike these people down for their misdeeds. No one even cleared his throat and suggested that all this nonsense was *still* no reason to dismantle the Bill of Rights. Senator Humphrey merely pursed his lips and nodded gravely. A little surge of conspicuous energy twisted through the audience. And somewhere between the clifflike Senate podium and the agitated face of MacDonald there hovered an almost palpable incipience equal to \$15,000,000.

The moment came and went without finding repose in the tangible, but it was distinctly there and as poignant as any explanation of why the war on drugs existed at all. Here we had employees of NIDA (whose very lifeblood is grant money) testifying to a Senator who was sponsoring a bill to give NIDA more money. We had parents' groups whose hysteria was sustained by NIDA grants and whose very existence depended upon such money. And together all these people were creating a sort of short-circuit mob politics that ran around at a fevered pitch, consuming money and producing nothing but more fear.

An individual doctor or parent might be excused on grounds of ignorance (as



"I'm not asking for much. Just a guy to put an end to my fake orgasms."

New from Leroux Schnappier Schnapps. 100 proof



Leave it to Leroux to bring you Peppermint Schnapps with more schnap to it! Now you can enjoy 100 proof Leroux Peppermint Schnapps. Smooth and easy all the way, its great natural taste always comes through. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country: the glow of the schnapps chased by an icy cold brew—it's uniquely delicious.

Once you've tasted Leroux, no other schnapps will do.

Leroux
International
Liqueurs

PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY LEROUX & CO., RELAY, MD • 750ML
LEROUX ROYAL FAMILY OF INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM

one Dr. Ingrid Lantner might be, who came before the Senator and said that kids who smoke marijuana forget their birthdays, so befuddled do they become), but NIDA has had a history that is too cynical to overlook. When the Federal drug bureaucracy was in the antiheroin business, it was supporting scientists who were quite casually recommending that marijuana be decriminalized. At the time, it was of no survival value to have a "marijuana problem." Now, however, those who have followed NIDA's progress perceive in the increasingly alarmist propaganda pouring forth from its offices a familiar bureaucratic syndrome. At a

time when its funding may succumb to budget cuts, NIDA is certainly capable of mustering out a few troops to go before a Senator who's willing to commit \$15,000,000.

While a variety of motives can be ascribed to individuals within the war-on-drugs network, the larger system demands a more general explanation. It seems to have been provided, ironically, in its most clearheaded form by a group called the Shafer Commission, which was appointed by Nixon and which backfired on him. The commission's report from 1973 could be reissued, stamped 1982, and it would require no revision.

Under the heading, PERPETUATING THE PROBLEM, the report says:

Because of the intensity of the public concern and the emotionalism surrounding the topic of drugs, all levels of government have been pressured into . . . reaction along the paths of least political resistance. The recent result has been the creation of ever-larger bureaucracies, ever-increasing expenditures of monies and an outpouring of publicity so that the public will know that "something" is being done.

Perhaps the major consequence of this *ad hoc* policy planning has been the creation . . . of a vested interest in the perpetuation of the problem among those dispensing and receiving funds. . . . During the last several years, drug programming has become a multibillion-dollar industry, one administering to its own needs as well as to those of its drug-using clientele. In the course of well-meaning efforts to do something about drug use, this society may have inadvertently institutionalized it as a never-ending project.

This describes what Shafer Commission members called the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex (see box, page 137) and explains quite simply that it can do anything except stop.

The current war on drugs is most certainly a part of the phenomenon. Multibillion-dollar industries don't simply vanish overnight when they're no longer needed. As the central organizations of the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex, NIDA and DEA have major vested interests in perpetuating a drug problem—or at least the appearance of one. And the easy vulnerability of millions of mothers who fear for the welfare of their children has made the war on drugs a spectacular success.

At Senator Humphrey's hearing, there was a table covered with pamphlets from various parents' groups. Among them was a newsletter sporting an endorsement by Henry Ross Perot and a front-page picture of Nancy Reagan being served coffee by a tuxedoed Negro. Above it, President Reagan was quoted as saying, "We need to mobilize our religious, educational and fraternal groups in a national education program against drug abuse. . . . This Administration will do all in its power to encourage such efforts." The newsletter went on to describe precisely what had happened in Texas—only this time the staging area was the United States Congress. "The education of our Senators and Congressmen that has gone on in their local districts and here in Washington is proving successful. . . ."

But this is just what the Shafer Commission described: political pressure,

SCOTCH® CASSETTES BEAT TDK LOUD AND CLEAR.



NEW SCOTCH® DYNARANGE® CASSETTES.

There's a totally new tape formulation in Dynarange Cassettes this year. In recent tests, it surpassed TDK D in both High Frequency Response and Maximum Output Level. And our new five-screw cassette shell with roller guides ensures smooth-running tape and optimum tape-to-head contact. So the next time you buy tape, pick the winner.

Write us for complete test results.

SCOTCH® CASSETTES. THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

3M



*"Stewardess—a large brandy, please, and would
you bring me another passenger."*

reaction along the paths of least political resistance, the appearance of doing something. Legislators respond in the only way they know how: They introduce legislation. Hastily conceived, badly written and based on a muddled understanding of the limits of police power set out in the Constitution, these laws and the atmosphere of anxiety out of which they grow tend to get people hurt. Oliver Bruce Moorer, for example, got hurt on April 23, 1981. According to his family, Moorer was asleep at about three A.M. when the police raided his Saginaw, Michigan, home to seize drugs. The probable cause for the raid was the word of an informant who said he had smoked a joint with "an unknown Negro" in Moorer's house. Prior to entering, the police prepped the house by pouring gunfire into it for approximately five minutes. The question of Fourth Amendment violations was never raised, on account of the fact that Moorer was dead.

The Ministry of Truth . . . was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete, soaring up, terrace after terrace, three hundred meters into the air.

As you travel north from the hot black edges of the District of Columbia, you enter upon an unbroken white fabric of unilevel industrial sprawl that reaches all the way to Rockville, Maryland, and beyond. There are few buildings taller than 20 or 30 feet, shopping centers most notable among them. One day, I went up to visit NIDA in Rockville. It is

housed in a building that can be seen from the next town—a massive gray steel-and-glass structure that sticks out of the ground as if it has yet to leave the drawing board and commands your attention long before you reach it.

Around the first floor of the building are enormous block letters advertising, DRUG FAIR, in what is surely one of the most remarkable coincidences of joint tenancy in existence. (Ironically, Drug Fair, a chain of pharmacies, was recently given the Silver Anvil Award by the Public Relations Society of America for converting the prescription department in every one of its stores into drug-abuse information centers and "community-outreach facilitators," whatever those are.)

NIDA is a monstrous bureaucracy with endless corridors and countless little plaques bearing the titles of departments, divisions, branches, subbranches and microdepartmental modalities. I had gone there to see the head of the Prevention Branch, who was quite eager to talk about his work and equally eager not to have his name in print. He was ardently enthusiastic about the parents' movement against marijuana. "It's big," he said, almost breathlessly. "It's the biggest thing I've ever seen. And you want to know something? California is the hottest state for these family groups." He recomposed himself and shifted in his chair with a kind of impatient and restless zeal. I asked him about possible budget cuts that could threaten his work. The muscles of his face leaped to form a smile, as if they had been artificially stimulated, one by one, with electrical current. "We'll get the money from

somewhere," he promised. "We'll get the money. Next we want to start a national youth movement on drugs." He leaned in a little closer and added, "With SWAT teams on drug-using teens."

And I thought he was probably right: he *would* get the money. As long as whatever was eating him from inside continued its invisible work. As long as there were moms such as the ones I had seen in that Texas courtroom and at Senator Humphrey's hearing, willing to get right down in the gutter with the prisoners of war. As long as Nancy Reagan—the First Mom of the nation—remains the Joan of Arc of the war on drugs. Just recently, she went on the *Good Morning, America* show for the second time to promote the war on drugs, and David Hartman seemed to have swallowed the propaganda. His attention was riveted on her with such earnest intensity, it appeared his face might turn inside out. He asked Nancy what everyone could do about this terrible problem. She grinned and apologized for all the mail Hartman had received after her first appearance on his show. This time, she said, parents could write directly to her and she would put them in touch with the group in their area that was fighting the war on drugs. And upon the screen there appeared a card:

NANCY REAGAN
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20530

After leaving NIDA headquarters, I rode the subway in Washington to the Metro Center Station. When I reached the street level, there was a radio blaring out onto the busy boulevard and people were hesitating, listening, then walking on. A shrill, military newscaster's voice was proclaiming that NIDA director Pollin had just announced that marijuana use leads to cocaine and harder drugs. I stopped, not quite ready to believe what I was hearing, and then thought of all the slogans I had seen hammered into the white stone Government buildings around the city. On the National Archives: ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF FREEDOM. On the Justice Department: WHERE LAW ENDS TYRANNY BEGINS. And: LAW ALONE CAN GIVE US FREEDOM. With the radio blaring its announcement of such obvious misinformation, I couldn't help remembering another set of slogans: WAR IS PEACE / FREEDOM IS SLAVERY / IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH, which appeared on buildings in London in a mythical time so far in the future it was once considered mere allegory. The epigraphs for this article are, of course, from that time and place—1984, which may come to be known as the only Government project that was ever completed on schedule.



"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. First Nighter!"



CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Experience the
Camel taste in Lights and Filters.

PLAYBOY MUSIC '82

HI INFIDELITY

(continued from page 161)

story of the year, finally chugged into the big time with its 11th album. *Hi Infidelity* may go uranium any day now. It sold a staggering 6,000,000 copies and defended the album summit for more than four months. More than 1,440,000 people saw REO in concert.

Of course, popularity is not necessarily a qualitative measure. While many zillion satisfied customers *can* be wrong, there are a few plausible reasons people listen to these bands.

Memorable melodies, for one. They are (dare we say it?) *catchy*. Listen to *Roll with the Changes*, *Time for Me to Fly* or *Who's Crying Now?* and try to keep them from bouncing around in your head. It's like trying not to think of an elephant.

Lead vocalists Dennis DeYoung of Styx, Kevin Cronin of REO and Steve Perry of Journey sing with similar styles—high, strident, almost instrumental, while their background harmonies are on the money. Critics' note: Remember Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young?

These bands give knockdown drag-out concerts, too, professional and still exuberant. They sound as good onstage as on vinyl.

But we suppose the bicoastal music critics won't reconsider. They're still depressed at Dylan's defection and mad that they can't put U2 and Oingo Boingo on the radio. So they won't pay much attention to REO, Journey and Styx; but the three big bands keep on playing—not just for the tin-eared unwashed but for all the musical democrats.

BILLY SHERRILL

(continued from page 162)

that's the reason he stopped loving her. Well, without the strings, the song just lies there for about two bars. But add the chromatic string gliss, and you can see that son of a bitch walk through the pearly gates. *That's* why I like strings.

PLAYBOY: How do you know if a song will be a hit?

SHERRILL: If all the pickers and writers and the "in" crowd flip over it, chances are it's a stiff. If they hear it and ask "Is he crazy?" it's probably a number-one record.

PLAYBOY: We hear you like to stay out of the public eye.

SHERRILL: I love anonymity. Last week, I was standing down in the lobby just looking out the window when a guy came in with a sack of tapes that it would take a year to listen to and said, "I want to see Billy Sherrill today." I said, "Hey, I've been trying to see that bastard for a year! Yeah, man, he's a real jerk, anyway!" I really loved it—that's why I hate to see my picture in the trade magazines.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the Rolling Stones?

SHERRILL: I never think about them.

PLAYBOY: Aretha Franklin?

SHERRILL: I love her. I've stolen a lot of her licks.

PLAYBOY: Ray Charles?

SHERRILL: He did things 20 years ago that sound as though he did them the year after next. He's a genius.

PLAYBOY: Bob Dylan?

SHERRILL: Great songwriter. I once asked him, "What the hell does *Rainy Day Women No. 12 & 35* mean?" He said, "I'm not sure."

PLAYBOY: Phil Spector?

SHERRILL: He's a big hero of mine. What he did was really records, you know? You roll in, no overdubs; you've got 80 musicians, an echo, a couple of guys or three girls who can really hook it.

PLAYBOY: After 20 years of producing, are you producing new talent to stay young?

SHERRILL: I'm only 26! I just sound old because I've got a head cold. Seriously, Calamity Jane was a record-company idea. They asked me, "Why don't you put together a girls' group?" It's a total experiment. Besides, it's fun. They're all a lot prettier than Johnny Paycheck.

PLAYBOY: One last question. Does it help a woman to have a big chest in this business?

SHERRILL: It didn't help Barbara Mandrell—who, by the way, is one of my closest friends. I only said that because she says that.



"Oh, sure, it probably looks good to you at the moment; the pay is decent and the hours short, but I tell you, boy, it's a thankless job."

Turn page for Music Poll results.

The classic sportscar turned turbo performs like a champion, winning praise from the professionals who have road tested it. "...one of the sassiest road cars in America... whose understated looks belie its spectacular performance." Road & Track, October, 1981. And, "No other American-sold roadster approaches this performance." Car and Driver, November, 1981. And, "The best run was zero to 60 in 9.2 seconds. With a 4-cylinder...it's incredible." Bob West, Motor Trend.

The Fiat Spider Turbo beat the Porsche 924 Turbo in both 0-60 acceleration, and in the quarter mile. The Spider gives instant throttle response with no turbo lag; smooth, high-torque feel; turbo boost at low rpm (about 1400); high efficiency performance (75% at 3000 rpm, 60% up to 6000 rpm).

The genius of master coachbuilder Pininfarina is reflected in the Spider Turbo's classic design. Pininfarina, long associated with Fiat in the production of magnificent roadsters and sportscars, designed the most sought-after legendary Ferraris, as well as classic Lancia and Fiat sedans and sportscars.

One test drive in a Fiat Spider Turbo will demonstrate the exhilaration of open air driving with turbocharged excitement. And be sure to ask your dealer about Fiat Protection Plus—the three level limited warranty provided at no additional charge on all Fiat models.

For the nearest Fiat dealer, call toll-free (800) 447-4700, in Illinois (800) 322-4400, in Alaska and Hawaii (800) 447-0890.

Turbocharging system manufactured and installed by Legend Industries, Inc.

The only turbocharged convertible sportscar in America...

Fiat Spider Turbo.



© Fiat Motors of North America, Inc., 1981.

Nothing moves you like a Fiat Sportscar.



For personally signed, 18" x 19" fine lithograph print by Ken Davies, send \$10.00 to Box 2817-PB, N.Y., N.Y. 10163.

Why It's Such A Rare Bird

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the greatest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981

PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESULTS

Apparently, the Rolling Stones made as big a hit with you as they did with us this year. They nailed down top honors in both the pop/rock group and album categories. Jagger had to take a back seat to top-rated Bruce Springsteen and second-place Billy Joel in the pop/rock male-vocalist division.

Linda Ronstadt still has her grass-roots supporters. She was voted top female country vocalist even though this was the year she starred in *The Pirates of Penzance*, following an album heavily flavored by New Wave. Joni Mitchell, who snared high honors as top female jazz vocalist, has continued to fascinate jazz fans ever since *Mingus*, now more than two years old.

All in all, we think your selections set the stage for some interesting discussions long into the night. Take a look for yourself.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. *Street Songs* / Rick James (Gordy / Motown)
2. *Hotter Than July* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla / Motown)
3. *In the Pocket* / Commodores (Motown)
4. *Being with You* / Smokey Robinson (Tamla)
5. *Tattoo You* / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
6. *Give Me the Night* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
7. *Black and White* / Pointer Sisters (Planet)
8. *Celebrate!* / Kool and the Gang (De-Lite)
9. *Off the Wall* / Michael Jackson (Epic)
10. *Endless Love* / Diana Ross / Lionel Richie (Mercury)
11. *Faces* / Earth, Wind & Fire (ARC / Columbia)
12. *The Dude* / Quincy Jones (A&M)
12. *Winelight* / Grover Washington, Jr. (Elektra)
14. *Fiyo on the Bayou* / Neville Brothers (A&M)
15. *The Blues Brothers* (Atlantic)
15. *The Wanderer* / Donna Summer (David Geffen)

BEST POP/ROCK LP

1. *Tattoo You* / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
2. *Hi Infidelity* / REO Speedwagon (Epic)
3. *The River* / Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
4. *Bella Donna* / Stevie Nicks (Modern)
5. *Paradise Theatre* / Styx (A&M)
6. *Moving Pictures* / Rush (Mercury)
7. *Long Distance Voyager* / The Moody Blues (Threshold/PolyGram)
8. *Escape* / Journey (Columbia)



"Let's face it, Ralph. You just don't have that killer instinct."

9. *Double Fantasy* / John Lennon & Yoko Ono (Geffen)
10. *Gauche* / Steely Dan (MCA)
11. *Face Dances* / The Who (Warner Bros.)
12. *Precious Time* / Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
13. *Christopher Cross* (Warner Bros.)
14. *Arc of a Diver* / Steve Winwood (Warner Bros.)
15. *Nine Tonight* / Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. *Feels So Right* / Alabama (RCA)
2. *Greatest Hits* / Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
3. *Rowdy* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Elektra)
4. *9 to 5* (20th Century-Fox) (includes Dolly Parton singing)
5. *Seven Year Ache* / Rosanne Cash (Columbia)
6. *Evangeline* / Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros.)
7. *Somewhere Over the Rainbow* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
8. *Fancy Free* / The Oak Ridge Boys (MCA)
9. *Share Your Love* / Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
10. *Honeysuckle Rose* / Willie Nelson & Family (Columbia)
11. *Horizon* / Eddie Rabbitt (Elektra)
12. *Full Moon* / Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)
13. *Juice* / Juice Newton (Capitol)
13. *The Pressure Is On* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Elektra)
15. *Urban Cowboy* (Full Moon/Asylum)
15. *Greatest Hits (And Some That Will Be)* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. *As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls* / Pat Metheny & Lyle Mays (ECM)
2. *The Man with the Horn* / Miles Davis (Columbia)
3. *The Clarke/Duke Project* / Stanley Clarke / George Duke (Epic)
4. *Breakin' Away* / Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)

5. *Winlight* / Grover Washington, Jr. (Elektra)
6. *The Dude* / Quincy Jones (A&M)
7. *Friday Night in San Francisco* / Al DiMeola, John McLaughlin, Paco DeLucia (Columbia)
8. *Mecca for Moderns* / The Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
9. *Pirates* / Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros.)
10. *Give Me the Night* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
11. *Voyeur* / David Sanborn (Warner Bros.)
12. *Jumpin' Jive* / Joe Jackson (A&M)
13. *Rit* / Lee Ritenour (Elektra)
14. *Freetime* / Spyro Gyra (MCA)
15. *Gauche* / Steely Dan (MCA)
15. *Tarantella* / Chuck Mangione (A&M)

HALL OF FAME

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Peter Dinklage | 11. Keith Richards |
| 2. Bob Seger | 12. Ronnie Van Zant |
| 3. Billy Joel | 13. Pat Benatar |
| 4. Willie Nelson | 13. Buddy Holly |
| 5. Barbra Streisand | 15. Jackson Browne |
| 6. Harry Chapin | 16. Neil Diamond |
| 6. Jimmy Page | 17. Carlos Santana |
| 6. Neil Young | 18. Ray Davies |
| 9. Bob Marley | 19. Frank Zappa |
| 10. Chuck Berry | 20. Jerry Garcia |

BEST MUSICIANS

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

1. Bruce Springsteen
2. Billy Joel
3. Mick Jagger
4. Bob Seger
5. Tom Petty
6. Paul McCartney
7. Robert Plant
8. Barry Manilow
8. James Taylor
8. Steve Winwood
11. Jackson Browne
12. Roger Daltrey
13. Jimmy Buffett
14. Daryl Hall
14. Rick Springfield
16. Elton John
17. Kevin Cronin
18. Steve Perry
19. Elvis Costello
20. Neil Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Pat Benatar
2. Stevie Nicks

3. Kim Carnes
4. Chrissie Hynde
5. Barbra Streisand
6. Linda Ronstadt
7. Rickie Lee Jones
8. Sheena Easton
9. Deborah Harry
10. Olivia Newton-John
11. Ann Wilson
12. Juice Newton
13. Carly Simon
14. Joni Mitchell
15. Grace Slick
16. Bette Midler
17. Anne Murray
18. Bonnie Raitt
19. Dionne Warwick
20. Melissa Manchester

GUITAR

1. Carlos Santana
2. Eric Clapton
3. Bruce Springsteen
4. Peter Dinklage
5. Jimmy Page
6. Keith Richards
7. Joe Walsh
8. Ted Nugent
9. Jeff Beck
10. Frank Zappa
11. Mark Knopfler
12. Jerry Garcia
13. Rick Nielsen
13. Eddie Van Halen
15. Bonnie Raitt
16. Robin Trower
17. Waddy Wachtel
18. Glenn Frey
19. Robert Fripp
20. Mick Jones

KEYBOARDS

1. Billy Joel
2. Elton John
3. Keith Emerson
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jerry Lee Lewis
6. Rick Wakeman
7. Roy Bittan
8. Gregg Allman
9. Billy Preston
10. Todd Rundgren
11. Brian Eno
12. Leon Russell
12. Gary Wright
14. Neil Young
15. Bill Payne
16. Nicky Hopkins
17. Gary Numan
18. Joe Jackson
18. Edgar Winter
20. Brian Auger

DRUMS

1. Mick Fleetwood
2. Phil Collins
3. Ringo Starr
4. Charlie Watts
5. Carl Palmer
6. Aynsley Dunbar
7. Russ Kunkel
8. Ginger Baker
9. Max Weinberg
10. Neil Peart
11. Stewart Copeland
12. Joe Vitale
13. Levon Helm
14. Carmine Appice
15. Bill Bruford
16. Bill Kreutzmann
17. Johanny "Jaimae" Jolanson
18. David Teegarden
19. Pick Withers
20. Roger Hawkins

BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. John Entwistle
3. Bill Wyman
4. Donald "Duck" Dunn
5. John Paul Jones
6. John McVie
7. Chris Squire
8. Jack Bruce
9. Greg Lake
10. Garry Tallent
11. Larry Graham
12. Phil Lesh
12. Lee Sklar



"Oh, Betty, I just know we're going to get lucky tonight."

14. Geddy Lee
15. Tina Weymouth
16. Klaus Voormann
17. Rick Danko
18. Wilton Felder
19. Jack Casady
20. Chuck Rainey

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. **Bruce Springsteen**
2. Christopher Cross
3. Walter Becker-Donald Fagen
4. Bob Seger
5. Billy Joel
6. Paul McCartney
7. Tom Petty
8. Stevie Wonder
9. Peter Townshend
10. Paul Simon
11. Frank Zappa
12. Jimmy Buffett
13. Jackson Browne
14. Neil Young
15. Barry Gibb
16. Elvis Costello
17. Elton John
18. James Taylor
19. Bob Dylan
19. Rickie Lee Jones

GROUP

1. **Rolling Stones**
2. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
3. REO Speedwagon
4. Journey
5. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
5. Steely Dan
7. Eagles
8. Who
9. Pink Floyd
10. Styx
11. Doobie Brothers
12. ABBA
13. Police
14. Fleetwood Mac
14. Rush
16. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
17. Beach Boys
18. Christopher Cross
19. Santana
20. Blondie

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

1. **George Benson**
2. Stevie Wonder
3. Ray Charles
4. Smokey Robinson
5. Michael Jackson
6. B. B. King
7. Rick James
8. Teddy Pendergrass
9. Billy Preston
10. James Brown
11. Jimmy Cliff
12. Marvin Gaye
13. Isaac Hayes
14. Barry White
15. Sly Stone
16. Prince
17. Larry Graham
18. Junior Walker
19. Michael Henderson
20. Aaron Neville

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Diana Ross**
2. Donna Summer
3. Aretha Franklin
4. Natalie Cole
5. Bonnie Pointer
6. Roberta Flack
7. Dionne Warwick
8. Chaka Khan
9. Stephanie Mills
10. Gladys Knight
11. Stacy Lattisaw
12. Randy Crawford
13. Thelma Houston
14. Millie Jackson
15. Gloria Gaynor
15. Phyllis Hyman
17. Debra Laws
18. Patti Labelle
19. Jean Carn
20. Esther Phillips

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. **Stevie Wonder**
2. Lionel Richie, Jr.
3. Smokey Robinson
4. Nickolas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
5. Ray Parker, Jr.
6. Barry White
7. James Brown
8. Curtis Mayfield
9. Allen Toussaint
10. Bobby Womack
11. George Clinton
12. Kenny Gamble-Leon Huff
13. Thom Bell
13. Eugene McDaniels
15. William Eaton
16. Norman Whitfield
17. Norman Harris
18. Maurice White
19. William Salter

GROUP

1. **Commodores**
2. Earth, Wind & Fire
3. Pointer Sisters
4. Kool & the Gang
5. Temptations
6. Sister Sledge
7. Ray Parker, Jr., & Raydio
8. Gladys Knight & the Pips
9. Manhattans
10. Isley Brothers
11. Parliament/Funkadelic
12. A Taste of Honey
13. Peaches & Herb
14. Spinners
15. Brothers Johnson
16. Gap Band
17. Sugar Hill Gang
18. Maze
18. O'Jays
20. Shalamar

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Al Jorreau**
2. George Benson
3. Ray Charles
4. Lou Rawls
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Mel Tormé
7. Michael Franks
8. Gil Scott-Heron
9. Tony Bennett
10. Joe Williams
11. Mose Allison
12. Billy Eckstine
13. Jimmy Witherspoon
14. Jon Hendricks
15. Milton Nascimento
16. Johnny Hartman
17. Leon Thomas
18. Bob Dorrough

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Joni Mitchell**
2. Roberta Flack
3. Ella Fitzgerald
4. Phoebe Snow
5. Nancy Wilson
6. Lena Horne
7. Sarah Vaughan
8. Angela Bofill
9. Patti Austin
10. Cleo Laine
11. Peggy Lee
12. Flora Purim
13. Melba Moore
14. Carmen McRae
15. Rickie Lee Jones
16. Della Reese
17. Betty Carter
18. Dee Dee Bridgewater
19. Judy Roberts
20. Anita O'Day

BRASS

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Herb Alpert
3. Doc Severinsen
4. Miles Davis
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Maynard Ferguson
7. Randy Brecker
8. Tom Browne
9. Freddie Hubbard
10. Donald Byrd
11. J. J. Johnson
12. Clark Terry

13. Woody Shaw
14. Chet Baker
15. Lester Bowie
16. Don Cherry
17. Bill Watrous
18. Wayne Henderson
19. Wynton Marsalis
20. Nat Adderley

WOODWINDS

1. **Grover Washington, Jr.**
2. Benny Goodman
3. Herbie Mann
4. David Sanborn
5. Sonny Rollins
6. Ronnie Laws
7. John Klemmer
8. Woody Herman
9. Hubert Laws
10. Gerry Mulligan
11. Wayne Shorter
12. Zoot Sims
12. Paul Winter
14. Dexter Gordon
15. Wilton Felder
16. Phil Woods
17. Stanley Turrentine
18. Yusuf Lateef
19. Joe Farrell
19. Bobbi Humphrey

KEYBOARDS

1. **Chick Corea**
2. Eubie Blake
2. Herbie Hancock
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Bob James
6. Keith Jarrett
7. George Duke
8. Ramsey Lewis
9. Jan Hammer
10. Oscar Peterson
11. Joe Sample
12. Thelonus Monk
13. Eumir Deodato
14. Earl "Fatha" Hines
15. Ahmad Jamal
16. McCoy Tyner
17. Judy Roberts
18. Jimmy Smith
19. Patrice Rushen
20. Les McCann

VIBES

1. **Lionel Hampton**
2. Terry Gibbs
3. Roy Ayers
4. Gary Burton
5. Keith Underwood
6. Milt Jackson
7. Cal Tjader
8. Victor Feldman
9. Buddy Montgomery
10. Red Norvo
11. Tommy Vig
12. Bobby Hutcherson
12. Mike Mainieri
14. David Friedman
15. Emil Richards
16. David Samuels

GUITAR

1. **George Benson**
2. Al DiMeola
3. Pat Metheny
4. Lee Ritenour
5. Earl Klugh
6. John McLaughlin
7. Charlie Byrd
8. Eric Gale
9. Larry Coryell
10. Jim Hall
11. Joe Pass
12. John Abercrombie
13. Herb Ellis
14. Tony Mottola
15. Kenny Burrell
15. Ralph Towner
17. Gabor Szabo
18. Jeff Beck
18. Cal Collins
20. Bucky Pizzarelli

BASS

1. **Stanley Clarke**
2. Ray Brown
3. Jaco Pastorius
4. Ron Carter
5. Rufus Reid
6. Monk Montgomery

7. Bob Cranshaw
8. Carol Kaye
9. Joe Byrd
10. Art Davis
11. Eddie Gomez
12. Anthony Jackson
13. Percy Heath
14. Mike Bruce
15. Gary King
16. Walter Booker
17. Jim Fielder
18. Dave Holland
19. Bob Haggart
20. Keter Betts

PERCUSSION

1. **Buddy Rich**
2. Billy Cobham
3. Steve Gadd
4. Stix Hooper
5. Lenny White
6. Ralph MacDonald
7. Mongo Santamaria
8. Willie Bobo
9. Tony Williams
10. Art Blakey
11. Jack DeJohnette
12. Max Roach
13. Jimmy Cobb
14. Jo Jones
15. Airtio Moreira
16. Elvin Jones
17. Joe Morello
17. Alphonse Mouzon
19. Mel Lewis
20. Harvey Mason

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Quincy Jones
3. Grover Washington, Jr.
4. Chick Corea
5. Bob James
6. Dave Brubeck
7. Stanley Clarke
8. Miles Davis
9. Herbie Hancock
10. Keith Jarrett
11. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson
12. Joe Zawinul
13. Toshiko Akiyoshi
14. Michel Legrand
15. Carla Bley
16. Antonio Carlos Jobim
16. Thelonious Monk
18. Eumir Deodato
19. Wayne Shorter
20. Thad Jones

GROUP

1. **Manhattan Transfer**
2. Spyro Gyra
3. Chuck Mangione
4. Weather Report
5. Ray Charles
6. Count Basie
7. Crusaders
8. Buddy Rich
9. Maynard Ferguson
10. Jeff Lorber Fusion
11. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88
12. John McLaughlin
13. Herbie Hancock
14. Dave Brubeck
15. Hiroshima
16. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
17. Oregon
18. Art Ensemble of Chicago
19. Heath Brothers
20. Pat Metheny Group

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Willie Nelson**
2. Kenny Rogers
3. Eddie Rabbitt
4. Charlie Daniels
5. Hank Williams, Jr.
6. Ronnie Milsap
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Larry Gatlin
9. George Jones
10. Don Williams
11. Jerry Lee Lewis
12. Johnny Cash
13. Kris Kristofferson
14. Jerry Jeff Walker

15. Glen Campbell
16. Merle Haggard
17. Roy Clark
17. Mickey Gilley
19. Mickey Gilley
19. Johnny Lee

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Linda Ronstadt**
2. Crystal Gayle
3. Barbara Mandrell
4. Emmylou Harris
5. Dolly Parton
6. Rosanne Cash
7. Anne Murray
8. Tanya Tucker
9. Rita Coolidge
10. Lacy J. Dalton
11. Loretta Lynn
12. Terri Gibbs
13. Jessi Colter
13. Tammy Wynette
15. Charly McClain
16. Dottie West
17. Sylvia
18. Janie Fricke
19. Juice Newton
20. Brenda Lee

STRING INSTRUMENTALIST

1. **Roy Clark**
2. Chet Atkins
3. Jerry Reed
4. Ry Cooder
5. Earl Scruggs
6. Doc Watson
7. John Hartford
8. Ricky Skaggs
9. David Grisman
10. Sonny James
11. Johnny Gimble
11. John McEuen
13. Bill Monroe
14. Charlie Daniels
15. Charlie McCoy
16. Reggie Young
17. Amos Garrett
18. Pete Drake
19. Tut Taylor
20. Grady Martin

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. **Willie Nelson**
2. Dolly Parton
3. Waylon Jennings
4. Hank Williams, Jr.
5. Hoyt Axton
6. John Prine
7. Don Williams
8. Tom T. Hall
9. Merle Haggard
10. Rodney Crowell
11. Jerry Jeff Walker
12. Mel Tillis
13. Shel Silverstein
14. Roger Miller
15. Marty Robbins
16. Charlie Daniels
17. Johnny Rodriguez
18. Sonny Throckmorton
19. Kris Kristofferson
20. Curly Putnam

GROUP

1. **Charlie Daniels Band**
2. Alabama
3. Oak Ridge Boys
4. Dirt Band
5. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band
6. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
7. Asleep at the Wheel
8. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
9. Statler Bros.
10. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
11. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
12. Moe Bandy & Joe Stampley
13. Kendalls
14. Willie Nelson & Family
15. Marshall Tucker Band
16. Emmylou Harris (Hot Band)
17. Joe Ely Band
17. Tompall & the Glaser Brothers



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

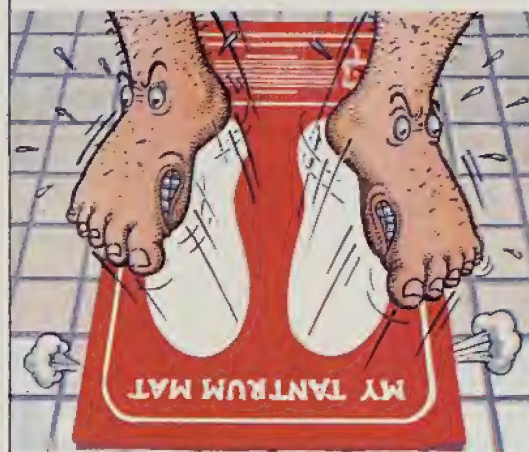


FREEMOUNTAIN TIME

Freemountain Toys, those nutsy, freethinking folks at 23 Main Street, Bristol, Vermont 05443, who created the hats decorated with feelers, antlers and horns that we featured back in April 1979, have returned to their wacky drawing boards and come up with a whole new line of loony lids guaranteed to get you committed to the local funny farm. *Star Wars* junkies will be all eyes for a Yoda-eared hat (\$14.95) that out-appendages even Mickey Mouse. Other spaced-out species include a unicorn cap (\$9.95), a knit rooster hat (\$8.50), and a super ram hat (\$11.95). One size fits all; the prices are postpaid and Freemountain picks the colors.

DO THE TROT, TURKEY

You say your best girl just put your life's savings on the nose of a horse named Steroid and it's still in the starting gate? Instead of diving into a fifth of Old Stomach Pump, take your frustrations out on My Tantrum Mat, a 10½" x 16" vinyl pad on which anyone who can't cope can stomp his little tootsies until the pain goes away. Best of all, Thurston Moore Country Ltd., P.O. Box 1829, Montrose, Colorado 81402, sells the pad for only \$4.95, postpaid. At that price, there's nothing to get mad about.



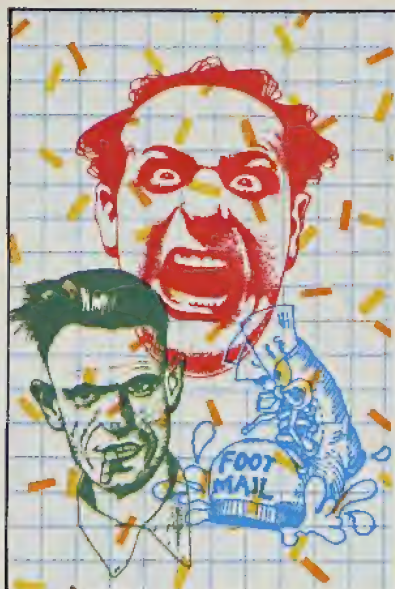
GAMES PAUPERS PLAY

The Internal Revenue Service, of course, has been playing stick the taxpayer for years, but now turnabout is fair play—at least at the gaming table—in *Stick the IRS*, a new board game created by a California tax attorney and a securities broker-dealer. The winner (aside from Courtland Playthings, One Palo Alto Square, Suite 280, Palo Alto, California 94304, which sells the game for \$21, postpaid) is the player who best uses his income and tax shelters to pay the least amount of income tax. Just like real life, eh, gang?

TOY SOLDIERS ON PARADE

When Eugene Field wrote about the little toy soldier's being covered with rust, he wasn't referring to the parade of tiny troops that publisher Malcolm Forbes has amassed in his Museum of Military Miniatures in Tangiers. Forbes' collection, one of the finest in the world, is showcased in a new Doubleday book, *Toy Armies* (\$22.95), by Peter Johnson, which also chronicles the history of tin and lead soldiers. Parade rest!





STAMPING OUT DULL STAMPS

Anybody who believes the phrase *rubber stamp* is still synonymous with corporate nonthink had better check out the \$2 catalog of a company called Elbow Grease, P.O. Box 25056, Richmond, Virginia 23260. Inside are 105 of the craziest stamps you've ever seen, from OH YEAH! (\$6) and FOOT MAIL (\$5) to MAN WITH NO DREAM BUT A GREAT HAIRCUT (\$6), all shown here. The last would look especially good stamped at the bottom of your next resignation letter.

THE WILD WEST

We've all seen the bronzes of Frederic Remington, which capture the rugged, lonely essence of the wild West in terms of bucking broncos and stalwart cowpokes. Mid-western sculptor R. E. Orr also has a vision of the wild West—an erotic vision, that is, as depicted here in this limited-edition 17"-tall bronze statue of a cowgirl who's so lovely, you want to reach out and caress her. The sculpture, which sells for \$2500, is part of a series of five available from Orr's Santee Studio, 1021 West 14th Street, Willmar, Minnesota 56201. For Orr, it ain't the end of the trail.

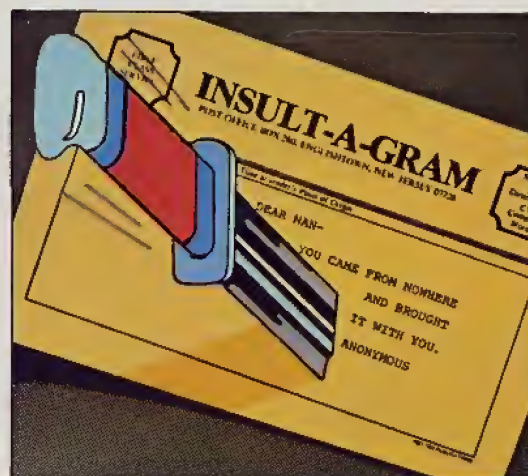


THE SPIES HAVE IT

With all the whodunit magazines now available, it's elementary that a spy enthusiast would introduce a periodical for fans of the espionage genre. Hence comes *The Dossier*, the official journal of The International Spy Society. A year's subscription (four issues) costs \$12 sent to Richard L. Knudson at State University of New York, English Department, Oneonta, New York 13820. Good news for Bond buffs: The next issue includes a racy feature on his cars, plus a look at the Beretta pistol. Nobody does it like James.

HAVE INSULT, WILL TRAVEL

Don Rickles would love this: A company called Insult-A-Gram is offering a form with 33 categories (from crank to snob) on which you indicate the type of obnoxious person you'd like to have them insult through the mail. Or you can vent your own spleen in 15 words or less via an Insult-A-Gram. (Insult-A-Gram's address is P.O. Box 260, Englishtown, New Jersey 07726.) No, you don't have to sign your Insult-A-Gram—just the \$3 check for the service.



CALAMARI, HERE WE COME

As the tentacles of *Playboy Potpourri* extend across the land, seeking out "people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement," we've met another set of tentacles reaching back. A group called Friends of the Calamari has opened the Squid Shop, a store located in the Santa Cruz Art Center, 1001 Center Street, Santa Cruz, California 95060, which—get this—sells postcards, cookbooks, glassware and more, all paying homage to the lowly squid. They also publish a catalog that a squidophile would be a sucker not to send for.



For the Superhost

Playboy's New Host & Bar Book by Thomas Mario is a complete guide to entertaining with spirits. The author provides clear and practical advice on every phase of barmanship—from stocking the liquor cabinet or wine cellar to what hors d'oeuvres to serve.



Separate chapters tell you everything you need to know about wine, whisky, gin, vodka, rum, tequila, apéritifs, liqueurs, brandy, beer and ale. Detailed recipes describe over 1,000 drinks, from standard highballs and cocktails to the most exotic concoctions, and for hors d'oeuvres, from onion canapés to lobster pâté.

Designed for easy reference and as handsome as it is authoritative, this is the perfect book for every superhost.

Deluxe hardcover edition: 520 pages; 16 pages full color: \$19.95 At your bookstore or order direct from PLAYBOY PRESS, 1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019 (Payment must accompany order.)

MAN and WOMAN

(continued from page 146)

kidneys, liver, pelvis size, hair growth, breasts and sexual organs. And a lot more besides. They are responsible for the cushion of fat a woman carries against the coming of lean times and for the sudden attraction that springs between male and female at puberty. They are responsible for a whole range of sex-typical risks, drives and behaviors.

Focus Two. Hormones and the Sexes: The View from Outside

When scientists have looked from the outside at the effects of the sex hormones on the brain and behavior—which is hard to do—these are some of the disputed bits and pieces of evidence they have found: Bases have more testosterone and less estradiol than tenors—and they also have more active sex lives. Rapists and exhibitionists have higher testosterone levels than is normal; alcoholics have lower. Tall male executives have sex more frequently than short ones, and their level of testosterone may go up both before and after sex. Old men produce more estradiol and less active testosterone than young ones. And in one part of the Northern Hemisphere, levels of testosterone are highest around September, when most children are conceived. The poet was too general. For in this particular part of the world, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love not in spring but in late summer.

Scientists have found the beginnings of a connection, in other words, between sexual drive and testosterone. Give large doses of it to a female-to-male transsexual and even *her* libido goes up. There's also a connection in men among the Y chromosome, testosterone and another brain-behavior—aggression. Just as Japanese fighting fish can be made extra-mean-spirited by the experimental addition of an extra Y chromosome, so men born with an extra Y chromosome—an accident of nature—tend to be more impulsive, more antisocial and, perhaps, more aggressive than normal males. That is likely to be brought about by testosterone. Hockey players who respond aggressively to threat have been found to have higher levels of testosterone than usual. And prisoners with long, florid histories of violent crime seem to have higher levels than the normal prison population.

It makes sense, perhaps, that sex drive, aggression and testosterone should come together in men in one evolutionary package. For males in nature usually have to fight to mate. The package is not, though, a particularly well-protected one, and it can easily take on a distorted, antisocial shape. Young males—whose levels of testosterone are highest—commit almost all the violent

The Best System Ever For Winning With Women!

Here's the most complete system ever for doing better with women—NOW at an incredible \$25 savings! You get: Eric Weber's new enlarged HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN, HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN, THE SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND LOVING, and 100 BEST OPENING LINES. Yes, after just one hour with this revolutionary system you'll be meeting, attracting, and making dates with beautiful new women... guaranteed!

You'll learn: • Over 200 Great Opening Lines • How to be sexier to women • The "Ultimate Compliment" • Making women fantasize about you • World's best pick-up technique • Special words that excite women • Attracting older women and younger girls • Making shyness work for you • Places where women always outnumber men • Getting women to approach you • Over 100 photos of beautiful girls • and much, much more!

So stop wasting your money on fancy cars and expensive clothes. With our world-famous ENCYCLOPEDIA, you'll never have a problem with women again. And by ordering now, you save an incredible \$25! The 5-volume ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PICKING UP WOMEN is fully guaranteed. You've got absolutely nothing to lose, and a fantastic, women-filled love life to gain. So order now and start winning with women right away!

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PICKING UP WOMEN!



—Save \$25.00!

Mail check or money order to: SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. PB-D, P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, N.J. 07670.

☐ Send me THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PICKING UP WOMEN today. I've enclosed \$49.95 complete (includes shipping)... a \$25 savings!

Name _____

Street _____

City, State, Zip _____

MC and VISA accepted. Cardholders may also order by phone. Call toll free anytime: 800-631-2560. Allow 1-3 weeks for delivery. Canadians add 15%. You can also order any book separately by sending \$12.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and indicating title(s).

☐ Send me your FREE 12 PAGE CATALOG!

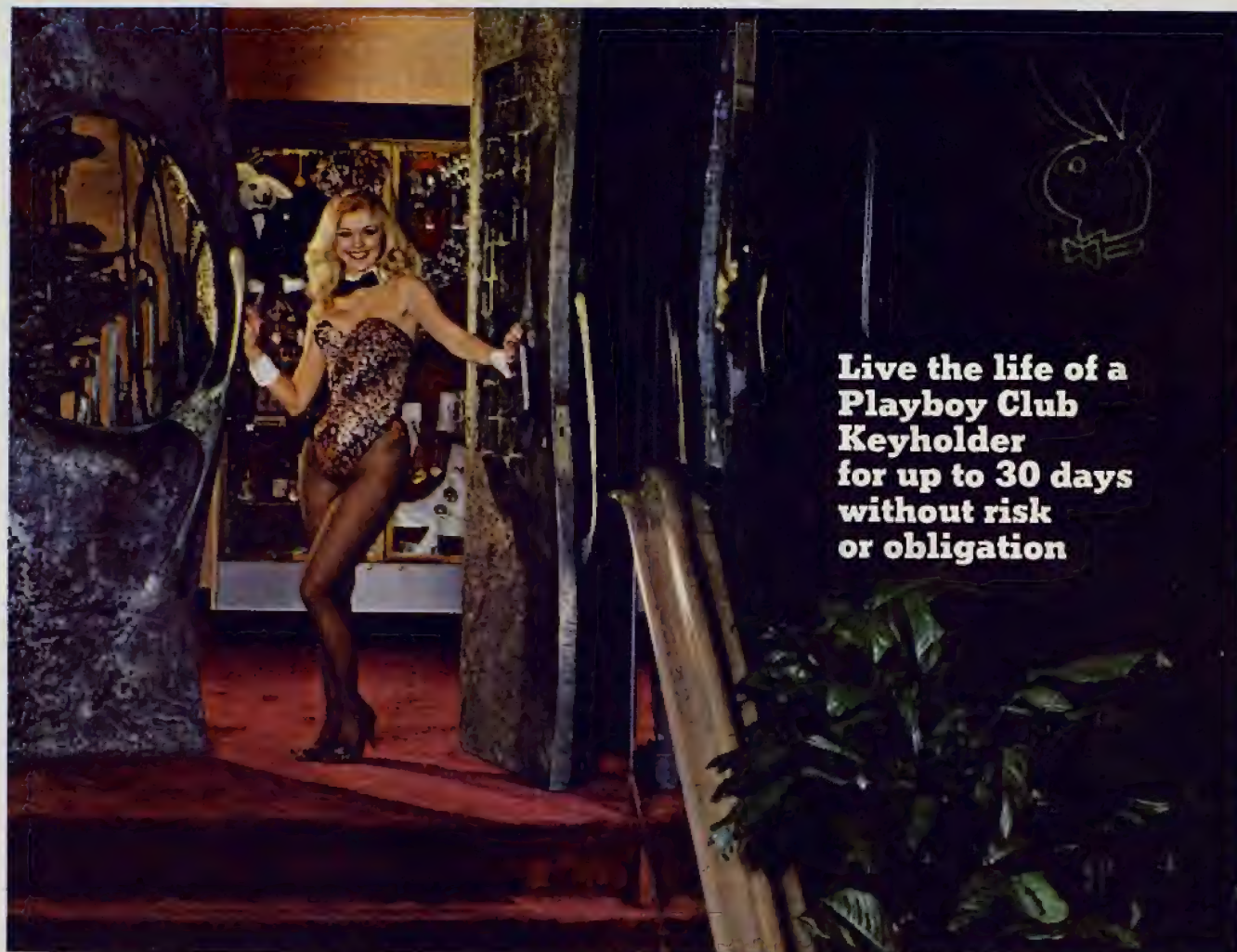
"There could hardly be a more brilliant example of the perfect pick-up style."

Oui Magazine



Fully Guaranteed!

Step into the private world of The Playboy Club



**Live the life of a
Playboy Club
Keyholder
for up to 30 days
without risk
or obligation**

What's behind your Playboy Club door?

Fine food—fun—and fantastic entertainment for you!

Playboy Clubs are dedicated to your pleasure. You'll discover superb cuisine and bountiful Playboy-size drinks accompanied by tasty hors d'oeuvres and exciting entertainment in each and every Club, whether in the U.S., Japan or the Philippines. No matter which door you open, your Playboy Club Key is your passport to pleasure!

**OPEN THE DOOR TO FUN AND
FANTASY: SEND FOR YOUR KEY
TODAY!**

Come see! Come sample the delights of a Playboy Club Keyholder's world for 30 days, without risk or obligation.

Your Initial Key Fee entitles you to untold benefits beyond admission to Playboy Clubs around the world. Playboy Preferred Passbooks can save you over \$250.00 with 2-for-1 dining

at more than 700 fine restaurants across the country, plus sports and entertainment discounts.

Then, 12 times a year, you simply show your Key at any Playboy Club and take your choice of PLAYBOY or GAMES Magazine, as much as a \$25.00 newsstand value, with our compliments. You can save more with this benefit than your Key Fee costs for the entire year.

Comp-U-Card™—the telephone shopping service that saves you hundreds of dollars on name brands. And, you get special Keyholder surprises, including a bevy of Bunnies to help celebrate your birthday.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER

Simply complete and mail the attached postage-paid reply card. You don't risk a cent. We'll rush your Key and bill you later.

FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS:

Call 800/525-2850 right now while the idea of all the fun you can have is fresh in your mind. Ask for Bunny Anita.

If the card is missing, send your name and address including zip code to PLAYBOY CLUBS, P.O. Box 9125, Boulder, Co 80301. Just a postal card will do, and you'll be all set to prove to yourself the Playboy Club IS where you belong!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Playboy Clubs International is happy to offer you its ironclad guarantee. If within 30 days of receipt of your Key, you're not totally convinced the Playboy Club is where you belong, return your Key for full credit or refund.



Gilbey's idea of a gin and tonic: Taste the gin, too.



The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Dist. by Nat'l Dist. Products Co., N.Y.C.

Listen to television on your stereo.



IN SIMULATED STEREO!

TELEADAPTER® easily connects to any TV and plugs into the Aux., Tape, or Tuner input of any stereo amplifier. (TV and stereo can be any distance apart.) All TV programs will come through your stereo amplifier and speakers, even Video Tape, or Cable TV shows. Quality electronic circuitry assures correct 10 to 50,000 OHM impedance matching, for full 50 to 15,000 HZ frequency response. The matrix circuitry actually provides two channels of simulated stereo. Total chassis isolation means protection for both your stereo and TV. TELEADAPTER® is also great for using stereo headphones and taping TV programs. Complete with instructions, and TWO YEAR WARRANTY. 15 day trial or money back if dissatisfied.

The TE-200 Teledapter

only \$39.95 Plus \$3.00 Shipping and Handling

To order: Call toll free
1-800-251-8608 24 hours
or enclose check or

☐ Master Card ☐ VISA
Card # _____

Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

RHODES

NATIONAL CORPORATION
P.O. Box 1052 Dept. PB
Columbia, TN 38401
(615) 381-9001

ANNOUNCING...

A VERY SPECIAL COLLECTION OF PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

A new and distinguished assortment of quality Playboy Products, selected for their unique value and appeal, is now available to Playboy's special friends. These items make wonderful gifts for loved ones, business associates, friends and, of course, yourself.

For a full-color catalog presentation of these products, please send \$1.00 to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 3386, Chicago, Illinois 60654.



crimes, and many of them are sex-related.

There are other distortions as well. For instance, many more men combine sexual deviance and aggression than do women. Aside from their tendencies toward rape and exhibitionism, men commonly practice things virtually unknown in women: homosexual incest, pedophilia (sex with children) and homosexual sadism and masochism. One of the few ways these things and the fantasies they give rise to can be treated—short of brain surgery or castration—is with drugs that block the actions of testosterone.

So much for men. The picture for women is much less clear, partly because they're hormonally more complicated, partly because they suffer fewer genetic defects than men and partly because—since women are less deviant—science is less often called on to treat them. Women's troubles, if any, seem to have to do with mood rather than anything else. The premenstrual "blues," for example, are probably caused by an altered balance of estradiol and progesterone—versions of which are given in the various forms of the birth-control pill. And these two sex hormones are almost certainly somewhere behind women's proneness to depression. They are likely, too, to be at the root of the lack of aggression in the so-called weaker sex. Given externally, progesterone and its relatives induce calmness. And estradiol and its relatives seem to promote a sense of well-being.

In women, then—though there is much less evidence than for men—the evolutionary package that comes with the sex hormones and the two X chromosomes also comes with a sensitivity to mood, an evenness of temperament and a general lack of volatility. Males born with two X chromosomes as well as a Y are unusually passive, and male-to-female transsexuals given large doses of estrogen are less arousable and less sexually aggressive. This packaging, again, would make sense. Individual females are important to nature as the main investors in the continuation of the species, so she's careful to protect them hormonally against impulse, hostility and a misplaced sexual drive. Individual males she cares much less about. Given their small investment, any of them will do.

Focus Three. Men Versus Women: The Struggle Inside

Men are expendable—there's no way around it. And life is something of a struggle for them. They're victimized by nature's careless packaging and by her all-too-plain willingness, with males, to cut her losses if something goes wrong.

This is the view from the inside—from the womb itself. For it is in the womb that the Y chromosome is first expressed and the Y-linked sex hormones

PHOTOGRAPHY: GEORGE SCHIAVONE



NiGHTWORKS

P.O. BOX 1837 • DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA 33447 • TOLL FREE 1-800-327-1590

NiGHTWORKS, INC.

P.O. Box 1837, Delray Beach, FL 33447

☐ Check/MO ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Full Signature

Acct. No.

Expiration Date

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

- A**
- LADIES V-NECK NIGHTDRESS™
- STYLE 501 ONLY 26.95
- ☐ BLACK ☐ WHITE
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE
- MENS ROBE AND LOUNGEANT™
- STYLE 502 BOTH FOR ONLY 47.95
- ☐ BLACK/WHITE TRIM (ROBE)
- ☐ WHITE/BLACK TRIM (ROBE)
- MENS LOUNGEANT™
- ☐ BLACK ☐ WHITE
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE

ALLOW 2 TO 4 WEEKS FOR NORMAL DELIVERY
CANADIAN RESIDENTS MAKE PAYMENTS IN
U.S. FUNDS AND ADD \$2.00 EXTRA PER ORDER.
FLORIDA RESIDENTS ADD 4% SALES TAX. FOR
PERSONAL SERVICE CALL: 1-800-327-1590 BE-
TWEEN 8:00 A.M. AND 6:00 P.M. EASTERN
STANDARD TIME. IN FLA. CALL 305-272-8254.

- B**
- LADIES BACKLESS NIGHTDRESS™
- STYLE 601 ONLY 26.95
- ☐ BLACK ☐ WHITE
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE
- MENS LOUNGEANT™
- STYLE 503 ONLY 18.95
- ☐ BLACK ☐ WHITE
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE

- D**
- LADIES LOINSUIT™
- STYLE 301 ONLY 29.95
- ☐ BLACK ☐ WHITE
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE

- C**
- LADIES LOINSHIRT™
- STYLE 201 ONLY 19.95
- ☐ BLACK/WHITE TRIM
- ☐ WHITE/BLACK TRIM
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE
- MENS LOINSHIRT™
- STYLE 101 ONLY 19.95
- ☐ BLACK/WHITE TRIM
- ☐ WHITE/BLACK TRIM
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE
- BUY 2 LOINSHIRTS FOR ONLY 37.50

- D**
- MENS LOUNGEANT™
- STYLE 503 ONLY 18.95
- ☐ BLACK ☐ WHITE
- ☐ SMALL ☐ MEDIUM ☐ LARGE

start to shape male behavior. It is in the womb that the struggle to be male begins, a struggle that begins for one simple but devastating reason: The natural form of the human is female and the male has to be hormonally superimposed on her. Like it or not, males are converted females with a high casualty rate. They have to do complicated battle to establish themselves in the world.

Picture to yourself again the fertilized egg that became who you are. It is somewhere in the second month of pregnancy and you are about 15 millimeters from top to bottom. Up to this point, there's no difference between a male and a female embryo—all the male and female parts exist in both in a primitive form. At about this stage, though, the male and the female begin to take separate paths. If you're to be female, the gonads, the two collections of germ cells, now begin to develop into ovaries. The male ducts disintegrate—and the female ducts thicken and become the womb, the Fallopian tubes and the upper two thirds of the vagina.

If you're to be male, however, your Y chromosome interferes with this process. It forces development in another direction. It causes, scientists believe, production of a substance called H-Y antigen, which sticks to the surface of the ovarian cells and forms them into testicles. And the testicles then put out two sex hormones in sequence. One absorbs the female parts that would have become the womb, and so on. And the other—testosterone—protects the male ducts, thickens the spermatid cord and, through a third hormone called dihydrotestosterone, promotes the formation of the male external genitals.

What is interesting, though, about this male sequence is that a number of things can go wrong with it—things that *always* push the development of the male back in a female direction. Strip the H-Y antigen from the cells of a developing testicle in a test tube and the testicle will re-form itself into an ovary. Remove the testicles from the fetus of an experimental animal and it will return to the path toward femaleness. This re-feminiz-

ing can be found in humans, too. A number of genetic human males who make it through to life are born female, either internally or externally or both. The reason is either that they couldn't produce H-Y antigen or one of the three hormones it sets in motion or that they were *insensitive* to one or more of them. In other words, the target cells for these substances weren't equipped with the receptors—or special receiving stations—that are necessary for them to be effective. The sex hormones could not enter the cells and start the machinery that switches their genes in the required masculine direction.

So much for the differences between the male and female sexual and reproductive organs. The important thing to remember is that—in the male's case, at any rate—*genetic* sex is no guarantee of anything. It is the hormones produced by the testicles that do the work. What the hormones produced by the ovaries do is, again, much less clear.

•
Focus Four. Meamehile, in Another Part of the Forest

You may not like rats. But they are important to science. And in order to investigate just what effect the sex hormones have on the brain, and on sex-typical activities, drives and behaviors in humans, science has to start with the rat. Rats are cheap. They reproduce quickly. They are easy to manipulate. And, in a number of recently discovered ways, they are eerily like humans. Young male rats, for example—like human male infants—are more playful, more rough-and-tumble than young female rats. Adult males, too, have different abilities from adult females. Females are better at certain kinds of learning and they're more adventurous in the open. But males are better at figuring out mazes—just as human males are. That requires visual and spatial skills that are likely to be located in the rat's right hemisphere—as it is, again, in humans. Marian Diamond of the University of California at Berkeley has recently found that the surface of the female rat's left hemisphere is slightly thicker than the male's, while the back of the male's right hemisphere is significantly thicker than the female's. That is exactly what one would expect to find in humans, though no one has found it. For in humans, females have greater language skills—in the left hemisphere. And males have greater visual and spatial skills—at the back of the right hemisphere.

That may not seem like much—especially to a snooty lord of creation like yourself. But for our purposes, it means a great deal. For all of these abilities and attributes in rats can be altered, in a masculine or feminine direction, by the presence or absence of



"Actually, we're part of the military-industrial-theological complex."

WHAT'S A SPECIAL EVENING WITHOUT
A LITTLE MAGIC?



Baileys. A unique taste so silken, so full of character,
only one word can describe it. Magic.

Perhaps it's that taste of magic that has made Baileys
America's fastest growing liqueur.

BAILEYS. TASTE THE MAGIC.



hormones during the rats' so-called critical period—the stage of development during which the sex hormones organize maleness and femaleness. This critical period in rats is a short one and its time span stretches from before to after birth. In humans, of course, the critical period is much longer. But it is probably *all* before birth.

Roger Gorski of the University of California at Los Angeles has done pioneering work on the effects on the brain of the sex hormones during that critical period. "We've known for a long time," he says when we visit his laboratory at UCLA, "that if we give male hormones to female rats during this period, they will neither ovulate nor behave sexually like normal adult females. If, as adults, they're later given testosterone, they'll behave sexually as males. The reverse is also true. Deprive a male rat of male hormones and later give it estrogen, and it will proffer itself and arch its back in the female posture we call lordosis.

"These changes, I originally thought, were probably due to some altered responsiveness of the system to hormones. I thought it unlikely that any *structural* differences would be found in the brains of male and female rats that might account for them. But then various things happened. First, Günter Dörner found

differences in the nuclear size of nerve cells in the hypothalamus. Then, a British and an American group found differences in the interconnections between nerve cells. And then, Fernando Nottebohm of The Rockefeller University found *major* differences in the brains of songbirds. That really set us looking."

In 1976, Nottebohm and Arthur Arnold—now a colleague of Gorski's at UCLA—announced that they'd found two gaggles of nerve cells in the brains of canaries that were three and four times larger in the male than in the female. It's the male canary, not the female, that sings. Nottebohm and Arnold showed that these centers were responsible for the male song, which is both learned and left-hemisphere dominant, as is human language. They also showed that the sex hormones were dramatically involved in the formation of these centers and in song itself. For when adult female canaries were given testosterone, not only did their two centers grow, they also started—falteringly—to sing.

Here, then, was the first real connection linking the sex hormones, behavior and brain structure. And it led Nottebohm—a courtly, soft-spoken man—to predict two things: first, that whenever the male and female of a species differ in the development of a skill, a correspondingly greater or smaller amount of brain space will be given over to the

neural organization of that skill; and second, that that skill and the brain space allotted to it will be dictated by the sex hormones.

That was enough for Gorski and his co-workers. They quickly went hunting for a similar gaggle of cells—or nucleus—in an area of the rat hypothalamus that they knew to be involved in the regulation of reproduction. It wasn't long before they found what they were after. "We, too, discovered a nucleus," says Gorski. "We call it the sexually dimorphic nucleus, and it is larger—five to seven times larger—in the male than it is in the female. We couldn't alter this difference by manipulating hormone levels in adulthood. But we *could* do so by manipulating them during the rat's critical period, at around the time of birth. Females that we masculinized during this time had a much larger nucleus than normal females. And castrated males had a much *smaller* nucleus than normal males. The size of the nucleus, in other words—just like adult sexual behavior—depends on the hormonal environment to which the brain is exposed during the critical period. And this seems to be true even when it's taken out of the brain. Dominique Toran-Allerand, working with fetal mice at Columbia University, has put the general region that contains this center into culture in the lab. She's found that it develops



How could a condom so thin be so strong?

You're looking at an untouched photograph of a typical Sheik® condom being used in a rather untypical way.

We may be stretching a point, but we're doing it to prove that a condom doesn't have to be thick to be safe.

Measuring a thin three one-thousandths of an inch, Sheik condoms offer the perfect balance of strength and sensitivity.

If they were any thinner, you wouldn't feel quite so safe. Any thicker and you wouldn't feel all there is to feel.

How were we able to achieve such a perfect balance? By not compromising on the quality of our materials or our testing procedures.

In fact, Sheik condoms are actually tested up to seven different times by advanced scientific techniques—including individual

electronic testing.

Yet, with all their strength, Sheiks feel so natural you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all.

Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, New Jersey.

Sheik

The strong, sensitive type.



WARNING: THE USE OF THIS PRODUCT MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR SHIRT COLLECTION.

There's nothing funny about the way Soloflex® can develop your body. In your own home or apartment.

Soloflex is the body building machine that's so ingenious it's patented. Anything you can do on health club equipment you can do on Soloflex.

You decide how far you want to go. Soloflex will pump up your muscles as big as you want them, where you want them.

You can outmuscle your old

shirts, or look sensational in your new shirts.

And Soloflex won't cost you the shirt off your back.

It's only \$495. To find out how much it can do for you, call us today and ask for Lisa.



BODY BY SOLOFLEX

**FOR A FREE BROCHURE,
CALL OUR 24 HR. TOLL-FREE NUMBER
800-453-1900.**

Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's, 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Road to Raleigh is:

Yellow lines and just laid asphalt.

Endless stretches of black ribbon that run all the way to where the sun disappears.

It's telephone poles and fence posts, you keep passin' 'em one by one.

It's those rows of corn, that sea of wheat.

Tall trees blocking out the sun.

It's 13 speeds in an overdrive gearbox.

And a CB handle

when you've got the country music turned off.

The road to Raleigh is a man who gets up when he wants to...

goes to bed when he says.

Pushes himself to the limit and then relaxes with gusto.

He doesn't give a damn what you think.

The road to Raleigh has the feel of hard rain and blowin' snow.

The light of a rising sun, the pale of a pea soup fog.

It's got the smell of hot coffee.

And the stench of diesel fuel.

It's got men.

It's got freedom.

It's got the flavor you can only get When you're on the road to Raleigh.



Take the road to flavor.



"Regina Boffington's my name. Sexual anthropology's my game."



Bacardi dark.
It tastes good mixed because
it tastes good unmixed.

BACARDI® rum. The super sip. Made in Puerto Rico.



differently depending on whether or not masculinizing hormones are present.

"The genetic sex of the tissue, like the genetic sex of our animals," Gorski says, echoing Dörner, "is immaterial. It is the sex hormones that are important."

Whether the sex hormones and Gorski's nucleus are, between them, responsible for the other sex-typical behaviors of male and female rats is not yet known. But more and more connections are now being made between the sex hormones, brain and behavior. Bruce McEwen of The Rockefeller University has discovered sex-hormone receptors during the critical period in precisely those areas of rat brain that are thought to organize differences in behavior other than sexual—maze running, avoidance learning and so on. And what Gorski has found in rats and Nottebohm and Arnold have found in birds, a tall, mustached scientist named Robert Goy has begun to find in a species much closer to us: rhesus monkeys.

When you walk down the corridors of the Regional Primate Research Center at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, the first thing that strikes you is that rhesus monkeys are indeed a lot like ourselves. Their features are in the right places. They're outgoing and energetic. And they're socially complex—playing with one another, dominating one another and all too ready to demote or ostracize a member of the troop if he or she doesn't come up to snuff. The infants are especially attractive. Housed on the fifth floor in groups with five or six mothers, the young monkeys careen around their cages noisily, leaping from foothold to handhold, stopping only to romp briefly together and mount both one another and their mothers in a sociable pantomime of sex.

It took Goy five years to find a way of housing his rhesus monkeys in socially unstressful conditions like the ones they're in today—conditions more or less like those of the wild, in which their behavior would be natural. Even so, he has found it virtually impossible to study the effects of sex hormones on adult sexual behavior, as Gorski has done in rats and Goy himself has done in guinea pigs. "There are too many social variables that we know little about and would have to take into account," he says.

What he *has* been able to study, though, is the effects of hormones on various sorts of sex-typical behavior. "We've done some work on dominance, for example," he says in his office across the road from the center. "Males usually occupy the dominant position in a troop. But we've shown that females whose mothers were given testosterone during pregnancy are much more likely to be the dominant members in a mixed troop, as adults, than are other females. This









Wear it when you're bold.
Wear it when you're shy.

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you. We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times. So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word. Get the bold/shy scent of English Leather Musk.

MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE N.J. 07647

DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS® QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>A Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Traditional Tortoise Shell Style Comfortable style. Amber lenses. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p> | <p>E Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Black Metal Frames Thin and durable black metal frames. Aviator teardrop style lenses. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p> | <p>I Only \$7.95</p>  <p>World Famous Pilot's Glasses These precision light glasses are now available to the public for only \$7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over \$20.00. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$20.00 value only \$7.95. 2 pairs for \$14.00.</p> |
| <p>B Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Rich Tortoise Shell Style Classic style. Large gradient lens. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p> | <p>F Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p> | <p>J Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses Flexible cable temples, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p> |
| <p>C Only \$10.95</p>  <p>Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames. A \$25.00 value only \$10.95. 2 pairs for \$20.00.</p> | <p>G Only \$14.95</p>  <p>The Sportsman Sports-graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p> | <p>K Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Standard Aviator Glasses Traditional stems, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p> |
| <p>D Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Gul Watcher Gray mirrored lenses, black frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p> | <p>H Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Wrap Around Supersport "Wrap around" glasses sports graphic on black metal frame. Dark lens. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p> | <p>L Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p> |

| Style # | Quantity | Frame Color | Price |
|---------|----------|-------------|-------|
| A | | Brown | |
| B | | Brown | |
| C | | | |
| D | | Black | |
| E | | Black | |
| F | | | |
| G | | Black | |
| H | | Black | |
| I | | | |
| J | | Gold | |
| K | | Gold | |
| L | | Gold | |

Add Postage, Handling and Insurance
\$1.00 per pair \$ _____

Total \$ _____

Free case with each pair.

To order, send check or money order to **U.S. Optics®, Dept. 101, P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324.** Credit card customers please fill in card # and Exp. date. **FREE** — limited time only — deluxe velour lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a \$3.00 value). Dealer inquiries invited.
Credit card orders may call 1-404-252-0703.

Visa or Master Charge # _____

Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics.® To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days. No Non-sense 30 day guarantee.

effect of prenatal testosterone—I'm just now beginning to work on estrogen effects—can also be seen in the way infants and juveniles interact. And that's what I've mainly been working on.

"There are four main ways in which young male rhesuses differ in their behavior from females. They initiate play more often. They roughhouse more often. They mount their peers—of both sexes—more often. And they mount their mothers more often than females do.

"We can, however, produce a male-typical frequency of *all* these behaviors in young females if we give their pregnant mothers thigh injections of testosterone or dihydrotestosterone for various periods of time during the critical

period of development—which is before birth. These females will play rough and so on. And many of them will be born with masculinized genitalia—there's clearly a critical prenatal hormonal period for that.

"But there's *also* a critical period—much longer and much harder to define—for the acquisition of these sex-specific *behaviors* under the influence of the hormones. And what's so interesting is that they don't all come in one bundle. We can separate them. We can give androgen injections for quite a short period of time, for example, and females will mount their mothers much more often—but not their peers. Peer mounting, in turn, can be separated

from play behavior. And finally, the mounting of male *vs.* female peers can also be separated out. Incredibly, we've exposed male fetuses to additional male hormones for a really short time in early pregnancy, and we've recently found that they'll mount *only* female peers. No other male behavior is affected.

"This suggests—in *these* primates, at any rate—that the individual bits and pieces of behavior that make up masculinity are separately controlled by the sex hormones over time. Masculinization, in other words, is a slow, iffy, complicated, more-or-less process: you get tooth-and-claw males and you get less masculine ones. This doesn't seem to be true of feminization. Our altered females may be masculinized, *but they are not defeminized*. In fact, there are no feminine traits that we can identify and then suppress by exposing the fetus to hormones. And furthermore, there are no feminine behaviors that are not common to both sexes. Males—and our altered females—are, in other words, simply females who've had a male pattern superimposed on them. Their femaleness remains—much, much better protected by nature than maleness. In males, nature can afford a wide variation. But females bear children, and nature needs every one of them she can get."

Focus Five. Men, Women and the Sex Hormones: Coming Full Circle

How can one argue from rats, birds and monkeys to humans? "One can't," say some scientists. "One can," others say cautiously—believing, above all, in the economy of nature. They point to the little we know about humans from the accidents of nature and the mistakes of man. They point, inevitably, to C.A.H. women.

With C.A.H. women, we come full circle, to take the results of work done with animals back into the human brain, as Günter Dörner has done. C.A.H. stands for congenital adrenal hyperplasia, a disorder of the adrenal glands, which are responsible for our reactions to stress, among other things. In individuals with C.A.H., something has gone wrong—starting in the womb—with production of the adrenal cortex' main hormone, cortisol. Instead, during the human critical period, as the fetus is developing, large quantities of testosterone are produced.

In boys that has little obvious effect, but in girls it masculinizes—to one degree or another—their external genitals, as in Goy's monkeys. These days, the condition is usually recognized in early infancy. The baby girls are surgically altered—if necessary—and are thereafter given cortisone-replacement treatment.

Their behavior, though, has already been pushed in a masculine direction—and that isn't alterable by surgery or cortisone treatment, however soon after

MALES: THE HORMONAL INHERITANCE

If you want to live a long life, you should make sure that you're born a woman. Or—if born a man—you should have your testicles removed as early as possible. In 1969, James B. Hamilton and Gordon E. Mestler of the Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn showed that only castrated men—on average—live as long as women. But for every year after birth that castration is delayed, there is a corresponding shrink in lifespan of about three months and 11 days.

All of that is the work of the sex hormones. The testicles are the main production sites for androgens, the male sex hormones—made, like estrogens, the female sex hormones, from the two thirds of a pound of cholesterol in your body. (Yes, you can't do without the dreaded cholesterol—it's the father and mother of *all* your steroid hormones and one of the most important building blocks in the wall around each one of your cells.) Neither the women nor the castrated men have testicles. Result? Low levels of those hormones and longer lives.

The male sex hormones are first deployed in your body—if you're a man—under instructions from your Y, or male, chromosome. And if you think that your shorter life expectancy is too much to lay at the door of these substances, then consider this: Even if you're born with as many as four X, or female, chromosomes—but with your Y in place—you're still recognizably a man. But if something has gone wrong in the womb with your production of, or responsiveness to, those hormones, then at birth, you'll be either internally or externally female—or both. A small de-

gree of insensitivity to the hormones will give you, in later life, enlarged breasts or a smaller than normal penis. It will protect you from acne or make you infertile.

Being a male, in other words, is a tricky, hit-or-miss business—many more males than females are conceived and then spontaneously aborted. And it is *all* to do with the male sex hormones. Put the main male sex hormone, testosterone, on the male and female buds of a flowering plant, for example, and only the male buds will flower. Put newly hatched goldfish in water treated with small amounts of testosterone, and they'll all become male.

Exactly what roles testosterone and its relatives play in the sex life of the human male is not yet clear. But in times of stress and defeat, there are lower levels of testosterone—and a flagging appetite for sex. Hair, prompted by testosterone, seems to grow faster in men in anticipation of sex. And as long ago as 1889, a 72-year-old scientist took extracts containing testosterone from male animals and pronounced himself much reinvigorated as a result.

Perhaps the most important role of these hormones, though, is in making you male in the first place. For they are—in the womb—the chief actors in a drama as old as mankind itself. In this drama, it is not Adam who comes first, but Eve. It is not Eve who is made from Adam's rib, but Adam—the "unnatural" form of the human—who is superimposed on her by the action of the hormones.

—JO DURDEN-SMITH AND
DIANE DESIMONE

OH
WHAT
A
FEELING!



THE 1982 COROLLA SPORTS HARDTOP

TOYOTA

SPORTIN' LIFE

If you want to lead the sportin' life, you need a car that looks the part — without costing your life savings. That's where the Toyota Corolla Sports Hardtop comes in. No other car looks this clean, this classy, this "right" — for a Corolla price.

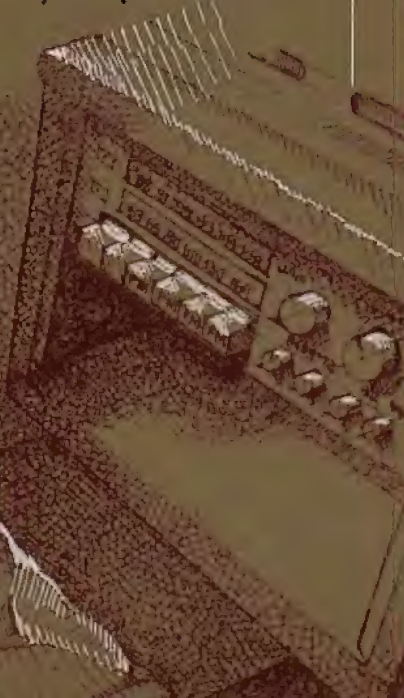
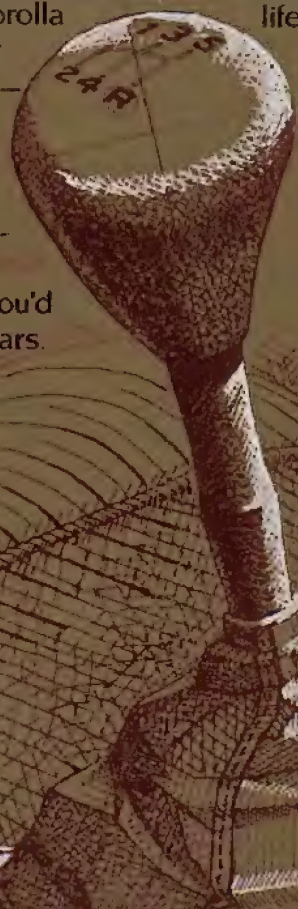
So get in, sport. You'll find a peppy 1.8 liter 4-cylinder engine. A 5-speed overdrive transmission. Or Toyota's optional 4-speed automatic overdrive. And all kinds of standard equipment you'd expect to pay extra for on most other cars.

Full instrumentation, including an electric tachometer (very sportin'!). AM/FM/MPX stereo radio. Tinted glass. Steel belted radials.

And one more thing. Toyota's total economy. Here's a car that won't complicate your sportin' life with sports car headaches.

Because it's built to be dependable — one reason Corolla is the world's best selling car.

The Corolla Sports Hardtop. One could fit right into your sportin' life.



birth those are applied. The male hormone, in other words, has had its effect on behavior *before birth*, as in Goy's monkeys. And after birth, the effect can be measured. According to a series of studies begun by John Money of Johns Hopkins University and Anke A. Ehrhardt, now at Columbia University and New York State Psychiatric Institute, C.A.H. girls are more tomboyish than their female peers. They're athletic and highly energetic. They prefer boys as playmates. And they are quick to involve themselves in organized, competitive group sports. In Money's words, "They join in boys' neighborhood football, baseball and/or basketball games, often as the only girl."

Some of this behavior has been explained by saying that C.A.H. girls expend energy in a way that has been masculinized—males, and maybe C.A.H. females, have bigger lungs and hearts and a higher oxygen consumption than normal females. But there are *other* differences that can't be explained this way: C.A.H. girls prefer toy guns and cars to dolls; they prefer functional to traditionally feminine clothing; they prefer playing cowboys and Indians to playing house and career-rehearsal games to fantasizing about marriage and infant care. They show little enthusiasm for babies and little interest in stereotypical girls' activities. Their puberty is often later than other girls' though it is made normal because of the cortisone treatment. And they don't become as quickly attracted to the idea of romance and dating with the opposite sex. Later in life, C.A.H. women seem to be attracted, in some degree, to other women, just as they would be if they were normal males. As a group, they may show a higher incidence than is statistically usual of bisexuality and even homosexuality—if not in *practice* then, at any rate, in erotic fancy.

All of that is vividly reminiscent not only of Goy's monkeys but also of Gorski's rats. But: "Look," says Ehrhardt in the cafeteria of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, "we have to be *extremely* cautious about this. I find the jump that Günter Dörner makes from animals to humans absolutely unacceptable. These things, after all, are just trends. They're not found in every individual. And in the case of bisexuality and what may be bisexual and homosexual impulses, we don't even know if these are any more common in C.A.H. women than in the rest of the population. We don't know enough. You see, this is so hard for people to understand. They think in terms of a hard-and-fast distinction between what is biologically determined and what is socially determined—nature *vs.* nurture. And these things must interact. How one behaves, after all, depends a great deal on whether or not one's behavior is frowned on.

Well, homosexuality and bisexuality aren't as frowned on as they once were. And so we find these inclinations in C.A.H. women, just as we *might* find them in any sampling of women as a whole. As for tomboyism—well, yes, it's true that C.A.H. girls are significantly more tomboyish than a population of girls matched for age, background and so on. But one, tomboyism is perfectly socially acceptable in this society. And two, not every C.A.H. girl is a tomboy. It is not *biologically* guaranteed."

Ehrhardt, professor of clinical psychology at Columbia, is a very careful scientist. A precise, smiling woman in her 40s, she's well aware of the controversy that surrounds her field. She's quick to maintain the importance of learning in humans, and she discounts any idea that our sexual and social behaviors can be *dictated* by the hormonal environment in the womb.

Nevertheless, for more than a decade now, Ehrhardt has been investigating—most recently with Heino Meyer-Bahlburg—just *what* effects this environment may have. Besides looking at C.A.H. individuals, she has also studied an entirely different population—children whose mothers were given hormones to maintain their pregnancies. Some of those hormones were estrogens—hormones related to estradiol—given either in a natural form or in a synthetic version such as diethylstilbestrol (DES). And some belonged to a group of hormones called progestogens. These hormones were, again, either natural (animal derived) or synthetic (laboratory made). Some were progesterone-based and some were androgen-based—closely related to testosterone.

As far as researchers can tell, the children born after their mothers were treated with those substances differ from controls only in the circulating sex hormones they were exposed to in the womb. Ehrhardt and Meyer-Bahlburg and groups headed by June Reinisch of Rutgers University and Richard Green of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, among others, have tried to tease out their effects on later behavior. The case is clearest for the progestogens. Girls exposed to androgen-based progestogens seem very similar to C.A.H. girls—more tomboyish and energetic than usual and often born with subtly masculinized genitals. Boys also seem more energetic and aggressive than their peers—as C.A.H. boys do.

The reverse, however, seems to be true of progesterone-based progestogens, whether given alone or in combination with estrogens. These hormones seem to have a slight demasculinizing effect. Boys exposed to them appear as a group to be less aggressive and assertive than their peers. They show poorer athletic coordination and what one study calls "lowered masculine interests." The pic-

ture is similar in girls. They're also less energetic than usual and less verbally aggressive. They express a preference for female—rather than male—friends. And they show an increased interest in feminine clothing and hairdos, cosmetics and children.

What does that mean for us as men and women? It may mean, as Goy says, that "sex hormones operating on the brain organize not merely sexual behavior but also social demeanor and orientation to social problems and their solutions." It may mean, as Ehrhardt says cautiously, that "a sort of pretuning takes place."

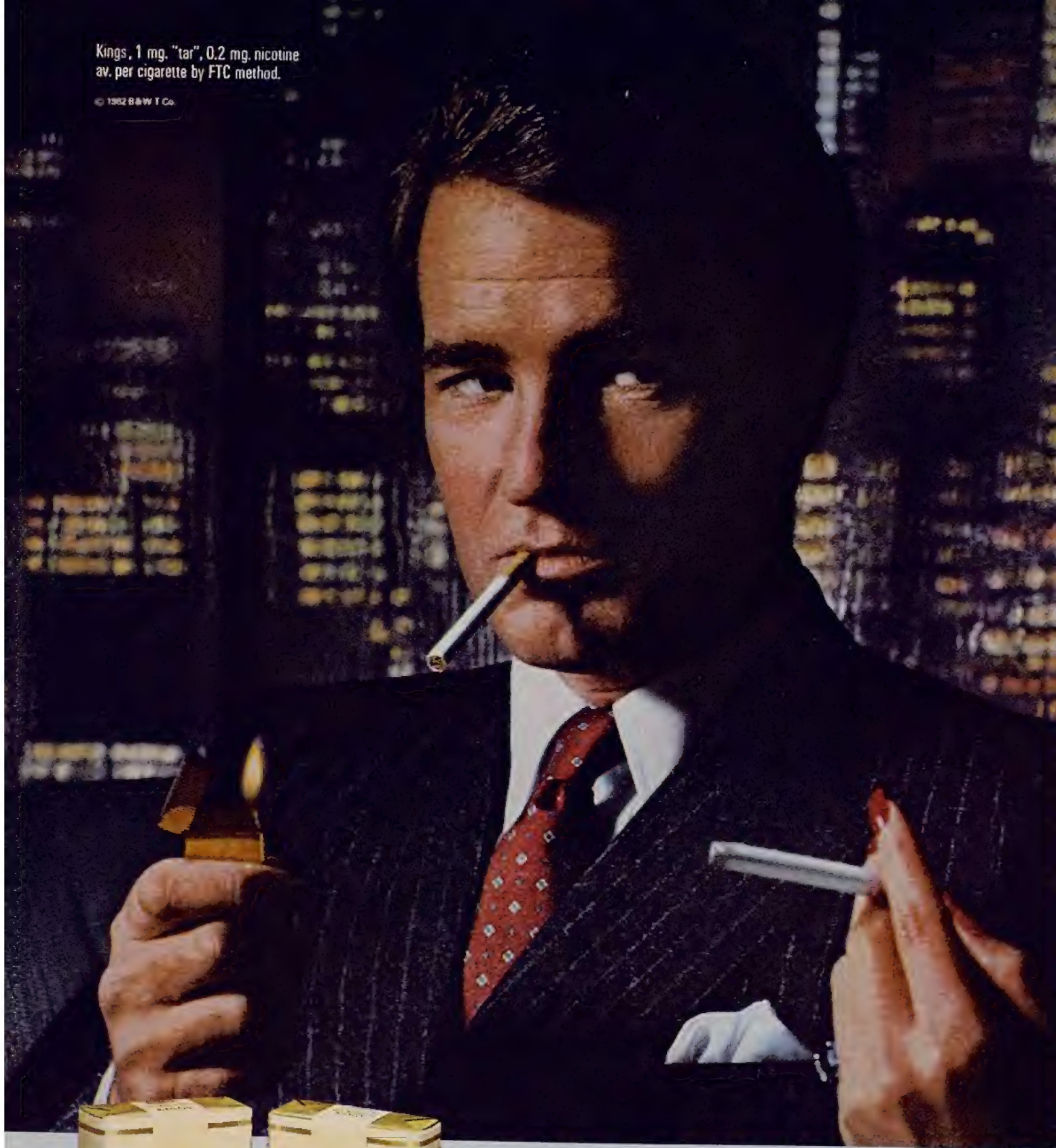
Or it may mean something more. It may mean that there really *are* such things as stereotypical male and female attributes—amplified by society, to be sure, but organized in the brain before birth. They may include, in women, an instinctual drive toward motherhood. And they may include female intuition, male visual and spatial skill and all the other abilities we discussed in the last installment, *The Brain as Sex Organ*. All of us—differently "masculine," differently "feminine," differently ambitious and intuitive and gifted—may be products not only of the environment but also of the subtle interplay, in the womb, between hormones and the developing brain. If that is so, then we have little hope of imposing on ourselves through education and upbringing any *absolute* equality of the sexes—any more than we can impose any absolute equality on our sexual organs. All we can do is try to understand how nature works, as science tries to do. And understand the mechanisms by which she has tried to keep men and women as different from—and necessary to—each other as possible.

We may also have to rethink our whole attitude toward homosexuality. The day after our first Cambridge meeting with Dörner, we met him at the conference proper to talk with him about his presumption that homosexuals are born and not made.

"Well," he says, "I saw in rats that they could be made homosexual if deprived of testosterone during the critical period of brain differentiation. And I had the idea that human male homosexuals might also have feminized brains as the result—perhaps—of stress in their mothers. Stress causes the production of substances in the adrenal glands that depress testosterone levels in the male fetus. In my laboratory, we've tested the effect this might have in three separate ways. First, we subjected rat mothers to stress and showed that their male offspring had lower testosterone levels at birth and exhibited homosexual behavior in adulthood—this has been confirmed by two studies in America, two studies that I know of. We then checked

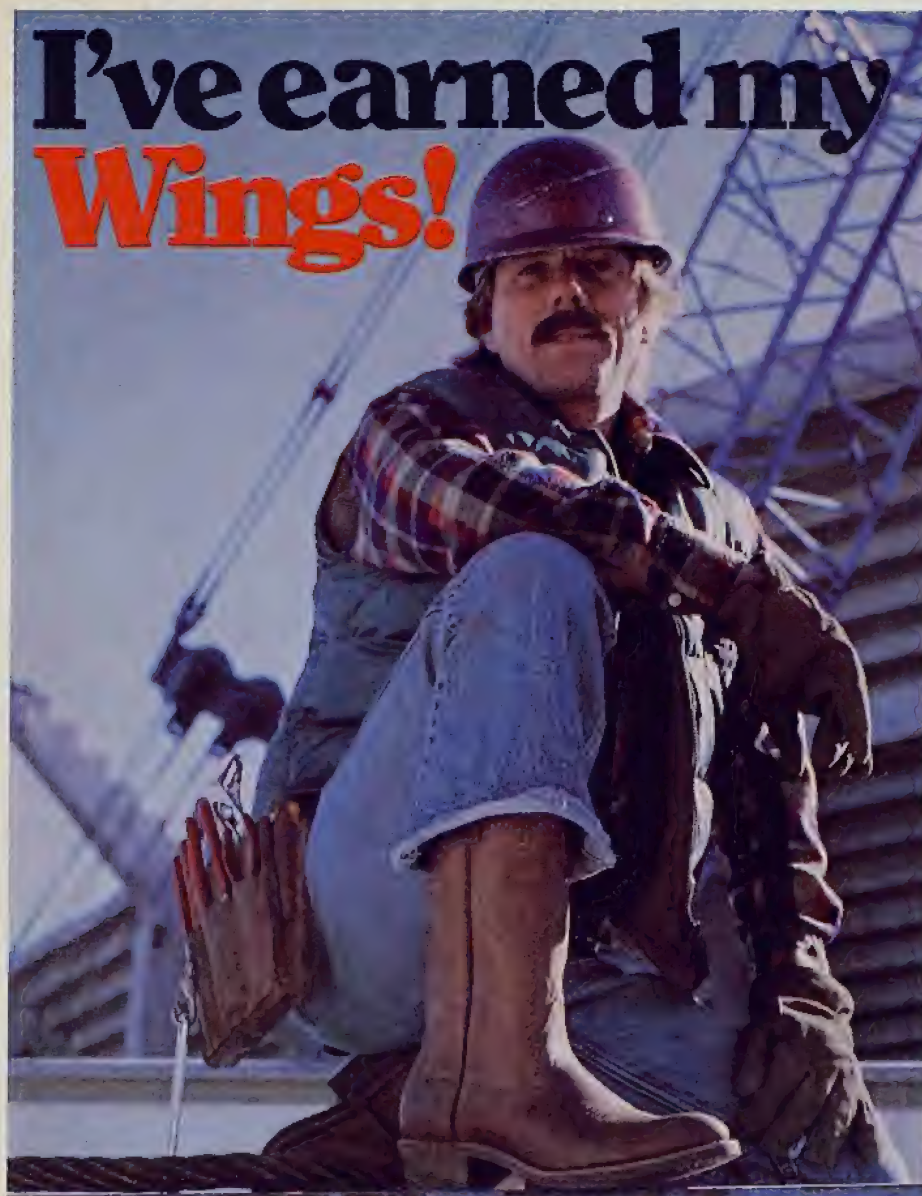
Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1992 B&W T Co.



The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



the population records to see if more human male homosexuals were born during the stressful period of World War II than were born either before or after it. And we found that this was so. At this point, we gave a number of primary male homosexuals an injection of estrogen, arguing that if their brain was indeed feminized, then it would respond as if to a signal from a nonexistent ovary—with a surge of ovulation-inducing hormone. This is what happened. And it did not happen in heterosexual or bisexual men.

"As a result of this," he says patiently, aware of the people around him who do not agree with him, "and as a result of studies done in my laboratory going back to 1964, I am forced to conclude that male homosexuality is the result of a feminization of the hypothalamus, activated—as far as sexual behavior is concerned—at puberty. I also believe that a similar but reverse process has occurred in lesbians and female-to-male transsexuals. A number of studies have shown that they have abnormal levels—at least in part—of testosterone and estradiol and a body build that is more masculine than usual."

In late 1981, three scientists associated with the Alfred C. Kinsey Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University published a report that supports Dörner's conviction. The report, the result of a major long-term study of male and female homosexuals, announced that no psychological or environmental variables could be found to account for human homosexuality. Instead, said the researchers: "Homosexuality may arise from a biological precursor that parents cannot control."

Ehrhardt is still not impressed. "I think Dörner has too much riding on his theory," she says. "The studies he refers to are inadequate. And until there is a series of well-designed, well-controlled studies on humans, I will remain intensely skeptical of the view that learning and the environment play only a small role in who people are and how they behave."

Gorski, however, isn't so sure. "I think," he says carefully, "in the work Dörner's doing, he's taking a great step forward. And he could give us a solid answer as to whether or not there's a dependence on hormones in human sexual behavior. I think the verdict's not in yet. But what he's saying is extraordinarily provocative at every level. You know, for example, that women in our society live longer than men, though it's still not clear why. Well, Dörner says that female rats also live longer and that male rats deprived of male hormones during their critical period live the same length of time as females.

"Well. . ."

Red Wings RED WING SHOES

...the western work boots.

"Westerns used to be for weekends only. Then I found these Pecos Red Wings. They're made for work!

The sole's real tough, the leather's full grain—and they really hug my heels. They fit so well my feet still feel fine at quittin' time. On my job, I'd never give up comfort for style. But now I've got both, cause I've earned my Wings—Pecos Red Wings!"



Pecos Red Wings are available in men's sizes 5-16, widths AAA-EEE. Some styles with safety steel toes.

**Size and width availability varies with style.*

1155

9812

9801



GARRY BROWN

"OK, sonny, y'wanna sell me a car or not?"



Everyone Needs a Little Comfort[®]



Getting comfortable sometimes means getting away from it all. And then settling back with the smooth, easy taste of Southern Comfort.

Its uniquely delicious flavor was created in old New Orleans almost a century ago. And it has been enjoyed ever since.

Try this world famous liquor straight, on the rocks, or mixed with fruit juice and a slice of something nice.

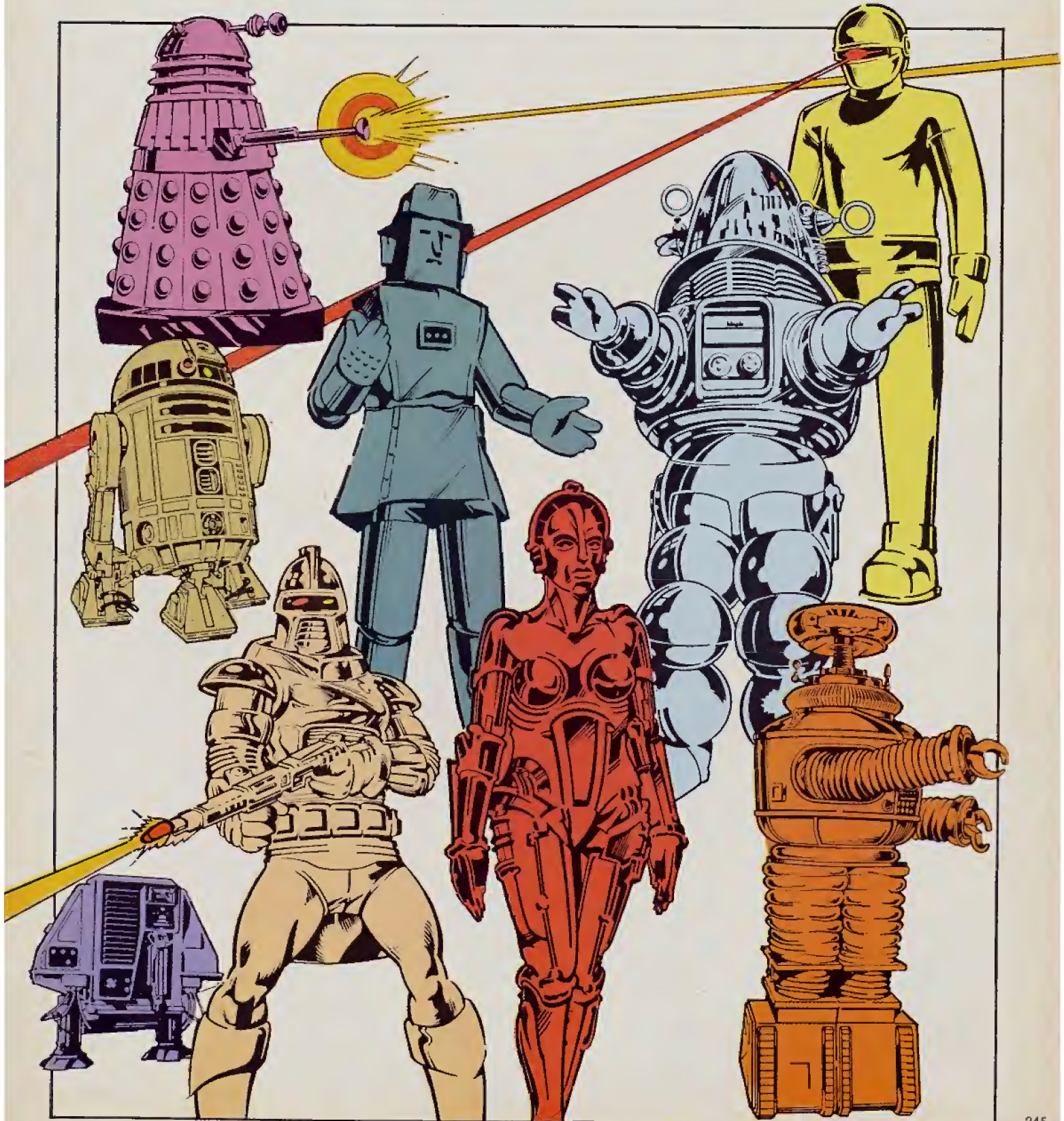
It's one of the real comforts of life.

Southern Comfort

PLAYBOY PUZZLE

DATE THAT ROBOT

They came from outer space, from worlds in the future...to become legendary superstars right here in our galaxy. Yes, all of the remarkable robots pictured here have appeared in major TV and movie productions during the past 55 years—but when? Can you guess in what order they made their stellar debuts on earth?



SMALL WONDER

(continued from page 124)

"My father was killed by the Mexican Mafia. He double-crossed somebody; they blew him away."

stayed with a second cousin—a woman I'd never met—for a couple of months. My \$50 ran out fast."

In Los Angeles, \$50 isn't enough to get an introduction to the better class of muggers. She did find work as a waitress at Cable's Restaurant in Woodland Hills but soon grew weary of serving patty melts to unemployed screenwriters. When her cousin decided to leave town and Linda had to move out, she was

home-free again. What to do?

"I had been dating a young actor, who said I could move in with him. I'd never lived with a guy before, but there was no other choice," she recalls.

She found herself living in North Hollywood with that young actor, who belonged to the legion of Thespians Who Can't Find Work. Linda would come home from a job, when she had one, to find him still lounging in his

underwear. She decided to get out and spent the next day carrying her cardboard suitcases toward Canoga Park.

There was an elderly man there who wanted someone to show his house to prospective buyers. He offered Linda a place to stay in exchange for her giving an occasional tour of the home. She accepted without knowing there was already another girl being kept there.

"The man was weird," she says now. "He had sexual ideas. I was very naïve and trusted everybody. In Ramona, where I grew up, you can do that. Pretty soon, I just felt I had to leave.

"I moved back to Ramona and found a good job in San Diego. I was feeling confident, so I called PLAYBOY. That's when everything started rolling."

Linda Rhys Vaughn is now the Playmate of the Month, looking forward to the promotions entailed in the title, using the money she has already earned to move back to Los Angeles—into an apartment of her own. She plans to attend cinema school at the University of Southern California. She has thrown away the cardboard suitcases.

"The past year has made all the difference in the world," she says. "Now I may get to act or to work behind the cameras. The parts I'd really like to play are like my centerfold—romantic period pieces. My gatefold is almost Victorian. It's everything I wanted. The feeling is pure."

Linda carries a good-luck charm with her all the time. A turquoise-and-silver bear claw, it is both a talisman and a reminder of a father she hardly knew.

"The bear claw is sacred to the Navaho. My father gave me this one before he died. He was killed by the Mexican Mafia. Nobody ever imagines a cowboy's being into drugs, but he was. In the Sixties, cowboys were just like everybody else. Eventually, he got completely out of cowboying and into drug running. He double-crossed somebody and they just blew him away. It affects me. I don't want to waste my life like that.

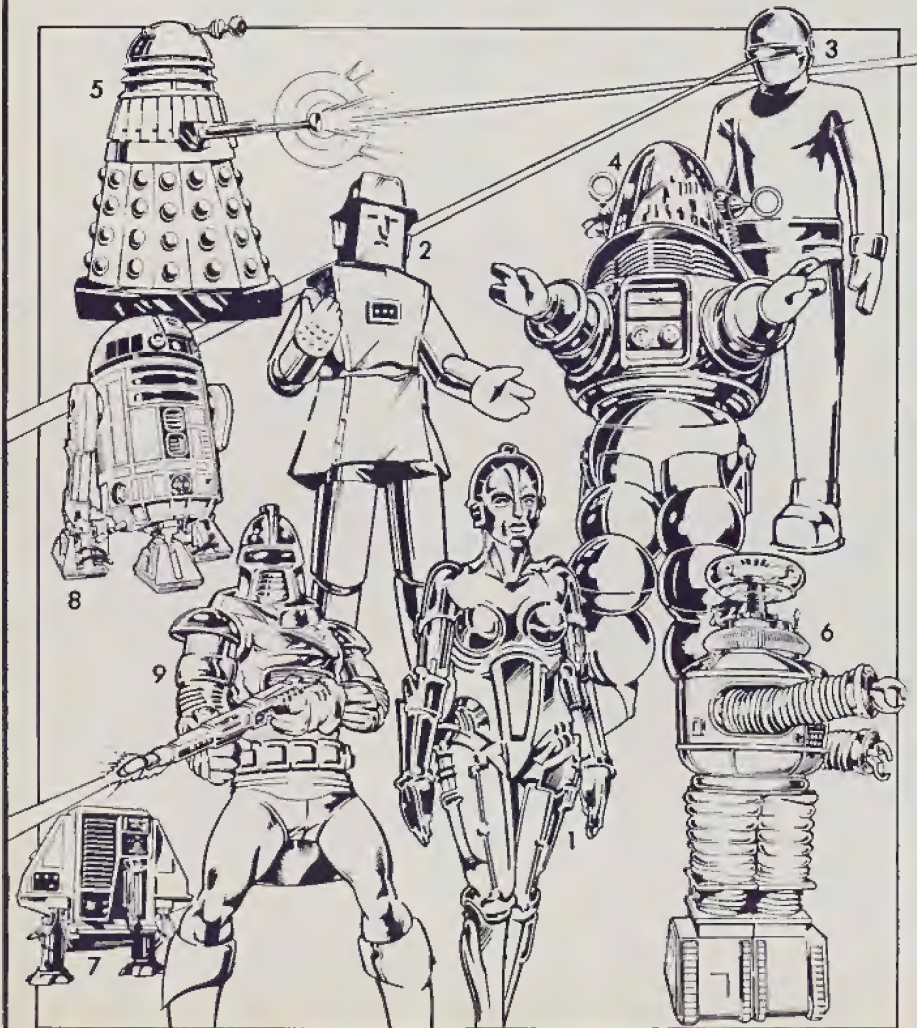
"So I keep the bear claw. And sometimes I get feelings."

Maybe the touch of superstition is what has kept Linda moving forward. She still visits her mother's house in Ramona to ride her horses and wrestle with her two buoyant Saint Bernards. But she remembers pounding the pavement in L.A., looking for a job or a friendly face, as the most important time in her life:

"Feelings are the important thing—to act on them. My mother told me that if you don't follow up on your dreams, you'll wind up desperate and frustrated. Well, I've been able to make some of mine come true. It's better to go for it, to give a dream 100 percent, than to live your life kicking yourself for never having had the guts to try."

Answers to puzzle on page 245.

1. Maria, from *Metropolis*, 1927.
2. Unnamed robot from *The Phantom Empire*, 1935.
3. Gort, from *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, 1951.
4. Robby the Robot, from *Forbidden Planet*, 1956.
5. A Dalek, from the British TV series *Doctor Who*, which began in 1963.
6. Unnamed robot from *Lost in Space*, TV series that began in 1965.
7. One of three identical robots, Huey, Dewey and Louie, from *Silent Running*, 1972.
8. R2-D2, from *Star Wars*, 1977.
9. A Cyclan, from *Battlestar Galactica*, TV series that began in 1978.



Jantzen



Jantzen Inc. Portland, Oregon 97206

Now there's Windsurfer action-wear to match the excitement of today's board sports. And more. No one else can offer you the Jantzen quality, style and fit people have prized for generations.

Nobody knows bodies better.

The networks use Scotch® Video Tape for the same reasons you should: true color and clarity.

All three major networks use Scotch® Video Tape. Because they *have* to get the best picture possible.

You can get true color and clarity at home, too. With Scotch Beta or VHS Videocassettes. Here's why:

We make video tape for home use just as carefully as the tape we make for the networks. It's not exactly the same. For one thing, network tape is wider. But we start with the same basic ferric

oxide particles. It's made by the same processes, on the same machinery and to the same exacting quality control standards.

And because your home isn't a professional studio, our exclusive micro-fine Anachron™ particles are cobalt-encapsulated, giving you superb picture quality. And they are protected by a unique Static Barrier™. This barrier virtually eliminates dust, a major cause of video dropouts—those white flashes in the picture.

We apply this kind of state-of-the-art technology to every video tape we make. That means you can count on true color and clarity in the extended play modes as well as at the fastest speed.

So take a tip from the experts. And start enjoying true color and clarity like the networks get in your own home.

Scotch® Videocassettes.
The truth comes out.



SCOTCH® • VIDEOCASSETTES

3M

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

ON WITH THE STOW!

This may be an electronic age of Aquarius we're living in, but all that eye- and ear-boggling equipment spilling from the shelves of audio/video shops has spawned another problem. What do you do with the cassettes and cartridges that seem to collect around your gear like iron filings on a magnet? Fortunately, the same

question has occurred to a number of manufacturers and the result is a proliferation of good-looking cabinetwork for keeping software nearby but out of sight. Some storage facilities are stationary, others pivot on a base; and there's a leather cassette wallet, too, for taking sounds out of the cabinet and on the road. Let's hear it for neatness.

Clockwise from 12: If you're looking for a cassette-storage unit that can be wall-mounted or stashed on a bookshelf, check out The Organizer, a wood-grained unit that holds 60 audio tapes, by Hartzell Custom Products, \$21.95. It sits atop Sony's CK-70 audio-tape storage center that holds 70 cassettes, about \$50. To the right of the CK-70 is a Model 680 video-tape cabinet with a carousel base that holds 20 Beta or VHS cassettes, by Kustom Kreations, \$39.95. Next, an ACS-36 unit with three drawers that hold up to 36 audio cassettes, \$22, and a larger-size VHC-30 (also with three drawers) that holds up to 30 VHS cassettes, \$60, both by

TEAC. Down front is an eel- and pigskin leather wallet that holds 12 audio cassettes, from Protone Industries, Sun Valley, California, \$54.95.

Beside it, a high-impact plastic storage file for 32 audio cassettes, from J. C. Penney, about \$22; and a hardwood cabinet for 12 video cassettes, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, \$79. Last, a Model 670 swivel cabinet for 40 audio cassettes or eight-tracks, by Kustom Kreations, \$29.95.



IMPORTED

BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

SERVE AT 45°-50° F.



**"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."**

FASHION

SHORTS CIRCUIT

Back in the Thirties, Clark Gable took off his shirt to reveal bare skin in the film *It Happened One Night* and suddenly every guy in the country went undershirtless overnight. Now we have female reporters in the locker room and—guess what?—the men's underwear market has responded with drawers full of styles that are so good-looking we may all become male strippers. Further-

more, just as today's trousers range from skintight jeans to double-pleated slacks, so underwear is broadening out with looks that stretch from bikini briefs to full-cut boxers. Interesting colors, patterns and fabrics (knits for the shorter briefs; wovens for the full cuts) further underscore the desire to look your very best—even when caught with your pants down.

—DAVID PLATT



STEVE EWERT

Talk about muscling in on a good thing! This guy's briefs statement begins, above, with Elance cotton briefs, by Jockey, \$10.50 for three pairs. His shorts story continues, below left to right, with a pair of silk boxer shorts, from Ora Feder Pour Homme, \$50; lower-rise cotton briefs, by B.V.D., \$4.50; patterned slim-fit cotton boxer shorts with solid white trim, by Hanes, \$4; and a spiffy cotton terry bikini, by Christian Dior Sous-Vêtement, \$11.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Vantage pleasures

*When you want
good taste
and low tar, too.*

5mg



9mg



ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

STYLE

MORE THAN JUST A GOOD TIME

Reset your thinking, guys, if your watch is still just paying homage to Father Time. With the invention of microchip circuitry, you can now tote a timepiece that whistles *Dixie* or announces the hour in a soft, clear voice or lets you set 'em up in the other alley for a mini bowling match or repel hordes of alien space attackers—all right on your wrist. Many watches, in fact,

mix their blessings by offering a variety of functions from scorekeeper to clock-watching nudge—all in one package. (The Omni Voice Master will urge you to "please hurry" every five minutes if you ignore its alarm.) Best of all, you don't need to stick up a bank or take out a second mortgage to pay for one of these little wonders, as all those pictured here clock in at less than \$200. Bong!

Below: The dual-dialed Citizen Digi-Ana Combo watch combines a chronograph and countdown alarm with a digital readout, by Citizen Watch, \$195. Right: Just press a tiny button on the Omni Voice Master and it announces the hour of the day in minutes and seconds—or set the alarm and let it try to talk you out of bed, from Personal Electronics, New York, about \$100.

Below: The Casio AX-510 includes analog/digital time displays, a stop watch and an automatic calendar preprogrammed to the year 2029 with a daily alarm that plays your choice of *Dixie*, *My Darling Clementine* or *Greensleeves*, \$79.95. Who could ask for anything more?



Above: Skip the crowded arcade and play Missile Strike, Alien Assault, Firing Squad or Blast Away right on Game-Time, a clever wrist watch, by General Consumer Electronics, about \$40. (Of course, it tells time, too.)

Above and left: On your next flight, while away the hours with Tomytronic Wrist Bowling, a game incorporated into this watch, from Tomy, Carson, California, about \$40; or repel attackers on a Nelsonic Video Game watch, from M. Z. Berger, \$40.



© 1987 RON GALLIA

Woman for All Seasons

Here's a quick peek at perfection. RAQUEL WELCH feels as good as she looks after a successful run subbing for Lauren Bacall on Broadway last winter. The audience loved her, the critics weren't cruel and with husband, ANDRE, in tow, Raquel felt confident enough to let one of her concealed assets emerge.



ROBERT FOMPT © 1987 J. J. JONES

Wet and Wild

She's Constance, the bitch, on *Flamingo Road*, and she's naked as a jay bird in this bathtub scene from her movie, *The Seduction*, co-starring Andrew Stevens and Michael Sarrazin. MORGAN FAIRCHILD's is the celebrity breast of the month.

Pickin' and Grinnin'

By the time you read this, RICHARD PRYOR's new concert film should be playing at a theater near you, and that's good news for those of us who think he's at his best playing himself. Pryor prepared for the film by working out new material in clubs in L.A. Here's a demonstration of how he saved the family jewels from the fire.



© 1987 A. RICE & BROSSE/FAIRCHILD



© 1987 ROBERT A. KATZ



KEVIN WINTER/ABC'S ANGELS

Mighty Oakes

RANDI OAKES co-stars in NBC-TV's *CHiPs*. We think she's a lot cuter than Erik Estrada. Poised here for a *Battle of the Network Stars* competition, Oakes made us forget about the score. Even if she didn't win, we're awfully glad she showed.

Melody in Harmony

MELODY THOMAS is a shady lady on the TV soap *The Young and the Restless*. She had some steamy scenes with former First Son Steven Ford, who played bartender to her stripper. Acting since she was seven, Thomas has appeared in movies, TV and is a classically trained pianist. She can play with us any time.



BOB D'AMICO

Black Magic

No polkas from GRACE JONES. The queen of S/M rock is as interested in effect as she is in music. So just when you'd expect her to slap on the handcuffs, out pops the accordion. For the price of a ticket, Jones redefines your idea of a concert.



If the Pants Fit, Wear 'Em

God knows, he tried, but ROD STEWART's network-TV concert didn't measure up to the Stones' night of cable glory. He did pick up some new underwear but had nothing sexy to put in it.



© 1991 VUE COLLECTION

MARKET REPORT: BARE-ISH

We thought we had a fairly well-rounded portfolio until we opened *The Wall Street Journal* to find that the American Stock Exchange was touting a brand-new listing: "FrdHly" was selling at a brisk 12¾ per share. An Amex-placed ad on the listings page cleared up the mysterious designation. It was our old friend Frederick's of Hollywood going, well, public.

FrdHly, up until now, has been selling over the counter, so to speak. But with 136 boutiques in 33 states and the world-famous Frederick's catalog business booming, it was clearly ripe for the big time. If you've been out of town the last few decades, you won't know that Frederick's is a manufacturer of imaginative lingerie, sportswear, dresses and what the trade calls foundation garments. The line includes dive-bomber décolletage, maximum-freedom panties, ersatz body parts and push-up, push-out, squeeze-together and quick-release brassieres.

A call to Frederick's headquarters revealed the strategy behind the move: first, to attract investors to the \$39,000,000 business; second, to gain the prestige needed to move into more shopping malls. FrdHly, you see, is testing the idea of a chain of stores dubbed Private Moments, featuring "moderate to higher-priced" designer labels such as Halston, Dior, Lianne, Vassarette and Vanity Fair.

But are unmentionables a good investment? We called our local E. F. Hutton and cupped our ears. Unfamiliar with the new issue, the all-business broker there deadpanned, "Well, the apparel business is cyclical. It goes up and it goes down. Something will catch on one year and it'll be gone the next, like designer jeans. It seems to be selling at about the right price now but could easily go to 16. But before

I could say yes or no, I'd have to study the prospectus—

and, naturally, you'd have to look at the product."

Well, E. F. Hutton can take all the time it wants. We know a glamor stock when we see one.

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE SEXUAL DOUBLE-ENTENDRE

No one ever accused rock 'n' roll of showing good taste or, for that matter, restraint. A few years ago, the words salacious, perverted and devilish were



© 1981 A. ACE BURGESS / ACE'S ANGELS

regularly tossed around in conjunction with the medium. Now, as our Reaganized (rhymes with agonized) culture turns its clock hands backward, the Boston rock group Human Sexual Response is trying to bring back an old American tradition—Rock 'n' Roll 'n' Rebellion. And bless their souls, they're dispensing sexual themes.

Take, for instance, their public performances. Above right is a shot of the group attired, so to speak, for a Los Angeles appearance last fall. Is this the sort of thing that's going to get them a prime-time sitcom? At the same function, a panel of judges shown above—Pasadena's KROQ-FM radio personality Raymond Banister, nudie star Candy

Samples, band member Dini Lamot and TV figure Elvira, Mistress of the Dark—awarded prizes for the best-costumed members of the audience. The prizes? A "Human Sexual Weekend" at Hollywood's Tropicana Motel and an evening at a private club.

What do they sing about? (They do sing.) Sex. In sort of a Rhetoric 101 final-essay vernacular. Perhaps their movement has reached its apex with the song *What Sex Means to Me*, a slightly paranoid homage to sex and decadence on their Passport album Figure 14.

We're not sure where they're headed, but we thought you should be warned. It could be that this is merely



what happens to Eastern preppies when they arrive in Lotusland.

MUTATE OR DIE: GONORRHEA FACTS

In recent years, science has waged a war of attrition against gonorrhea. Antibiotics have become the first and only line of defense, but every time scientists come up with something new to blast at it, gonorrhea has an uncanny knack for developing new strains that resist the cure. In recent years, the most effective agent against penicillin-resistant gonorrhea has been spectinomycin.

Now comes Claforan, with a new set of credentials and a clean bill of health from the Food and Drug Administration. Administered with one shot, the antibiotic provides a 24-hour cure for gonorrhea, including the resistant strains. So far, it's been shown to be 100 percent effective. Among its other advantages, "Claforan is generally well tolerated," reads the FDA-approved description of the drug—a virtual gush, coming from that agency. Spectinomycin, on the other hand, causes discomforts, including nausea, dizziness, fever, insomnia and rashes, not commonly reported as Claforan side effects. Now, if Claforan can beat the next gonorrhea mutations, its manufacturers just may have something.



For April Fools' Day, we found a porcine send-up of your favorite magazine, complete with Pig Head logo, a Littermate and the "Playboar Interview." In real life, Playboar is a Canadian trade journal for hog farmers. We can assume it tickles their ribs, but, quite frankly, it isn't exactly hog heaven to us.

MAXELL IS PLEASED TO PRESENT AN EVEN HIGHER PERFORMANCE TAPE.



If you're familiar with Maxell UD-XL tapes you probably find it hard to believe that any tape could give you higher performance.

But hearing is believing. And while we can't play our newest tape for you right here on this page, we can replay the comments of Audio Video Magazine.

"Those who thought it was impossible to improve on Maxell's UD-XL II were mistaken. The 1981 tape of the year award goes to Maxell XL II-S."

How does high bias XL II-S and our normal bias equivalent XL I-S give you such high performance? By engineering smaller and more uniformly shaped epitaxial oxide particles we were able to pack more into a given area of tape. Resulting in a higher maximum output level, improved signal-to-noise ratio and better frequency response.

To keep the particles from rubbing off on your recording heads Maxell XL-S also has an improved binder system. And to eliminate tape deformation, XL-S comes with our unique Quin-Lok Clamp/Hub Assembly to hold the leader firmly in place.

Of course, Maxell XL II-S and XL I-S carry a little higher price tag than lesser cassettes.

We think you'll find it a small price to pay for higher performance.



IT'S WORTH IT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, NJ 07075.

LYNCHBURG

HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL GENTLEMAN DISTILLER T-SHIRT



This handsome black T-shirt boasts the famous portrait of Mr. Jack Daniel with his wide planter's style hat. The legend reads "Jack Daniel... Gentleman Distiller" and makes the shirt a distinguished addition to any collection. 50% cotton/50% polyester. State S, M, L, or XL. \$10.00 delivered.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send \$1.00 to the above address. In continental U. S. of A. call 1-800-251-8600. Tennessee residents call 615-759-7184.

DESIGNER SHEETS
elegant, sensuous, delightful

Satin Sheets

Order Direct from Manufacturer
Machine washable: 10 colors: Black, Royal Blue, Brown, Burgundy, Bone, Cinnamon, Lt. Blue, Mauve Mist, Navy, Red. Set includes: 1 flat sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 matching pillowcases.

Twin Set \$29.00 Queen Set \$46.00
Full Set \$39.00 King Set \$53.00

3 letter monogram on 2 cases - \$4.00

Add \$2.50 for postage & handling.
Immediate shipping on Money Orders and Credit Cards: American Express, Visa and Mastercharge accepted. Include Signature, Account Number & Expiration Date. Checks accepted.

HOT LINE NUMBER!
Call 201-222-2211

24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week
N. J. & N.Y. Residents add Sales Tax.



Royal Creations, Ltd.

Dpt. P-4 350 Fifth Ave. (3308) New York, NY 10001

NEXT MONTH:



REAL MEN



JAPANESE GIRLS



POLICEWOMAN



SMARTEST SPY

"THERE ARE NO SNAKES IN IRELAND"—RAM LAL, THE VICTIM OF AN ULSTER BULLY, EXACTS HIS OWN PECULIAR REVENGE. A CHILLING TALE BY **FREDERICK FORSYTH**

"THE SMARTEST SPY"—YOU MAY NEVER HAVE HEARD OF **BOBBY RAY INMAN**, DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF THE CIA. LEARN WHY MANY OF HIS COLLEAGUES DON'T LIKE HIM, AND WHY YOU SHOULD, IN THIS REVEALING PROFILE—BY **ROBERT SAM ANSON**

BILLY JOEL, WHO HAS GONE FROM HICKSVILLE TO HITSVILLE AS ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP POP STARS, TALKS ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS MUSIC AND HIS FEUDS WITH THE PRESS IN A NOTEWORTHY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE BEST LITTLE BOONDOGGLE IN HOLLYWOOD"—IT ALL STARTED AS A *PLAYBOY* PIECE; THEN IT BECAME A BROADWAY MUSICAL. BUT THE **BURT REYNOLDS—DOLLY PARTON** MOVIE VERSION OF KING'S *BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS* MAY BE ONE FLICK KING WILL MISS—BY **LARRY L. KING**

"POLICEWOMAN"—A LADY COP FROM THE MIDWEST DOFFS HER BADGE (AND A LOT MORE) IN AN EYE-OPENING PICTORIAL

"REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE"—HAVING TROUBLE FINDING YOURSELF IN THIS POST—ALAN ALDA WORLD? SOME GUIDELINES FOR THE MODERN MALE—BY **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

"THE GIRLS OF JAPAN"—IN WHICH *PLAYBOY*'S INTREPID PHOTO STAFF LIFTS SOME OF THE VEILS FROM THE MYSTERIOUS EAST. EIGHT PAGES OF NIPPON'S BEAUTIES

"POPPA SUPERDUDE"—IF YOU'RE AN AGING D.J. TRYING TO REKINDLE AN OLD FLAME, MAKE SURE YOUR POWDER'S DRY. A WRY VIGNETTE BY **JOHN CLAYTON**

"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"—A REPRIS OF THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY OF '81, PLUS *PLAYBOY*'S ALTERNATIVE OSCARS

The Spirit of America



Wyoming Winter by Dick Durrance

*Somewhere west of Laramie, men still ride
from dawn 'til dusk. And settle down to a shot of Bourbon
against the chill of the night. Old Grand-Dad still makes that
Bourbon, the only truly American whiskey, just as
we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.*

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 86 Proof Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601





Marlboro

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '81